

4342
SPR

TURNER
GALLERY.





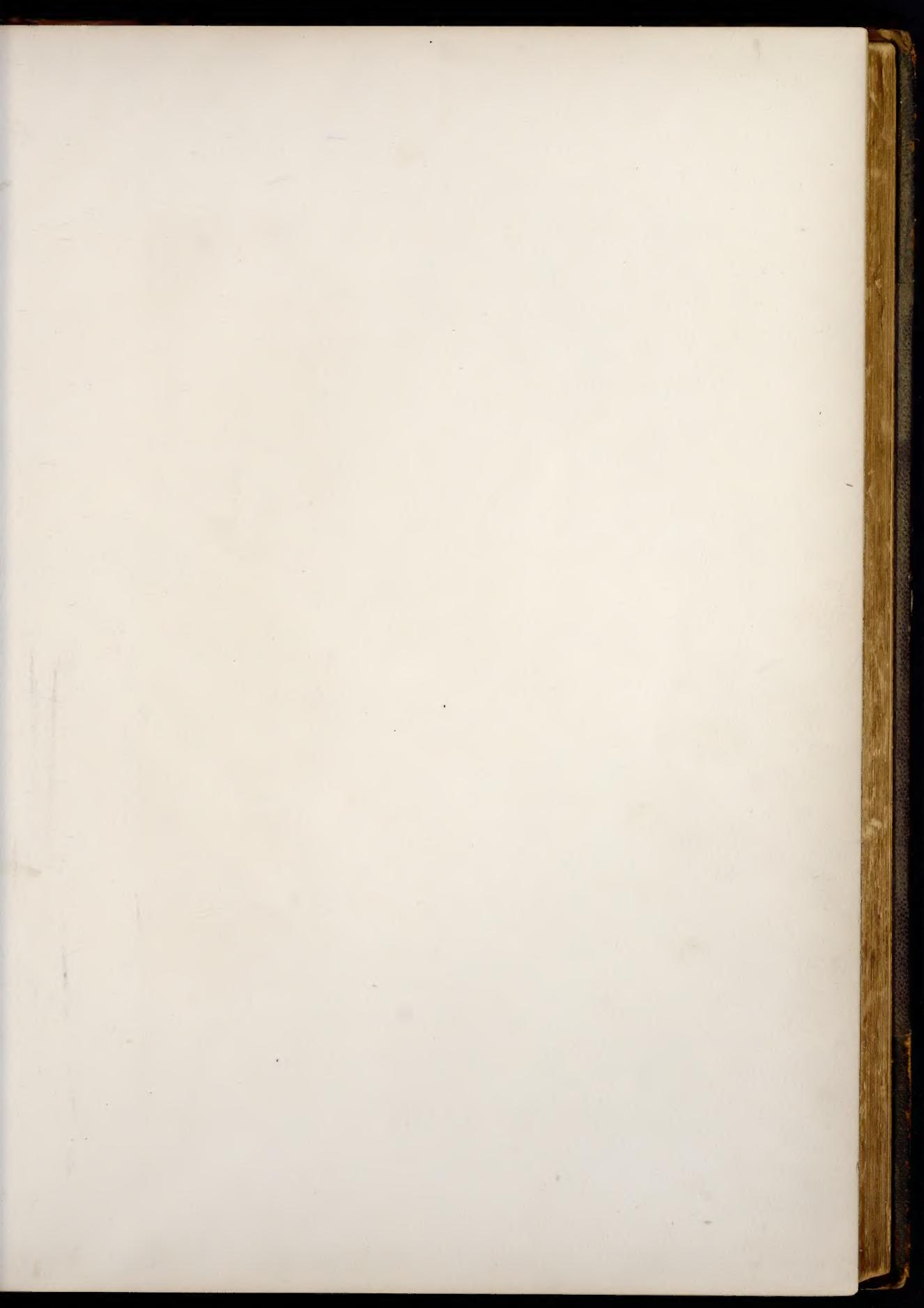


A 3311 2 vols \$300.-

Steel-engraved
rotates
3 1/4 to 6 (bed).
Rub's Art Library (other to bed).
Leather

POLLOCK'S
*antiques . . . paintings
objects of art*
3680 WILSHIRE BLVD.
FITZROY 5183 LOS ANGELES





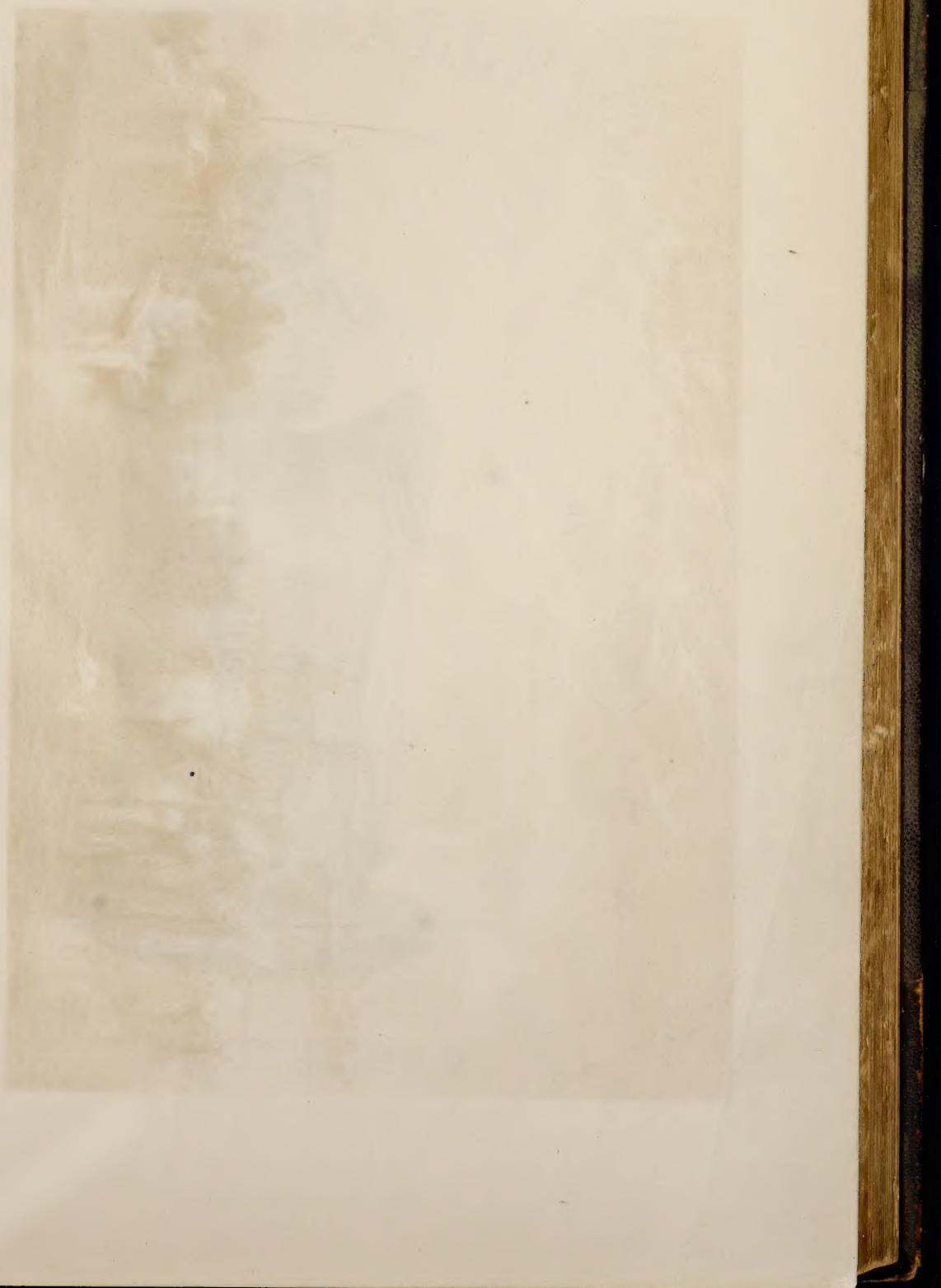
E. LE BLAIS D. SCULPT.

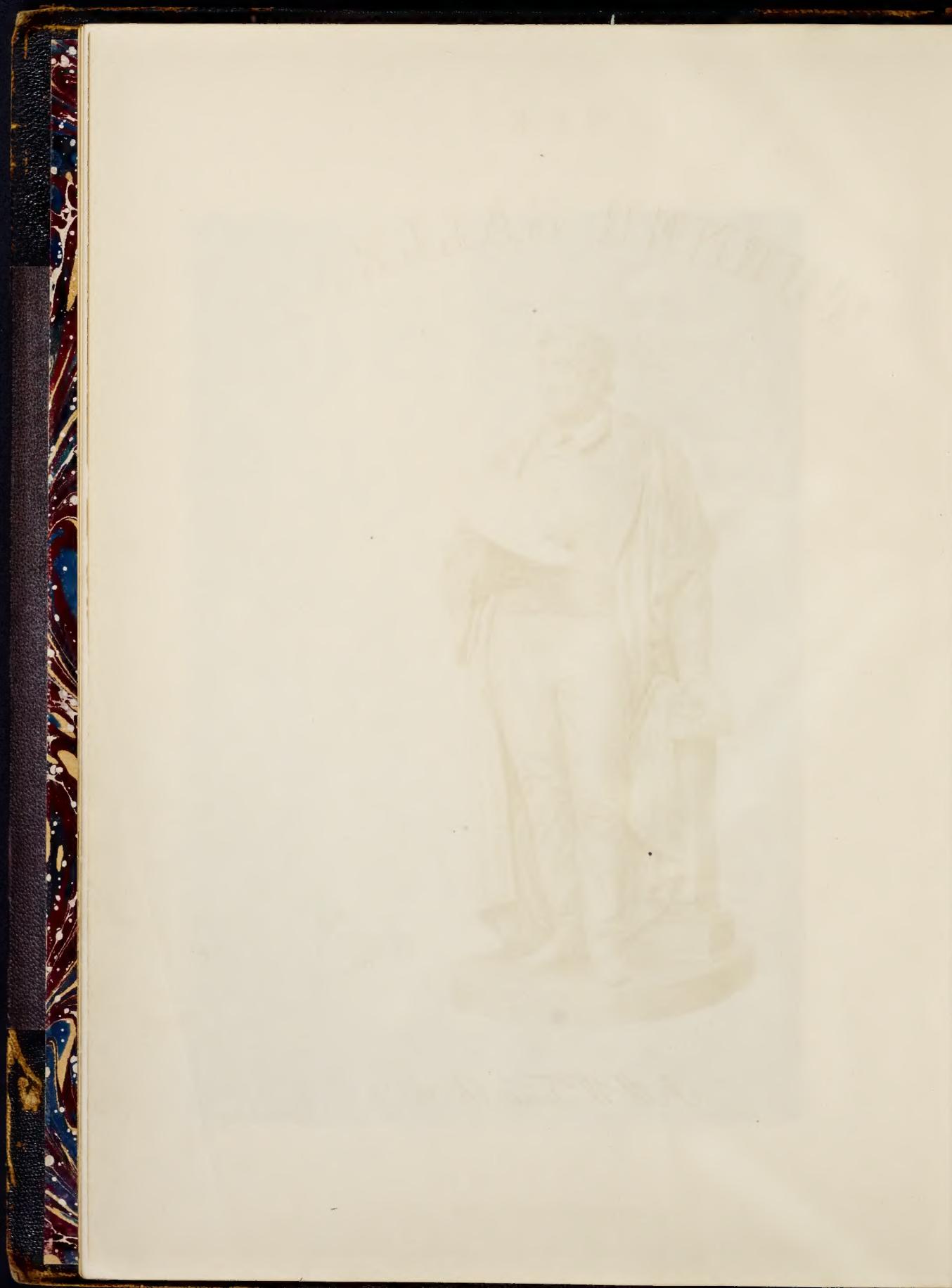


J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINSX.

BY ROBERT COOKE,
Illustrator of "Gulliver's Travels,"
"Robinson Crusoe," &c.

13 APPLEGTON & CO., NEW YORK.





WILLIE

MURKIN'S CHAT-UP



© J. W. Turner. B.C.



THE
TURNER **G**ALLERY

A SERIES OF

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS

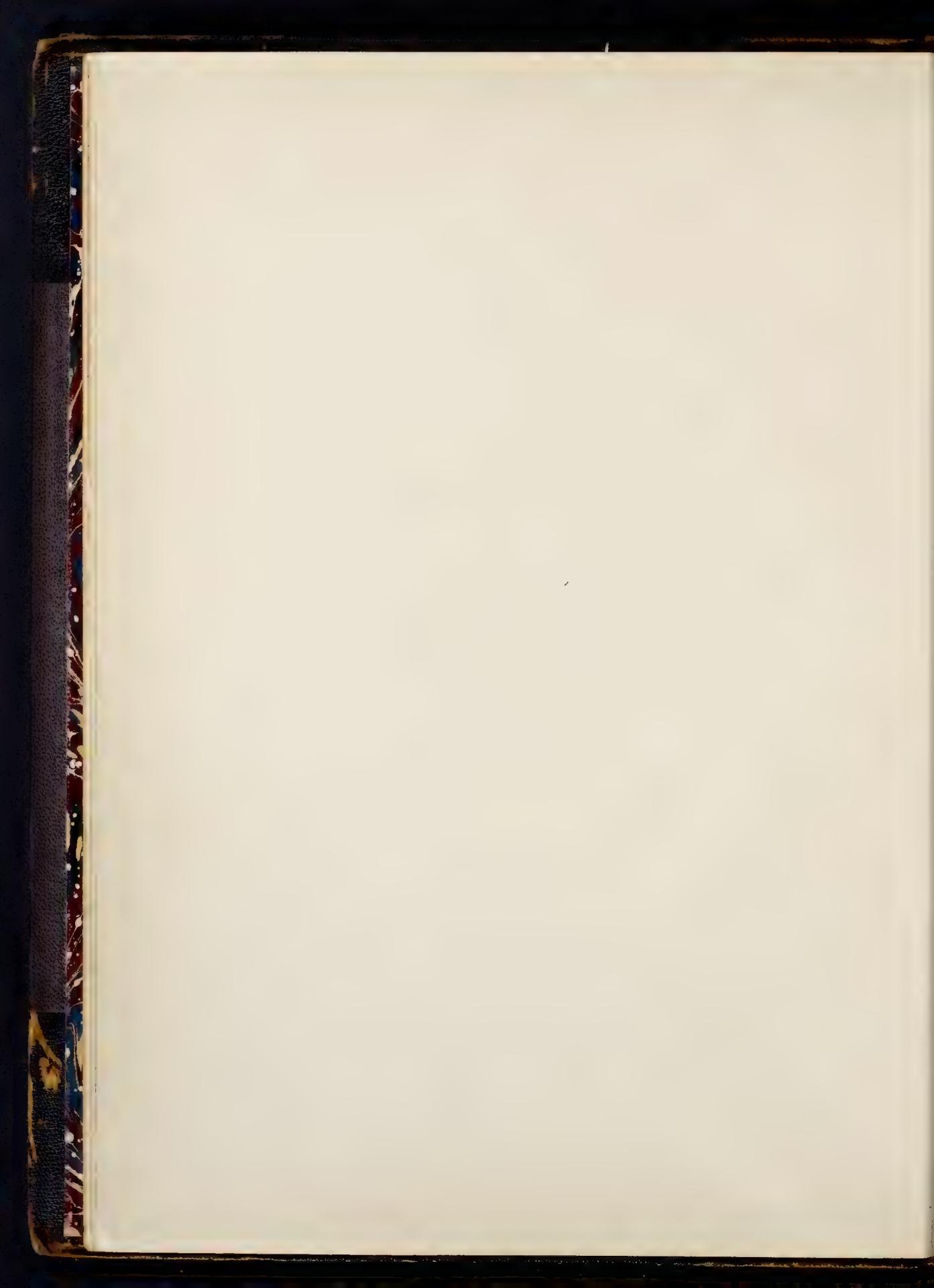
FROM THE WORKS OF THE LATE

J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

THE DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY W. COSMO MONKHOUSE

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I

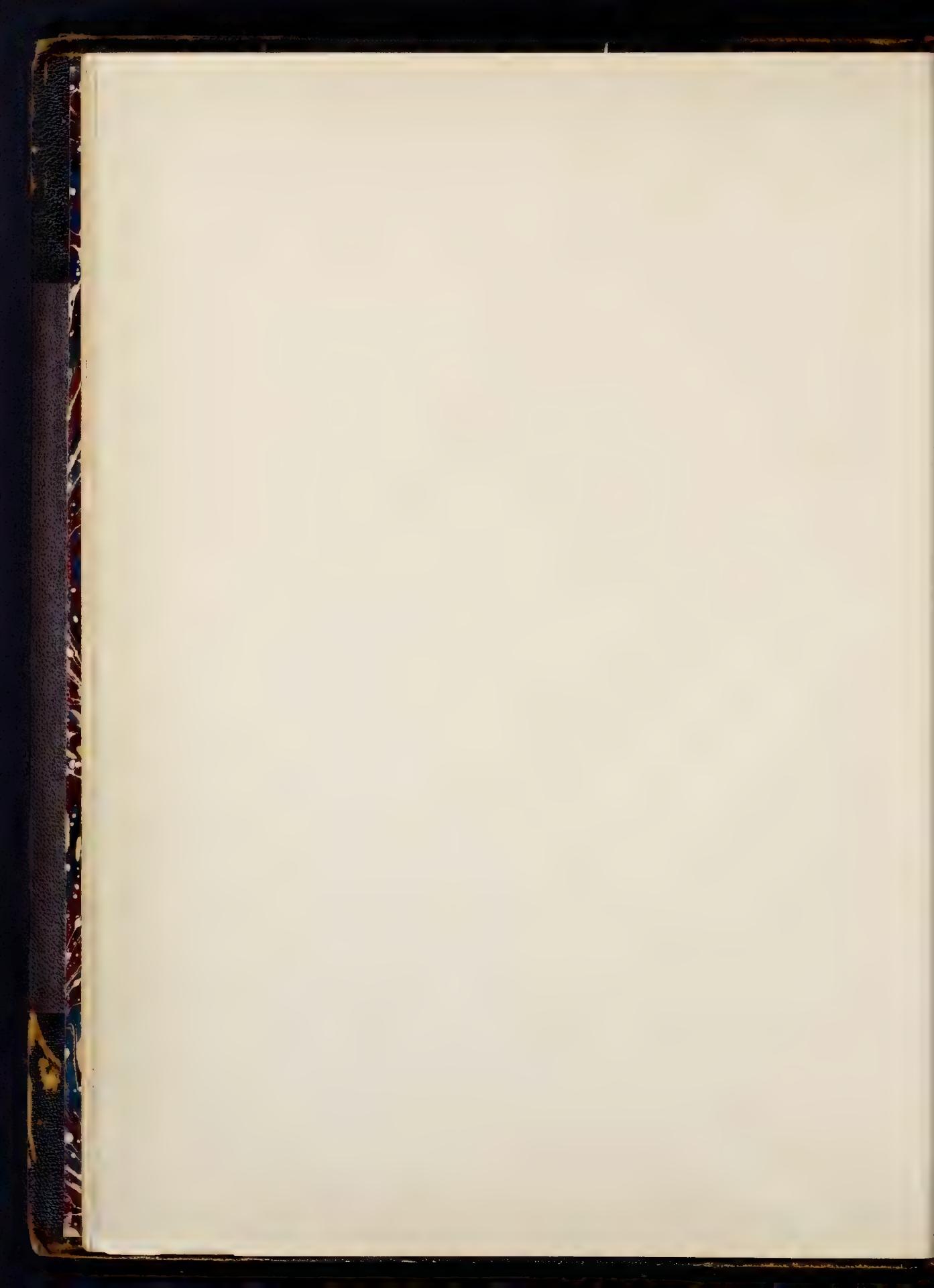
NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
549 AND 551 BROADWAY



LIST OF STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

VOLUME ONE

VENICE, FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA. <i>(Frontispiece.)</i>	THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME.
STATUE OF TURNER. <i>(Vignette Title-page.)</i>	THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.
WEATHERCOTE CAVE.	BRIGNALL CHURCH.
WRECK OFF HASTINGS.	VENICE—BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.
THE “FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.”	THE LORETTO NECKLACE.
CROSSING THE BROOK.	CROOK OF LUNE, LOOKING TOWARDS HORNBY CASTLE.
PORTRAIT OF TURNER.	SNOWSTORM.
RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED.	ON THE THAMES.
MERCURY AND ARGUS.	TINTAGEL CASTLE.
PEACE—BURIAL OF WILKIE.	THE DEATH OF NELSON.
BOSCASTLE, CORNWALL.	THE VALE OF ASHBURNHAM.
HEIDELBERG.	BATTLE ABBEY.
BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.	COLOGNE, FROM THE RIVER.
FISHING-BOATS.	SPITHEAD.
APOLLO KILLING THE PYTHON.	CORFE CASTLE.
MOSS DALE FALL.	A FROSTY MORNING—SUNRISE.
ANCIENT ITALY.	HIGH FORCE, OR FALL OF TEES.
APOLLO AND DAPHNE IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.	BOATS OFF CALAIS.
LINE-FISHING OFF HASTINGS.	THE OPENING OF THE WALHALLA.
APPROACH TO VENICE.	PEVENSEY BAY.
HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.	RAMSGATE.
LAND'S END, CORNWALL.	REGULUS LEAVING CARTHAGE.
THE SHIPWRECK.	VIEW OF ORVIETO.
AYSGARTH FORCE.	PENDENNIS CASTLE AND ENTRANCE OF FAL- MOUTH HARBOUR.
PETWORTH PARK.	STRANDED VESSEL OFF YARMOUTH.
DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.	ROME, FROM THE VATICAN.
PORTSMOUTH.	COMB MARTIN.
LULWORTH CASTLE.	MODERN ITALY.
WHALERS.	NORHAM CASTLE.
DIDO AND ÆNEAS.	WHITSTABLE.
THE VALE OF HEATHFIELD.	



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born in London, April 23, 1775.

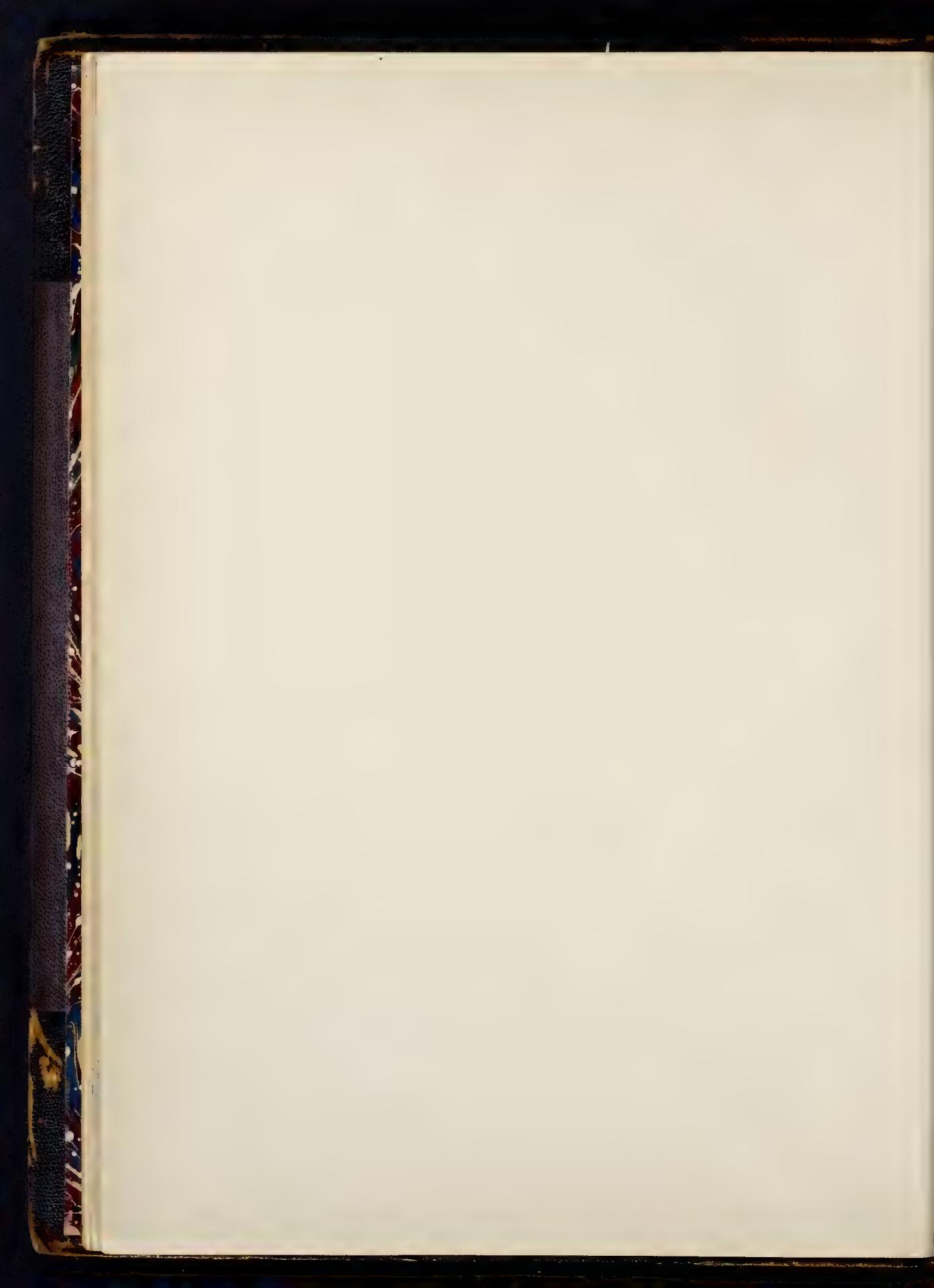
His father was a hairdresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and in this neighborhood the painter passed his childhood. After a year or two of schooling, during which he occupied himself more with sketching from Nature than with books, he was employed by the engraver John Raphael Smith to color prints, and afterward he put in skies, backgrounds, and other accessories for architectural designs. Dr. Munro gave him and Girtin access to his collection, and bought their water-color sketches. In 1789 he became a student at the Royal Academy, and in 1790 he exhibited a water-color "View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth." Other works depicting scenes in the neighborhood of London followed, and with each year he showed increasing power and originality. In 1793 he was engaged to illustrate Walker's "Itinerant" and the "Pocket Magazine;" and during the next five or six years he made sketches in many parts of England, besides giving lessons in drawing and devoting much time to illustrating books. In 1799 he was elected an associate of the Academy, and in 1802 an academician. He had hitherto been best known as a water-color painter, and had confined himself chiefly to representations of English or Welsh scenery. He now produced in oil such subjects as "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "The Army of the Medes destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind," and "The Tenth Plague of Egypt;" but these were less popular than his "Dutch Boats in a Gale," "Fishermen upon a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," or "Falls of the Clyde," which afforded a field for the display of the surpassing excellence of his representations of marine scenery and of water under all conditions. In 1802 he visited France, and commemorated his arrival there by a picture of "Calais Pier;" and thenceforth, at irregular periods, he made extended tours through France, Switzerland, and the Rhine-land, the fruits of which appeared in numerous sketches, drawings, and finished pictures. In 1807 he was elected Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy. His works may be divided into three periods. The first extends to 1802, and covers the time employed chiefly in painting English scenes in water-colors, and in studying the works and methods of his English predecessors. The second period, from 1802 to 1829, shows the effects of foreign travel and study of the great Conti-

nental masters. His desire to rival and if possible to surpass Claude Lorraine led to the publication, in 1808, of his "Liber Studiorum," the superiority of which over the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude does not, however, afford a fair test of the comparative merits of the two painters—Turner's studies being elaborate and careful illustrations of all the principal forms of landscape composition, while Claude's are but incidental memoranda of pictures. In further competition with Claude he painted his "Sun rising through a Mist," "Crossing the Brook," "Dido building Carthage," and some others of less note; but his individuality soon broke through the shackles of mere imitation, and from 1815 he worked according to his own ideas, indifferent to the examples of preceding masters. The variety of subjects he attempted during the twelve years previous to this time exhibits the originality and audacity of his genius. Not content with the production of works like "The Shipwreck" and "The Snow-storm—Hannibal crossing the Alps," which presented with incomparable power the elements in their wildest fury, he ransacked Lempiere's dictionary for subjects, painted humorous pieces, such as a "Country Blacksmith disputing upon the Price charged to the Butcher for Shoeing his Pony," and even attempted sacred history, having in 1803 exhibited a "Holy Family." From 1815 his conceptions expanded with his increasing observation; and after his first visit to Italy, in 1819, his style underwent a material change, light instead of dark now predominating in his pictures. His return from his second visit to Italy, in 1829, begins his third period, when he employed an entirely original style. His "Bay of Baiae," "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," "Caligula's Palace and Bridge," "Childe Harold, or Modern Italy," "The Fighting Temeraire," and other works produced within this period, represent the highest efforts of landscape painting in composition, in color, and in the general vein of poetic sentiment which pervades them. The change in his style of coloring, dating from this second visit to Italy, consists in an increased diffusion of light proceeding from the more illuminated parts of the landscape, and forming a bluish haze which contrasts too strongly with the surrounding portion in shadow. After his last visit to Italy, in 1840, and during the last ten years of his life, the tendency toward brilliancy of light and color became the most marked feature of his style; and, disregarding individuality of form or local color, he made light with all its prismatic varieties the sole object of his studies. In one department of his art, that of designing from Nature for illustrated works, Turner remained in the highest request until the close of his life; and in none of his productions does he appear more truly great than in his finished drawings and engraved designs. Among the most famous of these are his "Rivers of England," "Rivers of France," "England and Wales," "Scenery of the Southern Coast," and the exquisite illustrations

of the poems of Rogers, Byron, Scott, and others, in all of which he shows a knowledge of landscape in its infinite variety of forms superior to that of any other artist. From 1790 until his death he contributed to every Academy exhibition except three, sending altogether two hundred and fifty-nine pictures.

Turner never married, and exhibited an eccentricity which, whether real or assumed, subjected him to many injurious aspersions. One of his most prominent characteristics was a love of mystification, under the influence of which he worked and traveled alone, often concealed his abode for months from his most intimate friends, and died finally after a protracted absence from London in lodgings at Chelsea, where he was known under the name of Brooks, his legal adviser being the only friend acquainted with his abode. He bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to found an asylum for decayed artists, to be called "Turner's Gift," and such of his pictures as were in his possession to the nation. His intentions were partially thwarted by the unskillful manner in which the will was drawn; and, while his pictures, drawings, and sketches have been secured to the English nation, the remainder of his property, with the exception of twenty thousand pounds appropriated to the Royal Academy, was divided among his next of kin. The oil paintings, numbering upward of one hundred, and comprising specimens of his style from the outset to the termination of his career, are in the National Gallery. Two of them, "The Building of Carthage," which he esteemed so highly that he is said to have announced his intention of being buried in it, and "Sun rising through a Mist," he directed should be hung next to prominent works by Claude. The drawings, studies, and sketches, numbering altogether upward of nineteen thousand, have been cleaned, mounted, and arranged by Mr. Ruskin.

Turner wrote a poem in blank verse, entitled "The Fallacies of Hope," extracts from which, for the most part "destitute of rhyme, rhythm, or reason," were frequently appended to the titles of his pictures in the Royal Academy catalogues. He died at Chelsea, December 19, 1851. His remains were buried in the crypt of St. Paul's beside those of Reynolds, and his statue, by McDowell, was erected in the cathedral in 1863.



VENICE:
FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA.



TURNER here seems to regard Venice as the Daughter of the Sea, rising, like Venus, from the foam of the ocean. Whatever facts are represented—whatever of the beautiful in architecture, or the gay in colour—they are invested with a dreamy, impalpable halo of mist and light, which gives the city the witching unreality of a divine vision. In this picture, though few buildings can be more solid and palpable than the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, with its high-lifted dome, he has managed to so etherealise it that it seems unsubstantial and visionary, while the Campanile in the distance is made to appear no heavier than the flame of a spirit-lamp. Over the canals and the boats thereon he has thrown the same glamour, so that in looking at the picture you feel rather to be contemplating one of the visionary cities of the "Arabian Nights" than a city of modern Italy. That this is the true spirit of Venice, Mr. Ruskin vouches, that it is beautiful to fascination everyone must allow. This is one of those later pictures in which the subject, whatever it might be, was treated as subsidiary to atmospheric effect. It is, however, true that nearly all Turner's pictures of Venice were painted at that late period of his career when all things were for him subsidiary to the effect of air and colour, so that their peculiar charm—as, indeed, most peculiar charms in art—may be considered as the joint result of genius and accident.









WEATHERCOTE CAVE.



HIS is only a drawing of a small spot in England, yet it is no mere facsimile of Nature. Thousands have visited the spot, and seen it as it is, without bringing away with them half so beautiful or true a picture of it in their minds. How fully it realises for us the wild beauty of the scene—the rare loveliness which Nature creates from confusion! The bushes, which have scarcely hold for their roots on the craggy ledge, pouring down their long wind-swayed branches over the precipice; the tree that to reach the light has to strain this way and that through years of patient struggling till it shoots at length straight up to the sky; the branches broken down by the torrent, yet alive and flourishing still—all these sympathizing with the rugged chasm through which the water pours headlong, more beautiful the more it is thwarted, and the resistless power of the stronger torrent, whose wasted force rises up in a mist where the sun may set his bow, and contrasting with the normal growth of trees which live an unvexed life on the hill above, whose unmoved peaks live among the clouds. See, too, the ferns below preserving their perfect form, springing up delicate, yet safe, in the midst of danger: bravest and most refined of plants, whereof some sorts are so enamoured of daring, that they will only live in the spray of a waterfall.









WRECK OFF HASTINGS.



O perfect a sympathy had Turner with all the forces of Nature, that it would be an endless argument which should endeavour to discuss exhaustively with which he had the deepest feeling. By turns it is the sky, the earth, the sea, the rain, the sun, the cloud, whose influence appears to be greatest in his pictures; but when we come to consider the matter, we find that the pre-eminence is due to the subject of the picture. In this picture no one can fail to be struck with the force with which the cliffs are drawn; their strength and solidity are insisted upon; they stand firm and unchangeable, despite the violence of the storm above and the violence of the sea below. The waves shatter themselves in mist against their feet; the clouds break against their heads in mist, and adorn their sides with shadows; yet it is the sea and the cloud that have the victory. What can those giant but immovable cliffs avail against the active fury of the sea? The cliffs may be safe, but they are powerless to help, and the sea can and does destroy as it will. What avail is the eternal security of the shore to those unfortunate men upon the wreck? And man himself—what a pitiful small thing he looks, whether on sea or shore, whether longing to save or to be saved! Separated but a few yards, and yet by such an impassable gulf! What an imposture are those giant cliffs—what a stern reality the cruel sea!

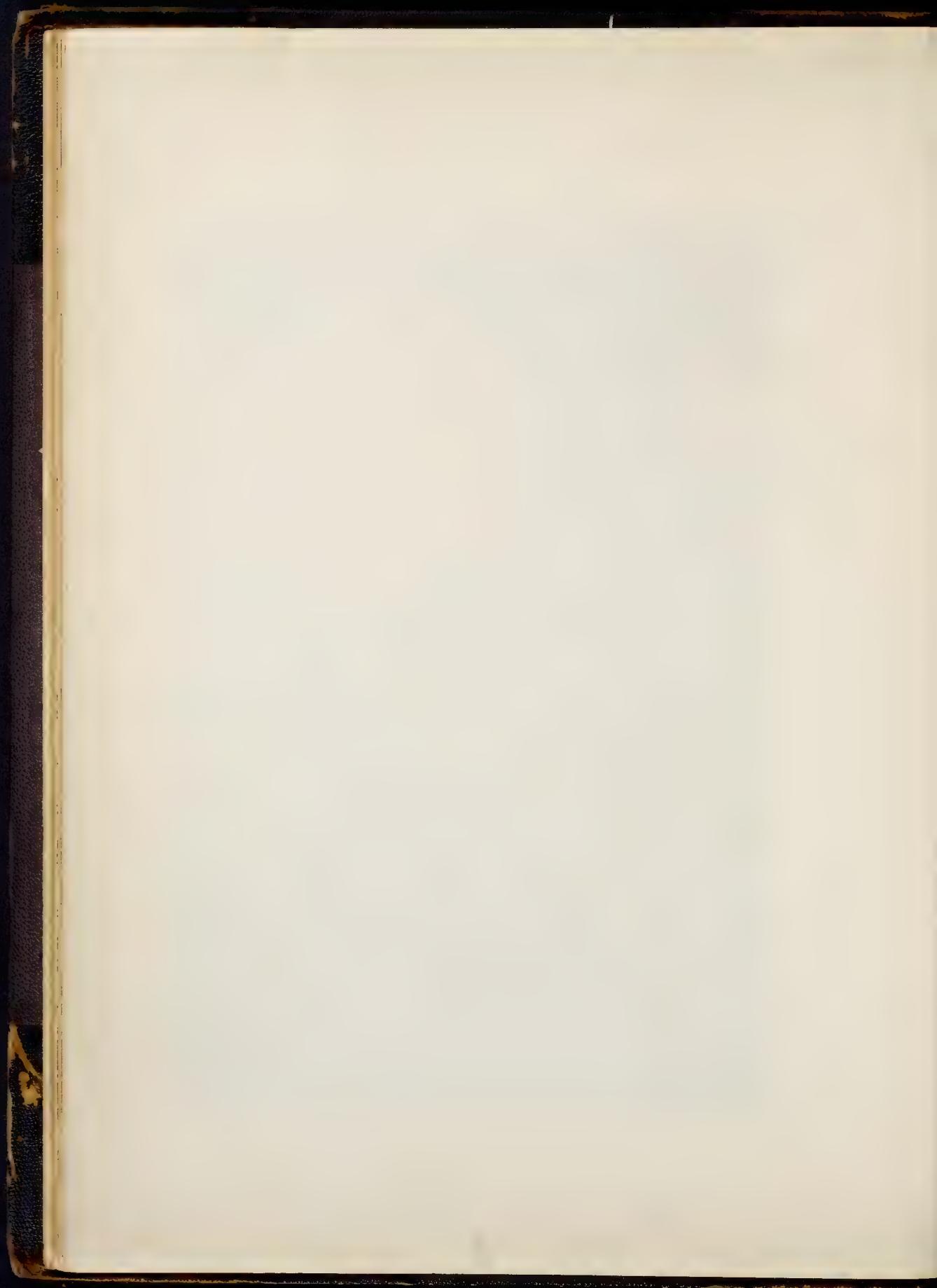










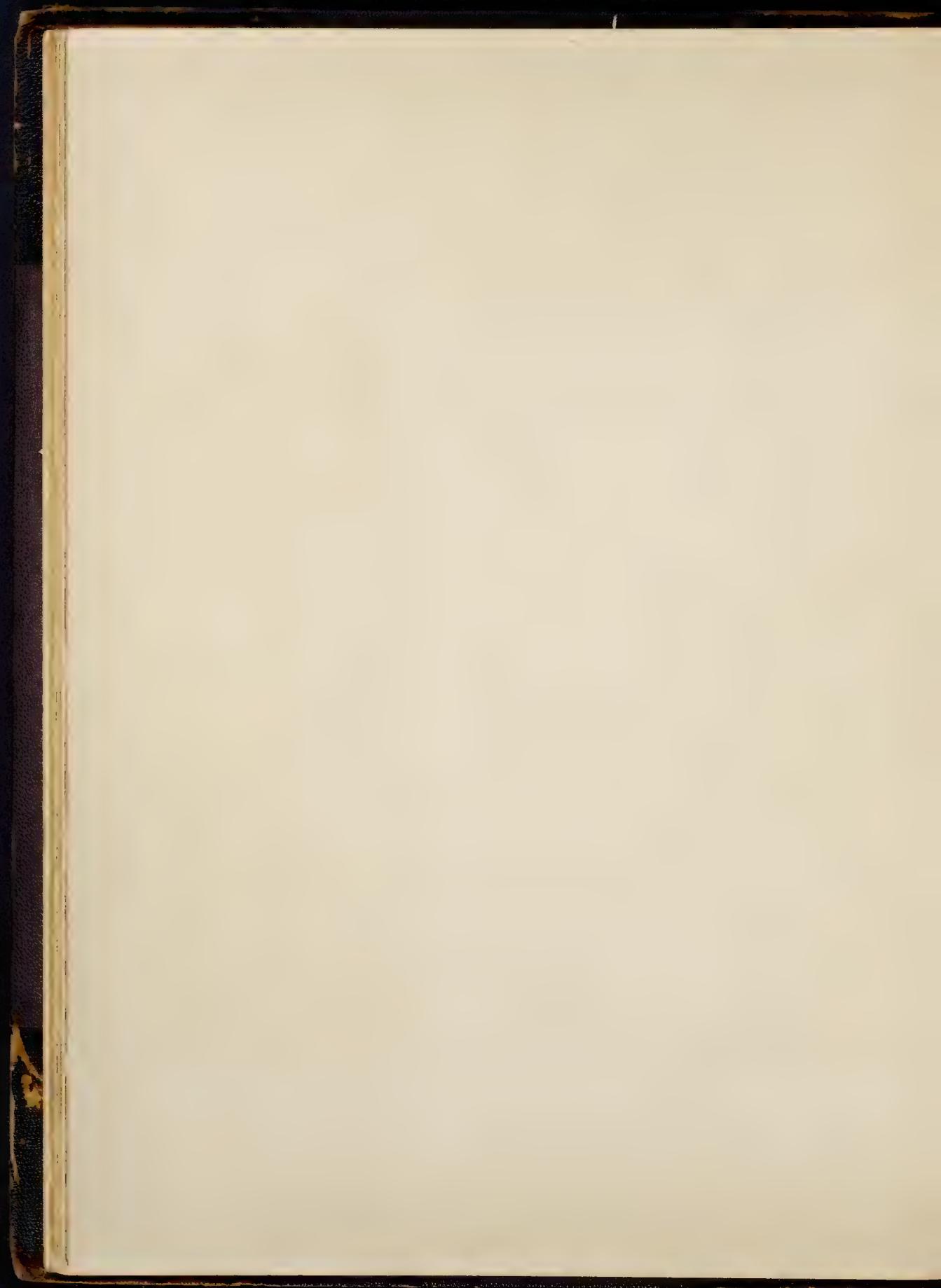


THE FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE."



HIS picture is perhaps the best known of all Turner's pictures, and it is one which, like "Crossing the Brook," appeals to all. In these two works—one the most perfect work of his earliest, as the other of his latest style—he touched, as he rarely did, the common heart of mankind. Apart from particular associations, there is an eternal pathos in an old ship being tugged to its last berth in calm water at sunset. It is not necessary to tell the story of how the good ship was captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, and broke the line of the combined fleets at that of Trafalgar; nor is it necessary to think of her battered hulk as a type of the old sailing "wooden walls," so soon to be replaced by ironclads and steam propellers—of the "old order" which "changeth, giving place to new." It is a poem without all this, though all this gives additional interest and pathos to it in our eyes. Considered even in relation to the artist, this picture has a peculiar solemnity: he, as well as the *Téméraire*, was being "tugged to his last berth;" he had still many years of life, but his decline as an artist had commenced, and was painfully perceptible in most of his pictures; occasionally his genius rallied, and this was one of its expiring efforts, the last picture which, according to Mr. Ruskin, he painted with his *perfect* power.

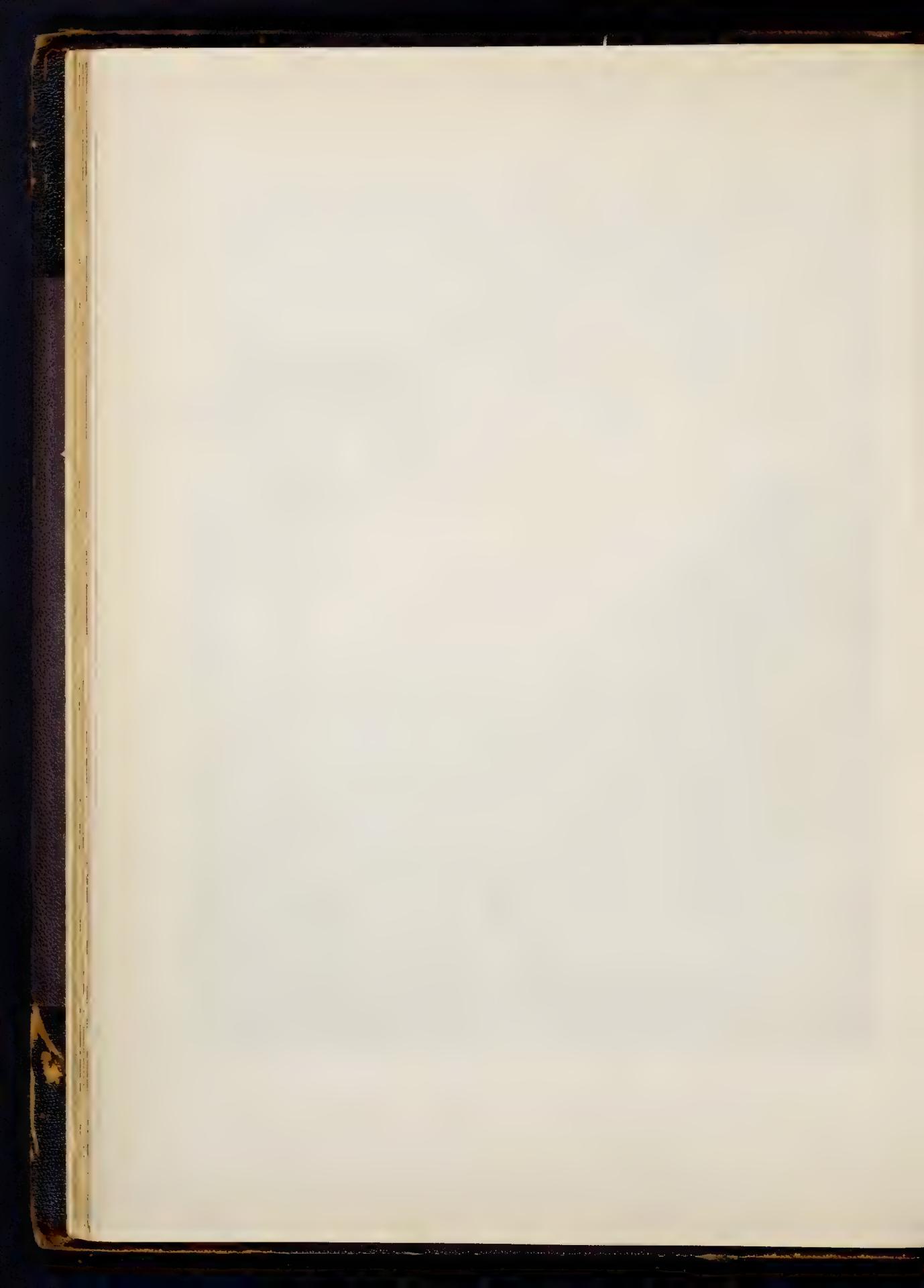










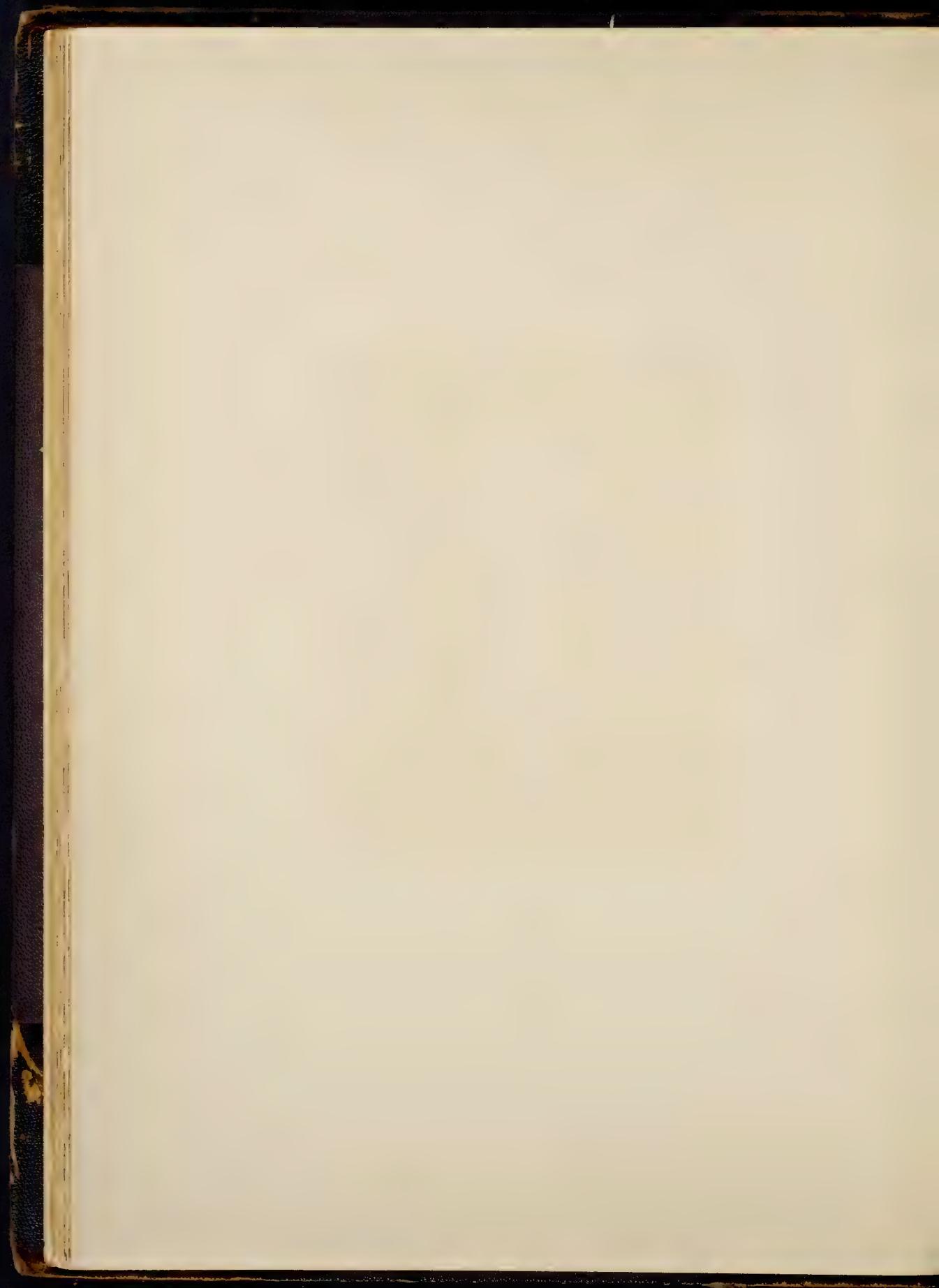


CROSSING THE BROOK.



HIS is a picture matchless of its kind, even amongst Turner's own works. There is a sweet and grand simplicity, both in its design and colour, which appeals to all. Turner himself prized it so dearly that he would not sell it, though he was offered £1,000 for it, a price which was then thought extravagant. It was exhibited in 1815, and is characterized by the thorough workmanship and reticence of colour which mark his earlier pictures. The scene is thoroughly English, the landscape being taken from the neighbourhood of Plymouth. The winding river is the Tamar, with its estuary the Hamoaze in the distance, where, at the time the picture was painted, a hundred ships of the British fleet were moored. Turner, in his later pictures, achieved masterpieces of colour beside which this would look pale indeed, but he never painted one in more perfect harmony; he represented brighter beauty, but nothing more pure; he painted more of the truth of Nature, but nothing more truly; and what makes it still more remarkable amongst his works is the exquisite spirit of tranquillity and happiness with which it is pervaded. It was seldom that Turner was able to surrender his soul so completely to the expression of peace without a thought of strife, to joy without alloy, to beauty without canker, as in this picture. It is the most perfect flower of his youth.









✓ ✓
✓ ✓ ✓





PORTRAIT OF TURNER, BY HIMSELF.

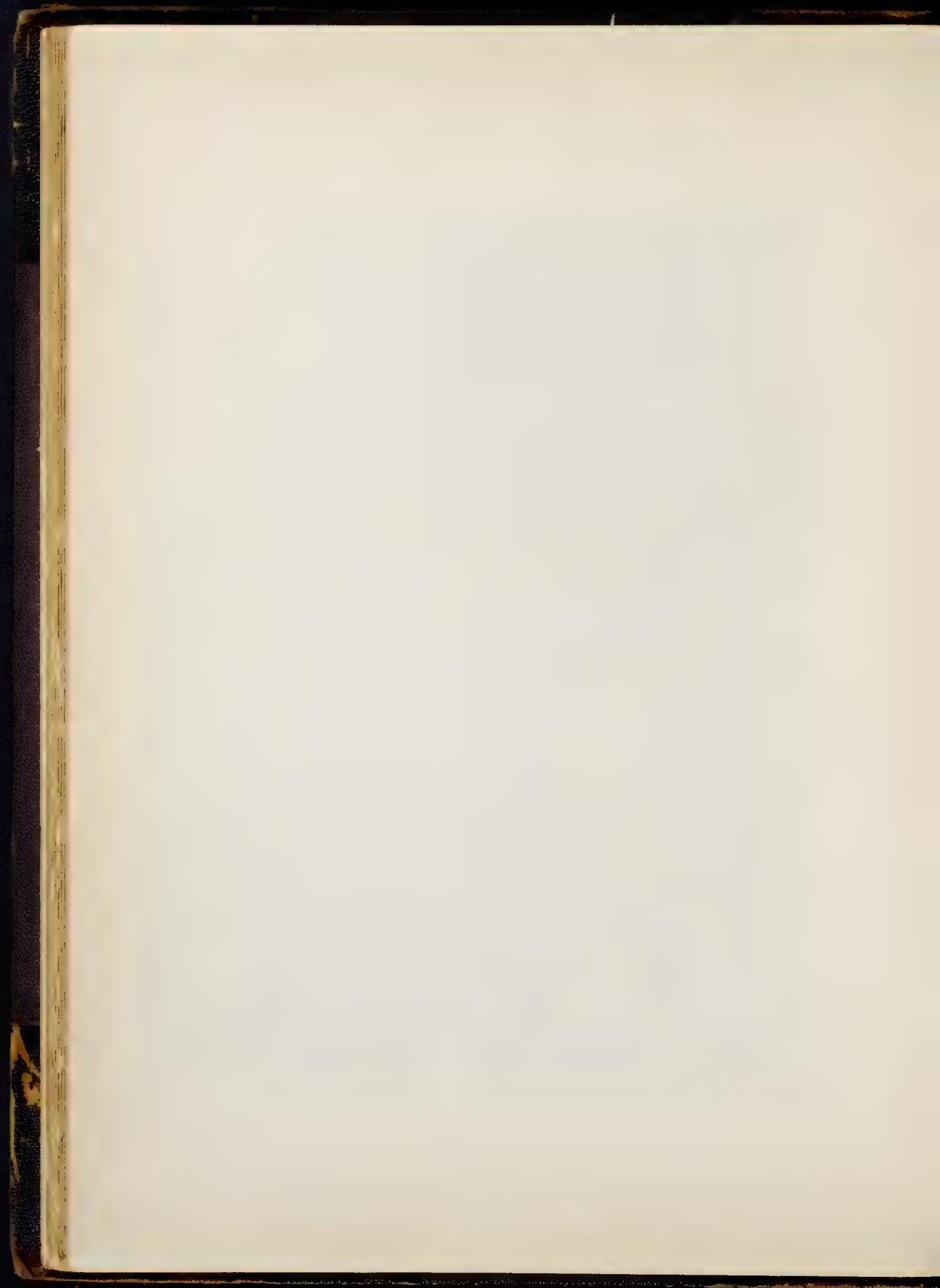


HIS is probably the only portrait ever painted by the artist; and though it is of considerable merit, it shows that the work was uncongenial to him. It is, however, very valuable as a memento of what the artist was like at the age of twenty-seven or thereabouts; especially as the portraits of him in later stages of his life are few. He had a great objection to have his portrait taken, and would not sit for it. Surrounded by artists, there was always the danger of a portrait being taken by stealth; and this he tried to prevent as far as possible, by shifting his attitude whenever he thought that any one was so engaged. In spite, however, of this, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Charles Turner, and Mr. Maclise managed to take tolerably good sketches of him, one or more having, we believe, been made upon that natural sketching tablet, the thumb-nail. There has lately been published a good-sized mezzotinto engraving of Turner, and the statue of which we give a plate, and a bas-relief figure of him in the frieze of artists round the Albert Memorial, give a sufficiently accurate idea of his face and form. Neither of these were particularly prepossessing, for he was short and stout, was ungraceful in his movements and brusque in his manner; his features were too strongly marked for beauty, and, except for the prominence of his nose and the bright glitter of his small blue eyes, had nothing which gave outward sign of his remarkable genius. His life was something like his character: shut in on all sides from free and happy communion with his kind, it was spent in mental solitude; and those who would wish to judge him most fairly must seek his soul in his works: there they will find it—large, sympathetic, noble, but tinged with melancholy sometimes almost approaching despair.





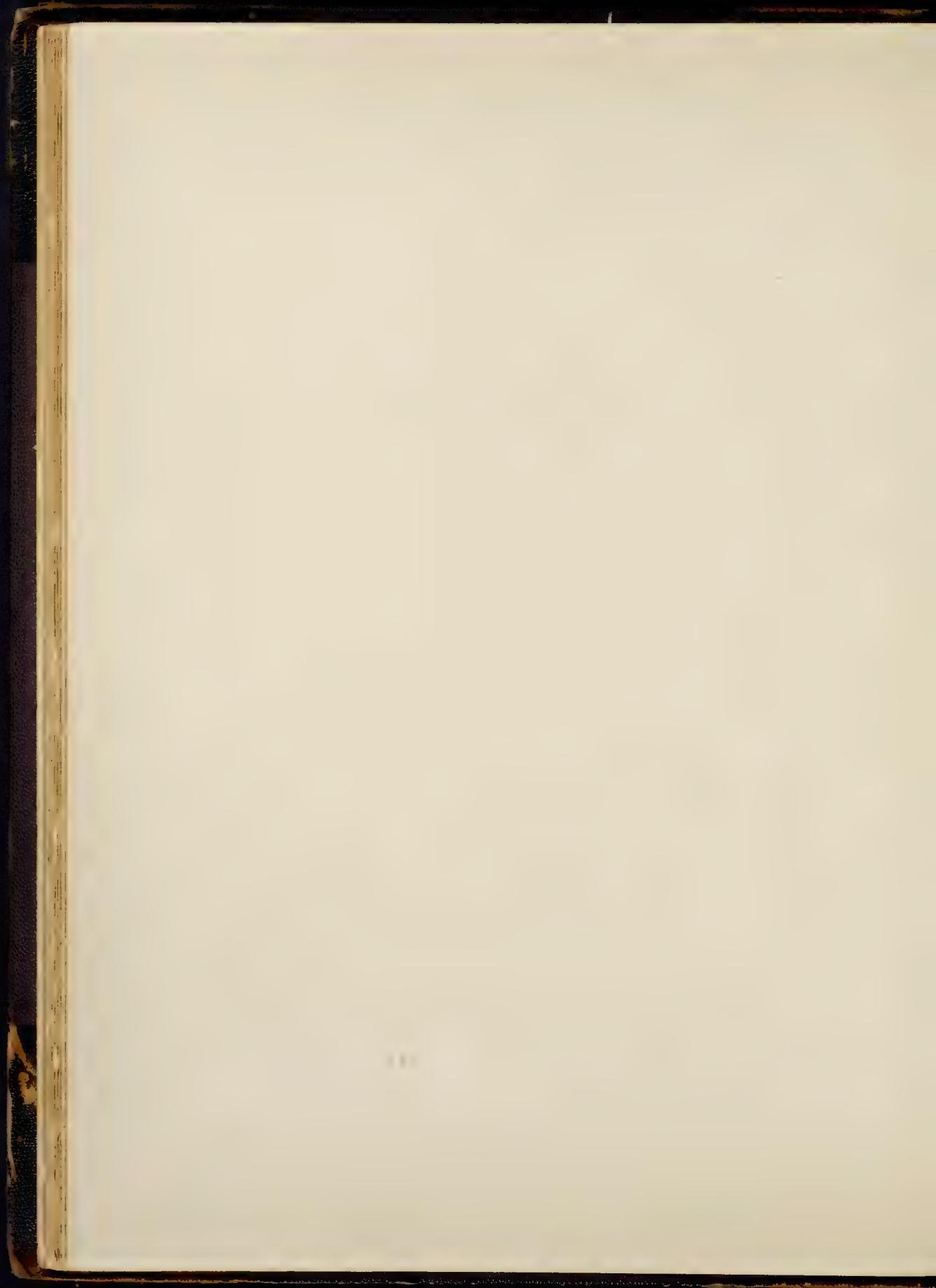




RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED.



BOUT the rain there can be no doubt; it envelops the whole land in a light veil of mist; it strikes like beams across the bridge. But it is only summer rain, not sufficient to stop the ploughman in the field over the water—a good strong shower, however, which must somewhat disconcert the waders or bathers on the left. The steam also is obvious, visibly in the puffs that come from the engine, and, mentally, from the fact of there being an engine at all. And the speed—yes, that is evident too, from the distance between the puffs of steam, and the terror of the poor hare, who will surely be overtaken and crushed in an instant. Some persons see a deeper meaning in this picture, something analogous to that of the *Téméraire*—the old order changing, the easy-going past giving way to the quick-living future; and there is something in the contrast between the plough and the steam-engine, the ugly form of the railway bridge and train, and the beauty and peace of the old bridge and the landscape, which shows that some such thoughts were not absent from the painter's mind. But this is one of the pictures which is best without a title, for no title can comprehend all it may be intended to mean. Its suggestiveness is infinite, and, for those who do not care about seeking out hidden meanings, its marvellousness is sufficient of itself. Any one can go and stand before it, and the longer they so stand the more wonderful will appear the power which could suggest so much by touches, which seem at first to be as meaningless as they are innumerable and slight.











MERCURY AND ARGUS.



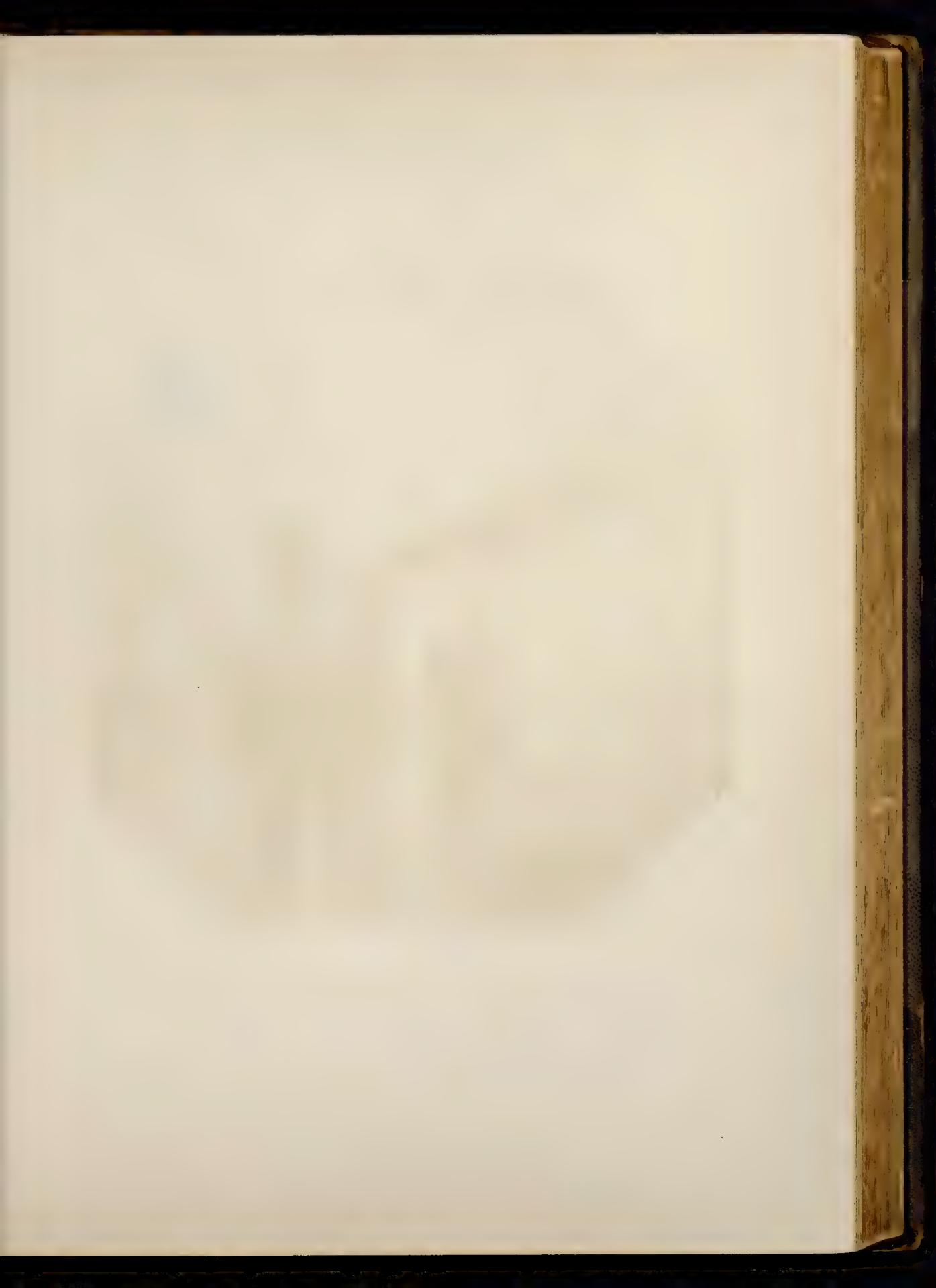
HIS is one of Turner's most glorious dreams of landscape beauty; and the figures which give the name to the picture are introduced with great skill, and add much to its charm. Considering that the legend with which it deals belongs to a time when the history of the world depended much upon the matrimonial disputes of Jupiter and Juno, there is some room for surprise at the advancement which, according to this picture, had already been made by mortals in architecture and engineering; but it was in the grove of Mycenæ, the capital of Argolis, that Juno set the unfortunate Io, the sister of Semele, whom that goddess in her wrath had transformed into a cow; and here also she stationed Argus, the watchful, to prevent her from straying. Having regard to the nature of the pasture-land selected, it would seem not only desirable, but necessary, to have a cowherd with a hundred eyes. But Argus *had* a hundred eyes, and he was so thoroughly equal to his task that not even the quick-witted Mercury could distract his attention; wherefore Mercury cut the knot of his difficulty and killed Argus, and closed his hundred eyes for ever. Turner never painted a more richly-luxurious foreground than this exquisite wilderness of tangled foliage and broken water.

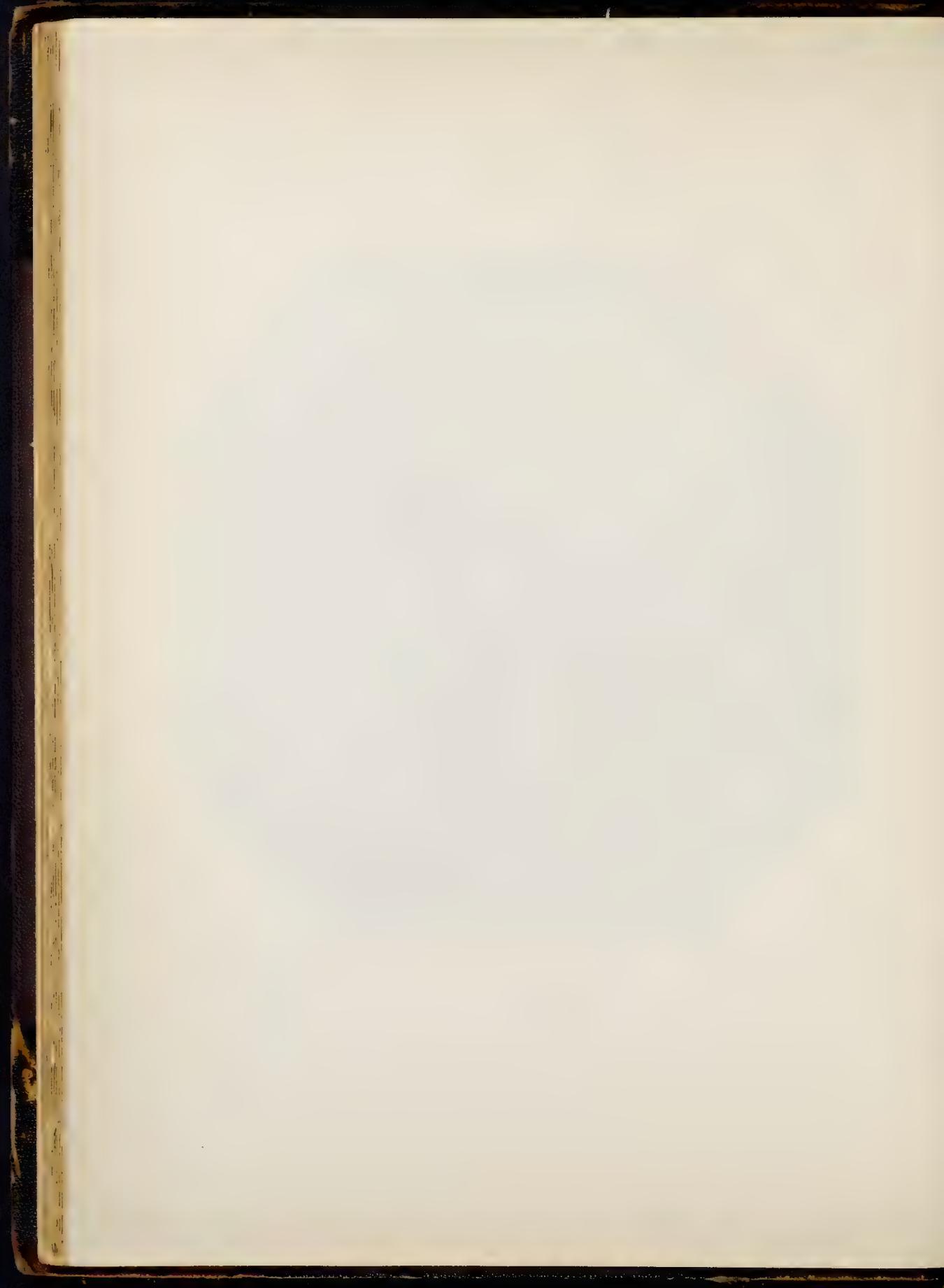












PEACE—BURIAL OF WILKIE.



MIR DAVID WILKIE died when returning from a visit to the Holy Land. On the way back he went to Alexandria, where he took the portrait of Mehemet Ali. Here he complained of illness, which became aggravated at Malta, and he died on board the *Oriental*, off Gibraltar, on the 1st of June, 1841, and his body was committed to the deep. In early days Turner had been somewhat jealous of Wilkie, and had painted a picture in rivalry of him;* but how little of such feeling was left now, this picture is sufficient to show. Seldom has profound sorrow at an untimely death been depicted so forcibly upon canvas; seldom has the calamity of the loss of genius from the earth been so poetically expressed by any means. To the artist who objected to the unnatural blackness of the ship's sails, Turner exclaimed, rubbing his brush in some lamp-black on his palette, "Too black! if there was anything in nature blacker than that I'd use it." The burial did not, of course, take place so near to the shore as Turner has represented, nor do we think that he could so easily have excused this palpable departure from the probable; but some notion of the pathos of his death so near his home may have suggested the inaccuracy. The fine contrast between the lurid glare of the torches in the gangway, and the pure cold beauty of the evening sky, the blackness of the ship and its sails, with their gloomy reflections in the calm water, and the rocket from the distant shore, suggestive of the soaring of a soul to heaven, combine to make this one of the most grandly-pathetic pictures ever painted.

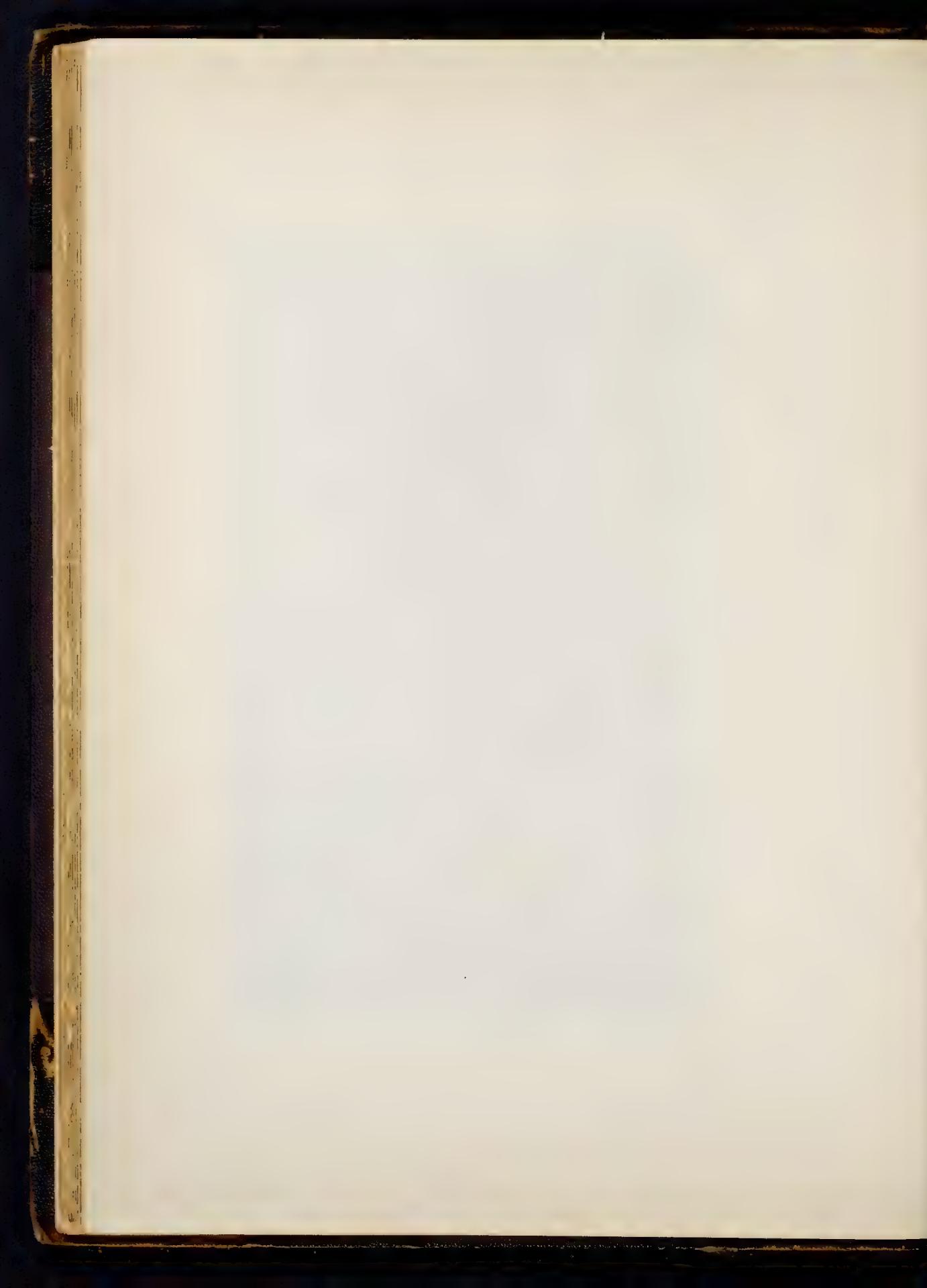
* See "The Blacksmith's Shop."











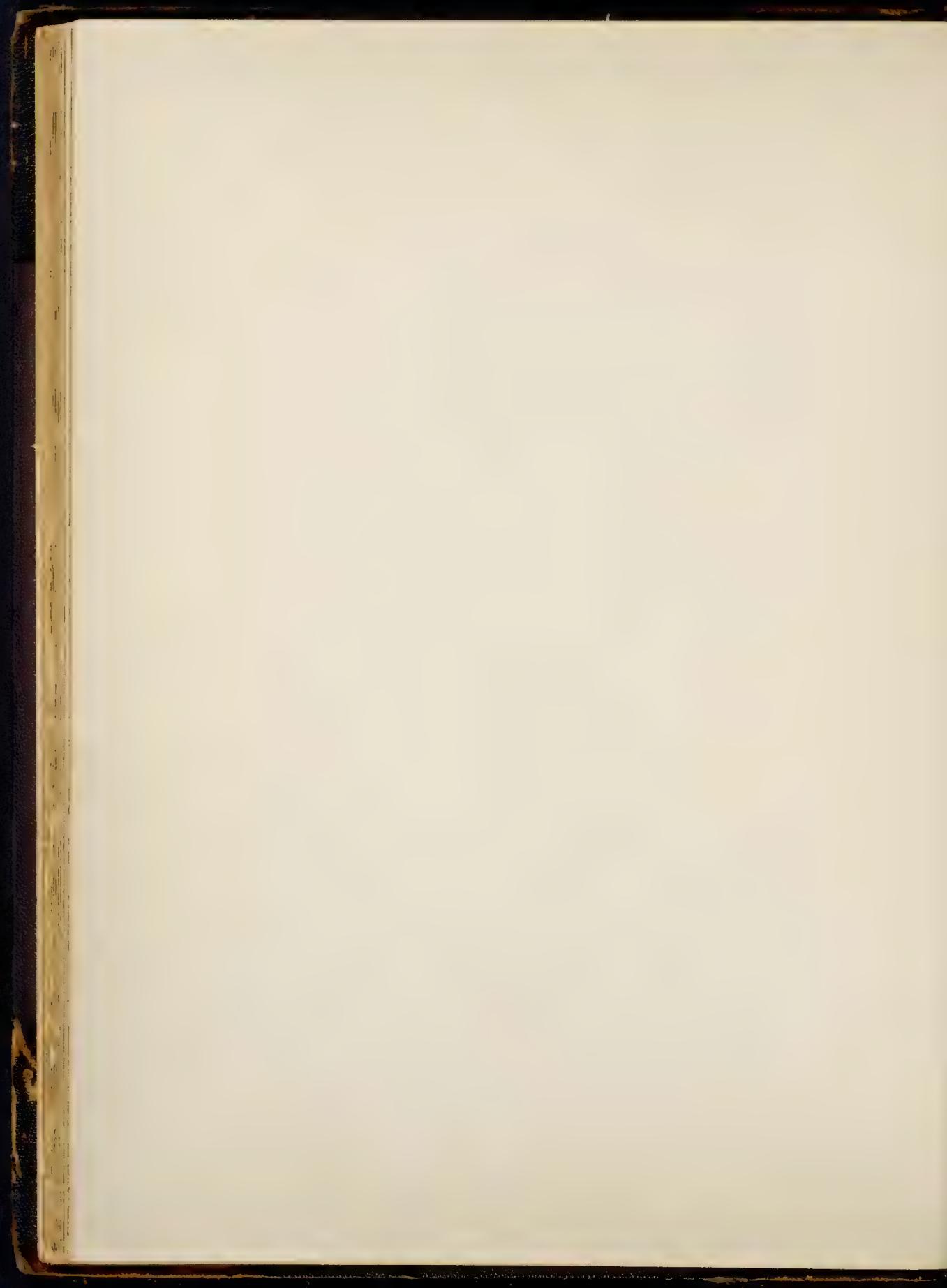
BOSCASTLE, CORNWALL.



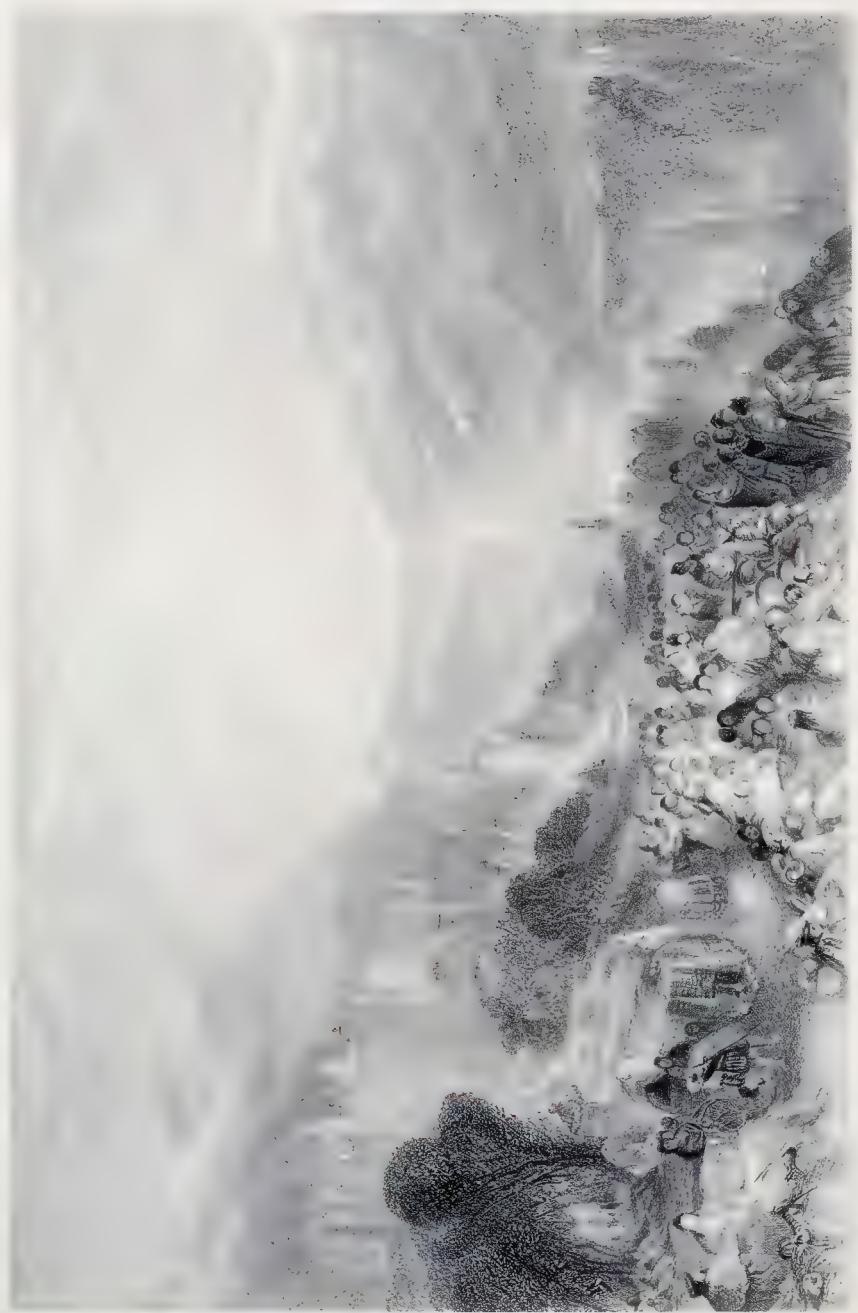
THE curious little harbour of Boscastle, on the coast of Cornwall, is entered by a narrow passage between two rocky heights; a fact very patently shown in Turner's drawing. A brig, which appears to have received some damage outside, has just made the harbour, and is being helped to its moorings by strong ropes pulled by men on the rock, and will soon (let us hope) enjoy as much security as the little fishing-boat snugly tucked in under the lee of the cliff on the left. The configuration of the rocks is, as usual in Turner's drawings, admirably shown, and the view perfectly illustrates the peculiar formation of the harbour; while the sky, full of bold, flying clouds, assures us of the value of this little niche of security.

Boscastle is a corruption of Botreaux Castle, which was founded by the baronial family of Botreaux, who were settled here in the twelfth century. There is a small island at the entrance of the harbour, belonging to the adjoining parish of Tintagel, in which are the remains of an ancient chapel, and a portion of a castle called King Arthur's.

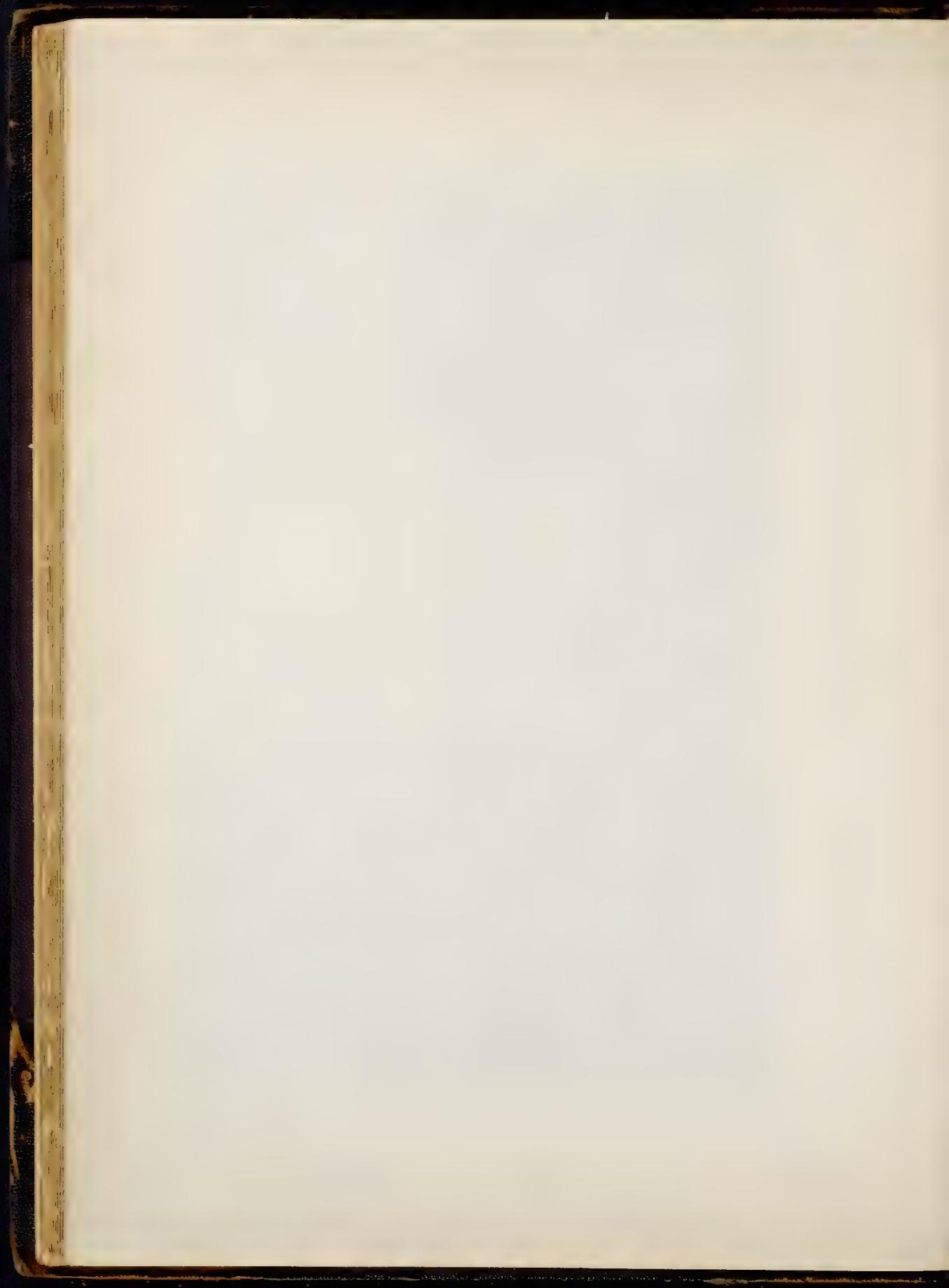












HEIDELBERG.



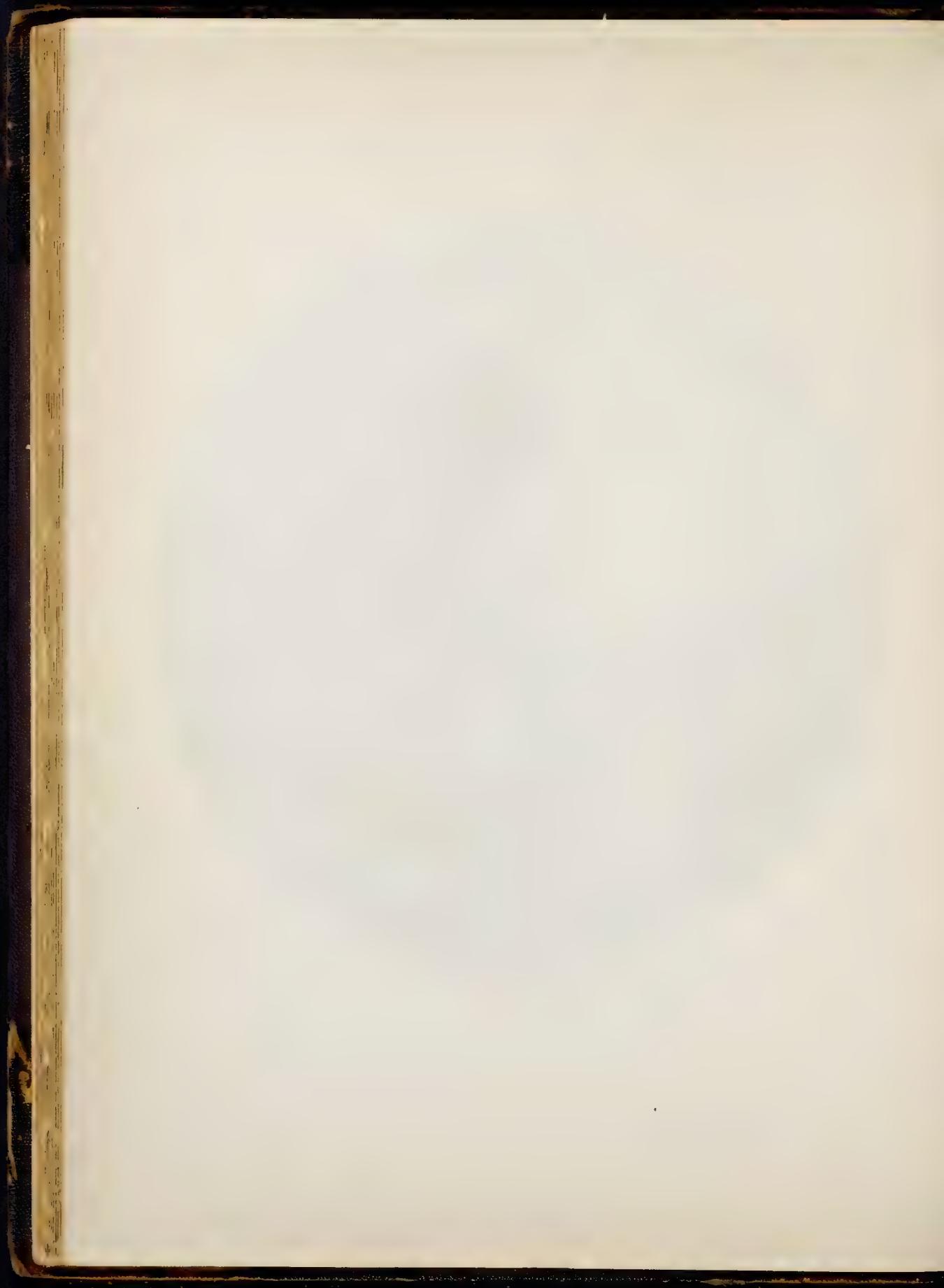
HIS is a highly-imaginative picture of Heidelberg in the olden time. It is very uncertain which of the many olden times which this great fortress and palace saw was in Turner's mind when he painted, but it is quite certain that the picture has a very remote resemblance to Heidelberg in any period of its history. Nor is the artist much more faithful to nature than he is to history. There is something, however, very romantic and beautiful in the mighty clusters of architecture, and the magnificent river-view, with its snow-crested mountains on either side, while the figures in the foreground not only give an air of festivity to the scene, but break up the light in a very pleasant manner. Turner was fond of this device, a very peculiar example of which is seen in his view of Zurich. The Castle of Heidelberg was the residence of the Hohenstaufen Conrad III. in the twelfth century, and received various additions down to the sixteenth, when the famous Rittersaal of Otto Heinrich was built and the Freidrichsbau commenced. To this gigantic mass of buildings the Elector Frederick V. added a palace for his wife, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. The whole is now a ruin, partly the work of war, and partly of a conflagration which took place in 1764. Longfellow calls it, "next to the Alhambra of Granada," the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages. We cannot help wishing that Turner had given us the ruin, and the Neckar with its wooded hills, rather than this dream of his imagination, splendid as it is; for dreams which are so plainly refuted, not only by probability, but by fact, are too palpably false to convey that illusion in which the charm of visions lies.











BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.



HIS is one of the many pictures in which Turner has used a classical legend to give a name to and adorn an ideal landscape. There is, however, one advantage in this subsidiary use of the figures, viz., that the enjoyment of the picture is not in any way marred by ignorance of its subject. If we had never heard of Bacchus or Ariadne we should be quite as well qualified to admire the glory of sun, mist, and water, the picturesque arrangement of the buildings, the wealth of vegetation, and the melting beauty of the distance. The figures of this picture have, however, an additional charm, that of old friendship, for all who know Titian's lovely picture of 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in our National Gallery. Badly as they are drawn by Turner, he has still given us something of the easy swing of the god leaping off his chariot, something of the saucy strut of the little faun, and the general *pose*, though sadly travestied, of the great Venetian's Ariadne. As in so many of Turner's later works, a great stone-pine, pear-shaped, towers near the centre of the picture, opposing its screen of green shade to the blinding sun, and breaking up the light into a thousand streams. According to Titian's version, Ariadne looked at the amorous god, according to Turner's, she looked away from him, but her face is so very strongly averted in the latter's picture that it suggests a suspicion that she is not so ignorant of his presence as she seems.













FISHING-BOATS.

THERE is something singularly impressive in this scene, with its power of simple realism, its finely-massed light and shade, and the life in the sea and the boats. As Mr. Wornum has pointed out, the sea is high enough to affect even the vessels in the harbour beyond, for their masts are rocking, and from the direction of the wind we fear that those threatening clouds are coming forward and not going away. Perhaps, from other indications, the fishermen are aware that the worst of the gale is over, for it seems evident that they are preparing to go to sea. That boat scudding along so securely on the crest of the wave has no apparent intention of coming ashore, and from the other boat's rudder being turned to land, and the action of the man with the oar, it seems certain that this boat also is setting out. The keynote of the picture seems to be the skill and daring of the fishermen, acting with easy confidence in positions of apparently great danger, and too weatherwise on the one hand, and hardy on the other, to be deterred from going to sea by a threatening cloud and a heavy sea. But, however, if it were not for the title, we should be disposed to think that the object of the cruise was rather to render assistance to a vessel in distress than the capture of fish.













APOLLO KILLING THE PYTHON.



ICTURES such as this, "The Jason," and "The Garden of the Hesperides," make one wish that Turner had more often employed his imagination in vivifying for us the power and beauty of classical mythology—that he had left us more witnesses of his power to conceive imaginary beings, who would fully and fitly share the glory of his poetic landscapes. But we must be thankful for what we have, especially as the few choice pictures of this kind which he has left are not only magnificent both in conception and execution, but are also likely to endure, and so many of his gorgeous classical landscapes, in which the figures are but accessory, are sadly perishing before our eyes. The figure of the youthful Apollo in this picture is in conception and colour worthy of the subject. Apollo kneels at rest, but alert, watching with eager attention the effect of his deft archery upon his enormous but impotent adversary, who, pierced with a thousand tiny shafts, writhes in extreme anguish, brute-like venting his passion upon himself and all objects near him, tearing his wounds into one, crashing the trees like tinder, and grinding the very rocks in his jaws. Huge and powerful as he is, he is but a sport and a plaything to the little boy-god, who will scarcely have need even to use the shaft that is ready in his hand. The ruin on the right is finely contrasted with the serenity of the mountains and valley on the left, and the volume of the monster's hot and furious breath with the passionless clouds above.

The Python was slain by Apollo near Delphi, and the Pythian games were instituted to commemorate the deed.











MOSS DALE FALL.



HIS is another scene in the vale of the Ure, in Yorkshire, in the parish of Aysgarth, and gives a grand impression of the wild magnificence of the scenery of that comparatively little-known district. The Ure here pursues its difficult way through rocky gorges of savage grandeur, sparsely covered with verdure and broken by numerous waterfalls. We can well fancy the delight of the young artist, in days when excursion trains were unknown and the love of nature undeveloped, journeying along on foot day by day, discovering the beauties of England for himself, and also discovering the way to draw them. No one before him had ever dared to grapple fairly and honestly with the difficulties of representing such scenes as they were; not taking his touch and his composition from the feeble formulæ of the drawing-master, but taking nature for his model, and his own genius for his tutor. Swinging his whole luggage in a handkerchief at the end of his stick, he marched through the length and breadth of the land, making conquests both over nature and art; a triumphal progress, not the less glorious because it was unnoticed.













ANCIENT ITALY.

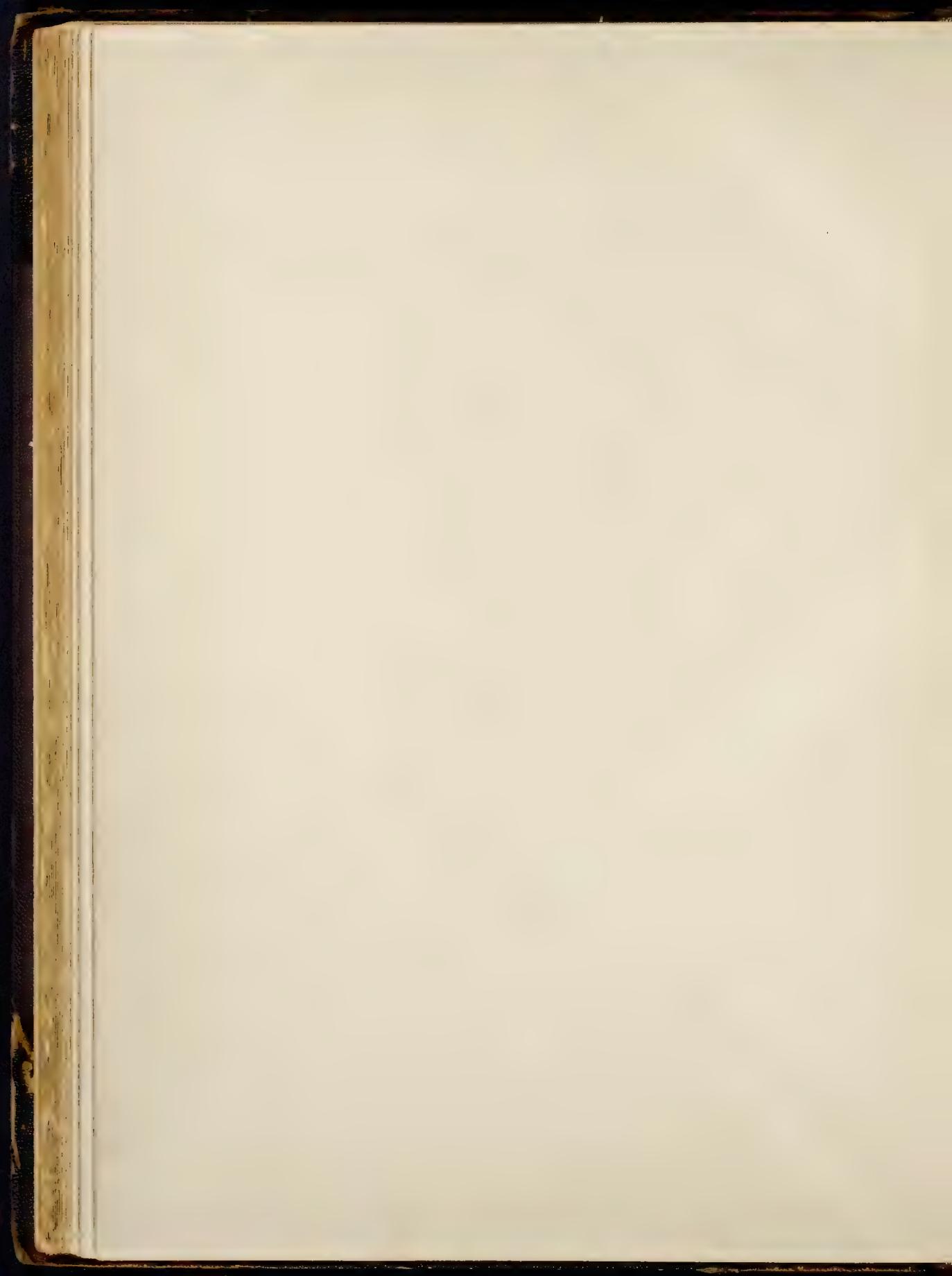


HIS, with its companion-picture of "Modern Italy," are two of the finest of the Artist's later compositions. In them the power of Turner as a colourist is seen at its height; nor can any one doubt, even on looking at our engraving, that the hand that designed that magnificent pile of buildings had yet lost its cunning. The view is intended for the Tiber, with Mount Aventine on the left, and the Pons Sublicius beyond. On the right, the circular building in the distance is probably meant for the Mausoleum of Augustus, the present Castle of St. Angelo; and the small temple on the extreme right is the Temple of Vesta.

The story represented by the figures is the banishment of the poet Ovid, A.D. 9. The reason of his forced exile is supposed by some to have been an imprudent amour with a relation of the Emperor Augustus; the reason publicly assigned was the licentiousness of his poems.

Of this picture Mr. Wornum says, "He (Turner) has placed the point of sight under the sun, so that the lines of buildings and their shadows terminate at one place, thereby giving the greatest simplicity and effect to the perspective."













APOLLO AND DAPHNE IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.



F the many exquisite dreams of ideal landscape which Turner has bequeathed to the nation—"The Bay of Baiæ," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Orvieto," "The Loretto Necklace," the "Phryne," and the rest—we know of none so sweet and restful, so utterly and entirely lovely as this dream of the Vale of Tempe. For it is only a dream, and not the real valley. Apollo having insulted Cupid, the boy-god in revenge sent into his heart a strong passion for Daphne, whom he found in the Vale of Tempe. She was the daughter of the River Peneus, and, fleeing from the embraces of her divine lover, prayed her father for help, and he changed her into a laurel. The figures of Apollo and Daphne are seen in the centre of the picture with Cupid behind. Before them runs a hare pursued by a greyhound, a symbol of Apollo's pursuit of Daphne. Ruskin thinks that the whole picture is illustrative of the union of the rivers and the earth; for Daphne's father was a river and her mother was Terra. "Observe," he writes, "that Turner has put his whole strength into the expression of the roundings of the hills, under the influence of the torrents; has insisted on the loveliest features of mountain scenery when full of rivers."

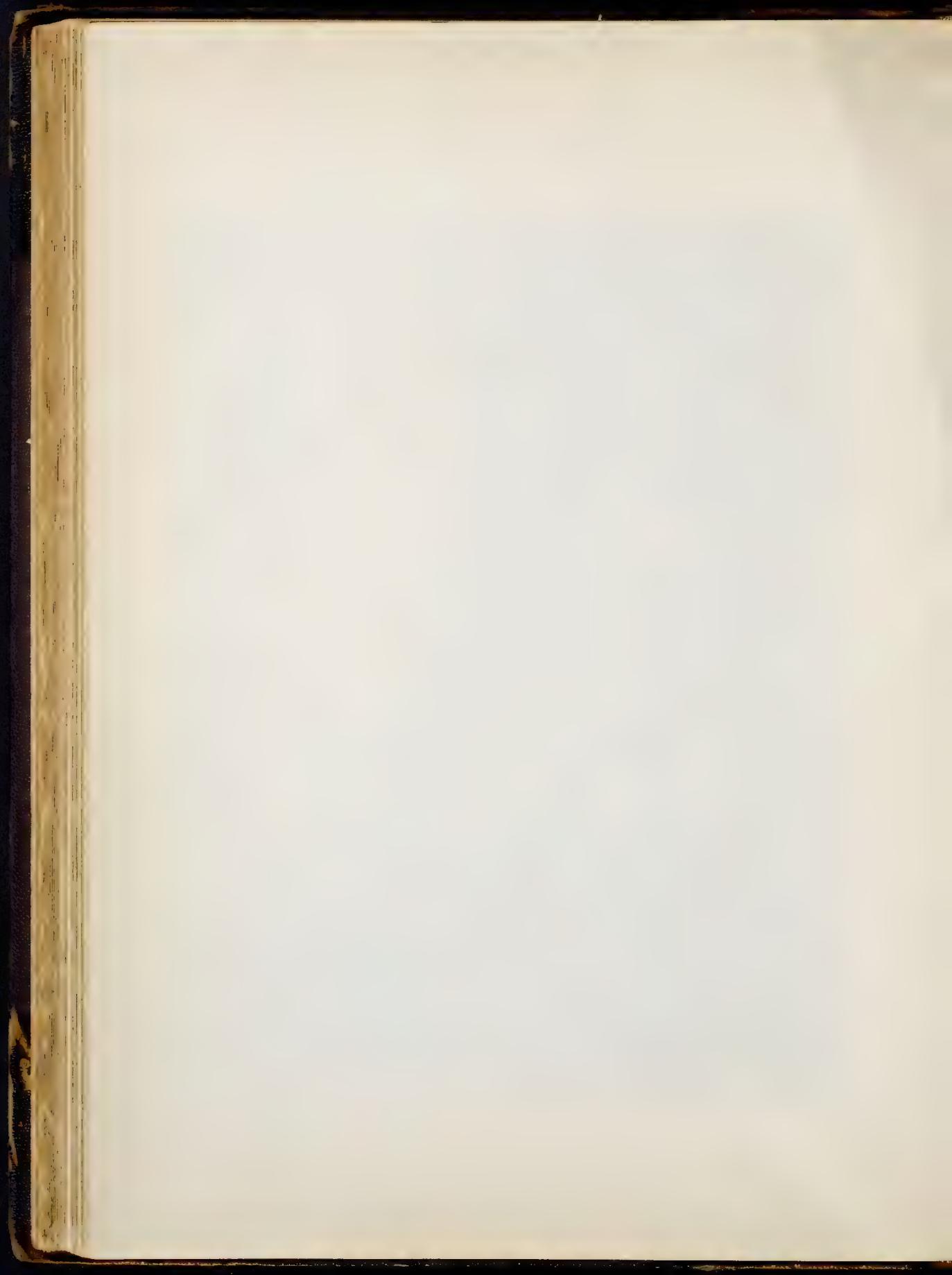












LINE-FISHING OFF HASTINGS.



HE Hastings of half a century ago had a unity not belonging to the Hastings of to-day. Built in a hollow scooped out by nature between two high downs, it had a picturesque completeness which has been destroyed with much else of its old character. The new town towards St. Leonards has not, however, much altered the appearance of the old, as seen in this picture, which still presents that contentment with the natural disposition of things which modern architecture is wont to defy. There is little of the fashionable watering-place about this scene, but there is much of nature and humanity. It is, above all, thoroughly English—the white cliffs of Albion, its softly-modelled chalk downs covered with fine grass, its ever-shifting clouds, its sturdy fishermen with no less sturdy boats, its green and yellow sea. The point of view chosen shows very finely the strength of the position of the ancient Castle, with its wall along the cliff ridge. Even in such a comparatively simple view as this, Turner's thorough understanding of the formation of the downs, and his knowledge of sea, wind, and sky are apparent. There is no hasty or ill-considered line in these, his earlier pictures; each touch is put on firmly and with knowledge, and not only does what is wanted of it, but tells its tale.

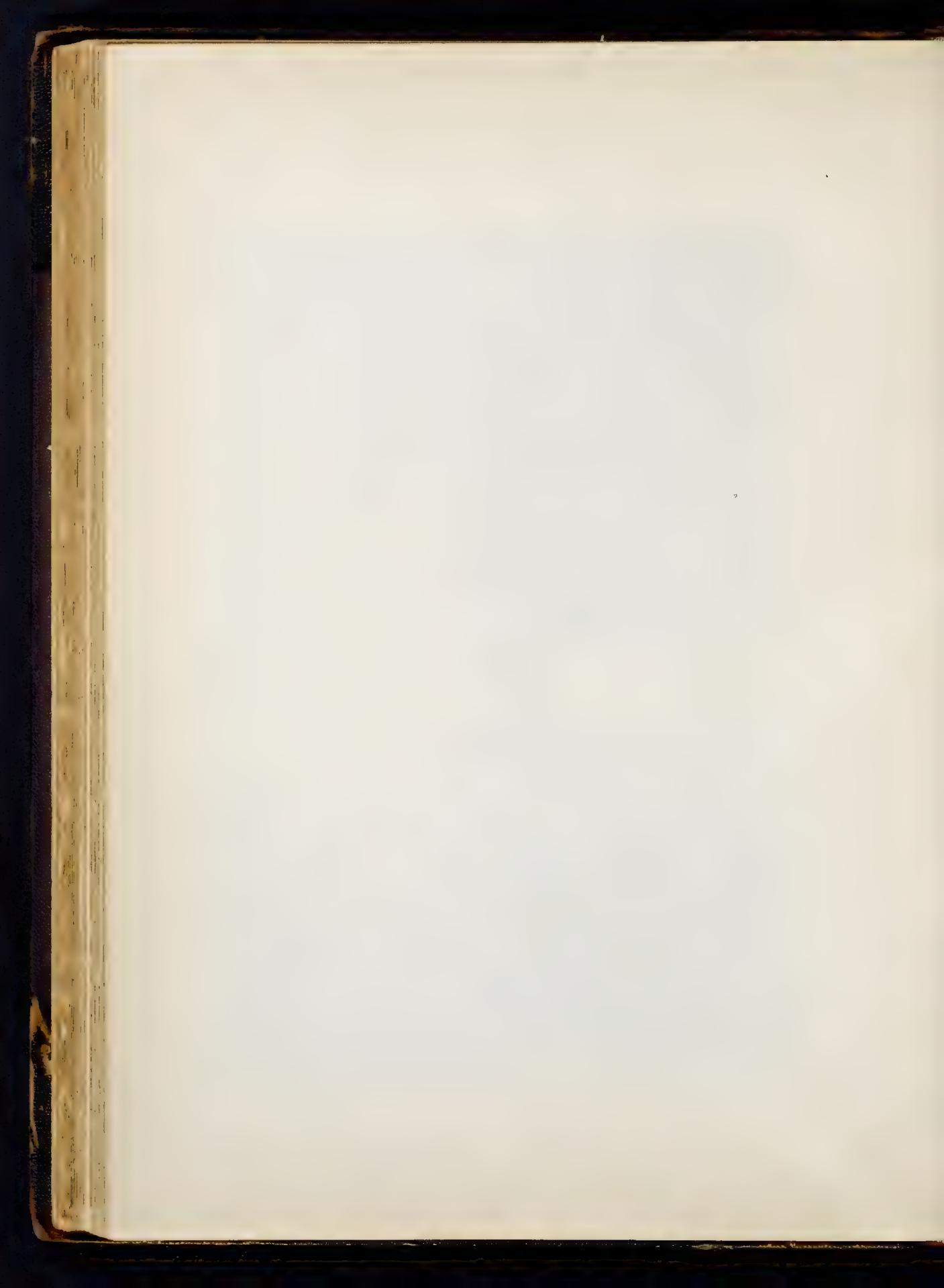












APPROACH TO VENICE.

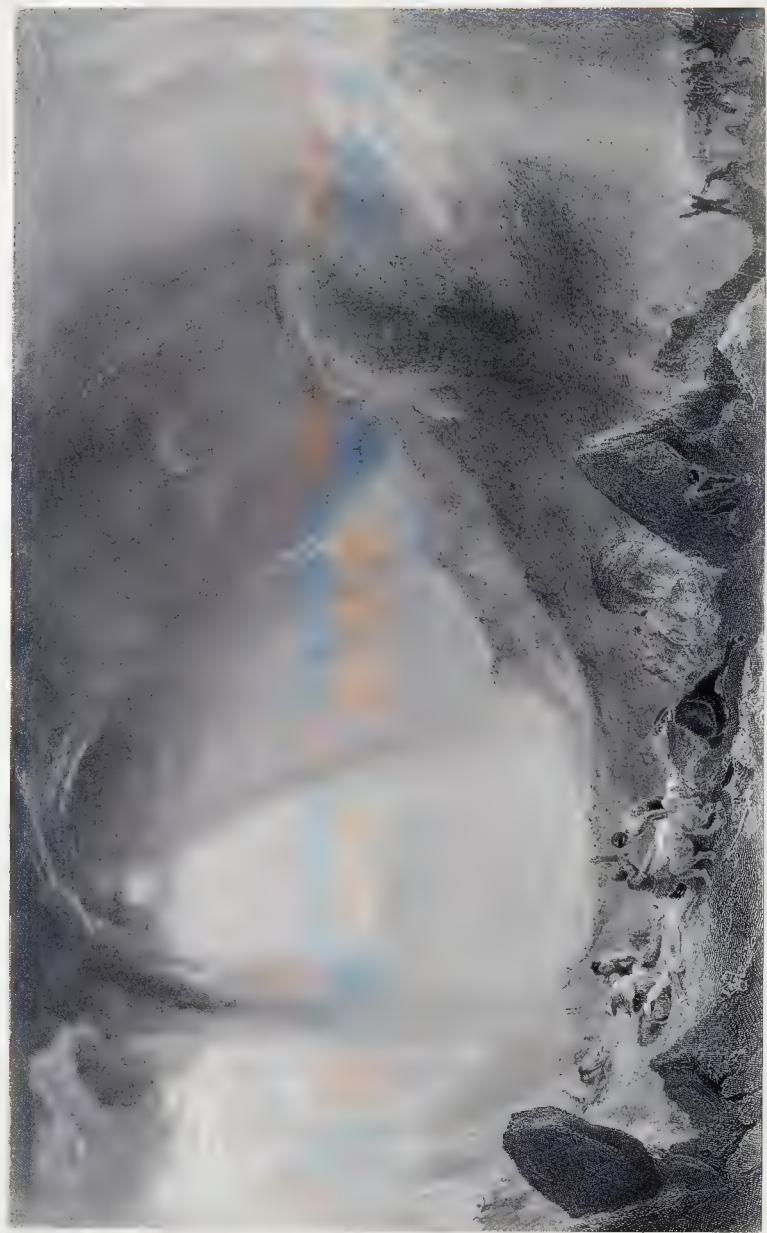


ITH apologies to Mr. Ruskin for quoting what has been so often quoted before, we here give his description of this picture, because any words of ours will be flat and feeble in comparison. After correcting a topographical error into which the artist fell in describing his picture in the Academy Catalogue, he adds: "The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses; and yet, without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for—the looking-out of Giudecca landwards, at sunset—of all I have ever seen. The buildings have, in reality, that proportion and character of mass, as one glides up the centre of the tide stream: they float exactly in that strange, mirageful, wistful way in the sea mist—rosy ghosts of houses without foundations; the blue line of poplars and copse about the Fusina Marshes shows itself just in that way on the horizon; the flowing gold of the water, and quiet gold of the air, face and reflect each other just so; the boats rest so, with their black prows poised in the midst of the amber flame, or glide by so, the boatman stretched far aslope upon his deep-laid oar. Take it all in all, I think this is the best Venetian picture of Turner's which is left to us."



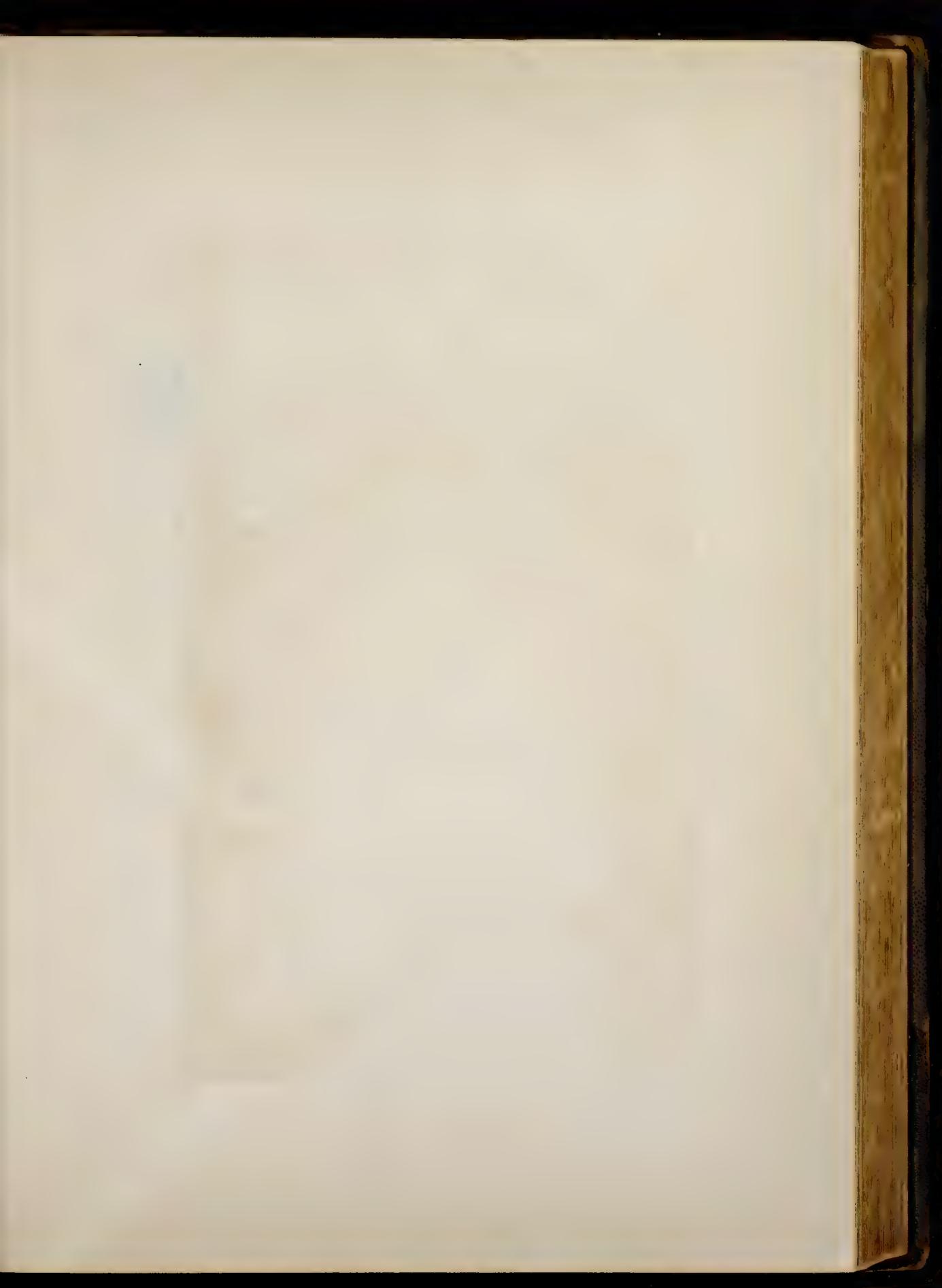


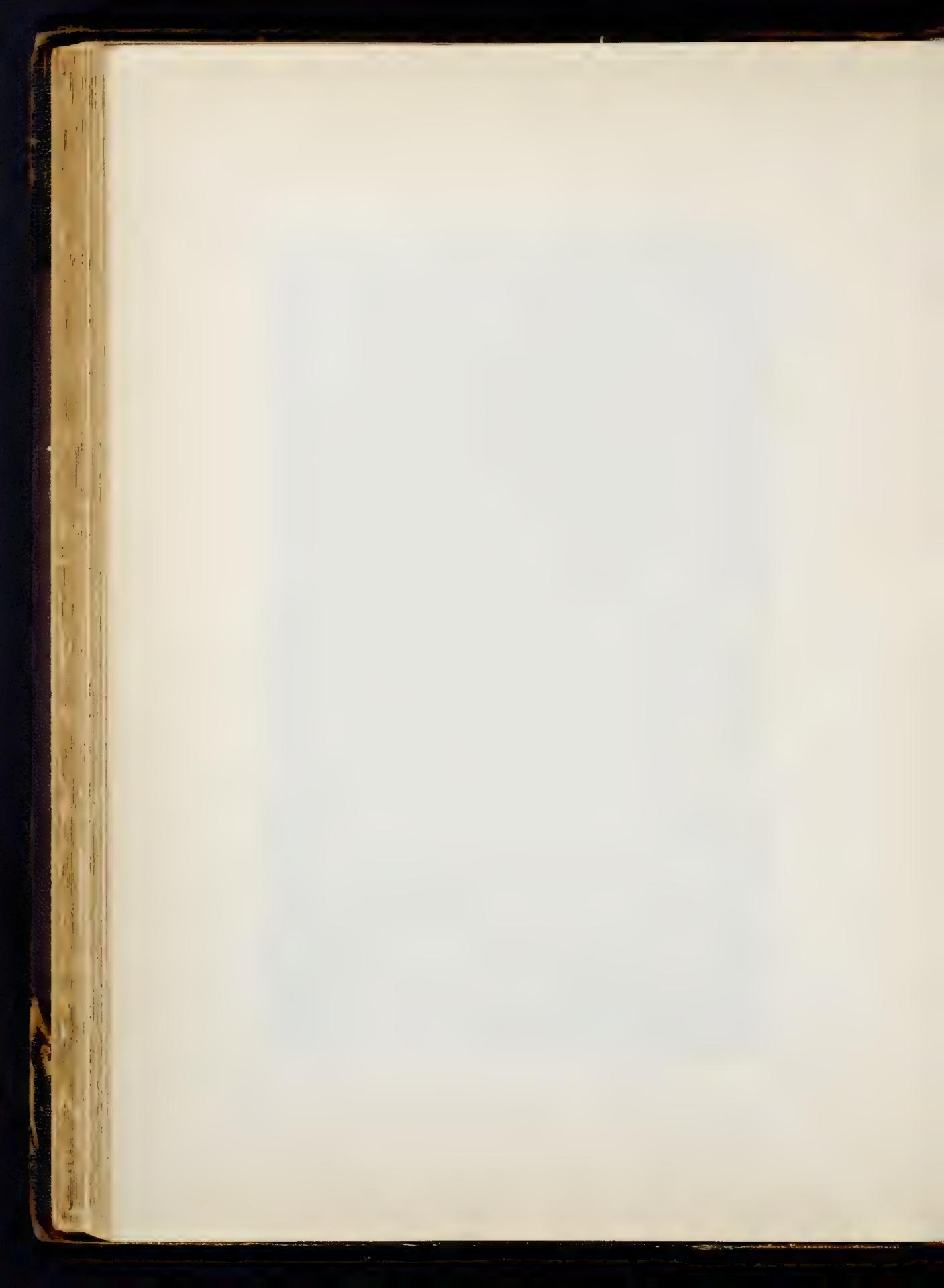




64

M. T. A. C.





HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.



TURNER has well succeeded in this picture in bringing forcibly to our eyes the tremendous difficulties which must have attended the passage of the Alps by an armed host in ancient times. There is great grandeur of imagination in the composition of both the mountains and sky, the former with their heads hid in fantastic wreaths of mist, and their terrible frozen seas of rocks and ice; the latter with its sun standing in an arch of cloud and rain, making the whole picture lurid with its light.

The picture, terrible as it is, can however scarcely be an exaggeration of not only one, but many scenes through which the great Carthaginian general must have led his men on his famous march from Spain—the prelude to his great victories over the Romans, which culminated at Cannæ. Did we not know what tremendous obstacles are overcome by troops in the present day, we should be tempted to believe that no human perseverance and courage would be strong enough to continue a march apparently so hopeless, especially in days when science had done so little to help man in his struggle against the forces of nature.

To the title of this picture in the Royal Academy Catalogue, Turner for the first time (1812) added some verses of his own, viz.:—

" Craft, treachery, and fraud—Salassian force
Hung on the fainting rear! then Plunder seized
The victor and the captive—Saguntum's spoil
Alike became their prey; still the chief advanced,
Look'd on the sun with hope—low, broad, and wan;
While the fierce archer of the downward year
Stains Italy's blanch'd barrier with storms.
In vain each pass, ensanguined deep with dead,
On rocky fragments, wide destruction roll'd—
Still on Campania's fertile plains he thought,
But the loud breeze sobbed—‘Capua's joys beware! ’"











LAND'S END.

LAND'S END, as its name implies, is one of the extreme points of the coast of England. "From John o' Groat's to Land's End" is an old saying to express the extreme limits of Great Britain from north to south. It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that this is the south point, situated at the end of Cornwall, and is nearly the most south and quite the most westerly of any point in the island. Swept by the whole force of the Atlantic, it needs all the strength of its rocks to break the force of the tremendous gales which dash against it. But its climate is unusually mild for England; and in calm weather its rocks of serpentine and its clear waters make it one of the most remarkable and beautiful spots in the world. Turner has represented it for us in a transitional state: the sea calm, but a storm approaching; the lightning bursting out of a black cloud which spreads over the sky to within a short distance of the horizon, which is brilliantly lighted, showing the line of the sea and the rock and headland in the distance in distinct profile. Turner has introduced some sheep on the cliffs, and the bare rocks in the foreground are studded with sea-fowl; but there is no sign of man or his habitation—it is the Land's End, and the sense of desolation and of the complete empire of the elements is heightened by the clever way in which the clouds are managed, darkening the nearer down, concealing the head of the distant cliff, and allowing the intermediate hill to shine with a capricious interlude of light.













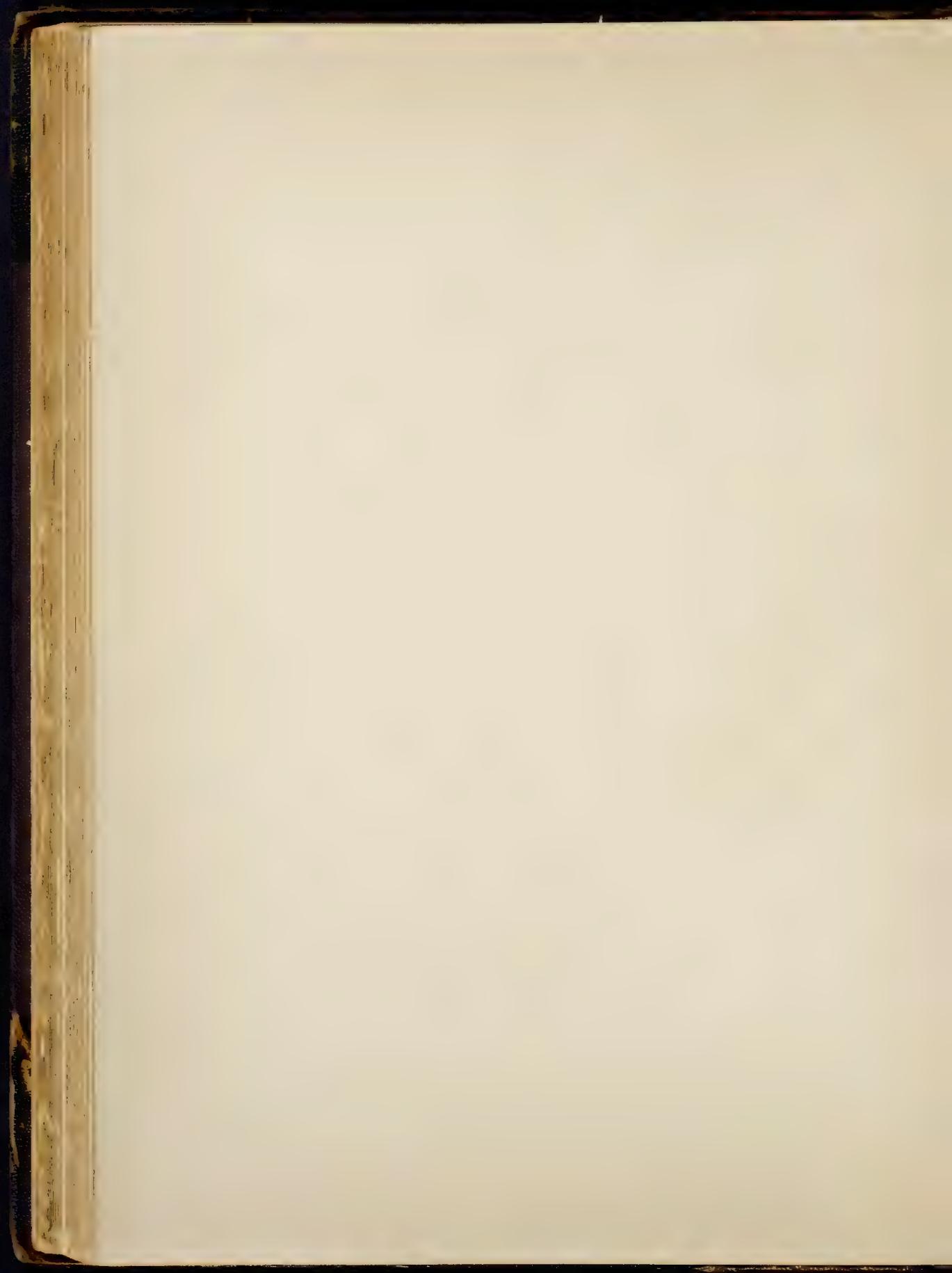
THE SHIPWRECK.



HE wreck whose huge hulk is labouring in the distance, and whose rudder is floating in the foreground on the right, is evidently past all hope—rudderless, mastless, and quickly to disappear into the maw of the sea. Some of those on board are seen dropping from the wreck into one of the fishing-boats. In the foreground are three other boats, one of them carrying some of the passengers from the wreck with their luggage; among them are some women in a state of prostration. This is probably intended for one of the ship's boats hurriedly launched. It is this boat with its living cargo, not the wreck itself, to which the two other boats are endeavouring to render assistance. The fury and confusion of the scene are past all words to describe, and it is difficult to hope that any will escape from the savage hunger of those infuriated waves. But while there is life there is hope, and there seems little confusion or fear on board the stout craft on the right, with its brave crew on the alert to render what help they may.

This picture was never exhibited. There is a fine large mezzotinto engraving of it by Charles Turner, and it has been etched by Burnet in a sketchy but masterly way. It is now in the National Gallery, but so darkened by time and dirt that, except on a very fine day, it is difficult to gain a notion of the grandeur of the composition.













AYSGARTH FORCE.



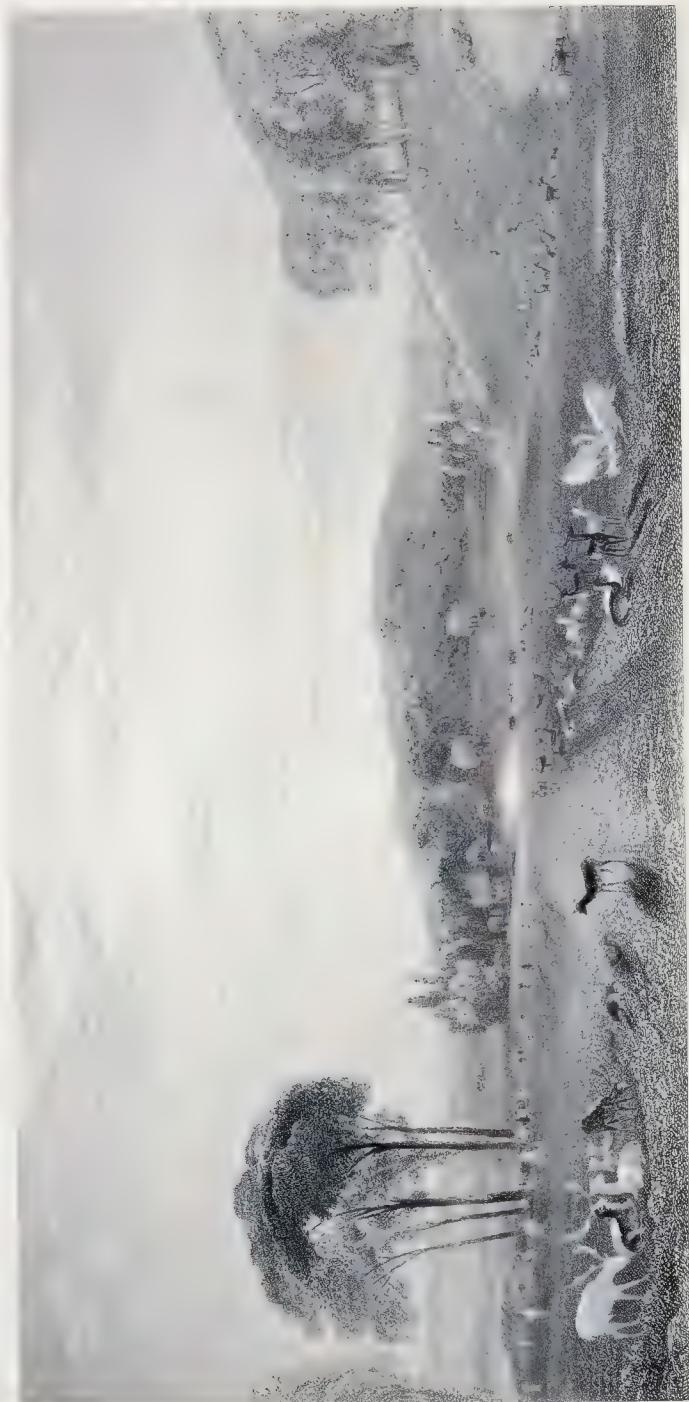
YSGARTH is, perhaps, the largest parish in England; and Aysgarth Force is the finest waterfall in the county of York. It is situated in Wensley Dale, which has given a title to one of our great law-lords, and is surrounded by scenery of the most wildly-picturesque character.

Turner has added a sense of desolation to the scene, which is somewhat impaired (at least now) by a bridge which crosses the river above the fall with one arch seventy feet in span; nor would it be gathered from his drawing that the fall is in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Aysgarth and close to the church. But Turner chose to deal with nature only, and the figures he introduced only serve to emphasise the wildness and the barren extent of the rugged chasm through which the river falls white with froth, foaming hither and thither in tumultuous haste, contrasting strangely with the dark pools of quiet water lying here and there. He has appropriately crowned this desolate view with fantastic wreaths of clouds, and has given even to the herbage on the cliff a wild, weatherbeaten look.













PETWORTH PARK.



HE Earl of Egremont was one of Turner's kindest patrons, and it was at his seat at Petworth that this picture was (in all probability) painted. The present house was built by the third Earl of Egremont, near the site of the old baronial castle. Here Turner used often to stay and paint. It is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex, about twelve miles from Arundel. There could scarcely be a residence better suited to the taste of an artist, either for beauty or seclusion; and Turner loved both, and would never allow any artists to see him work, fearful that they might learn his secret methods. No person was allowed to enter Turner's painting-room except the Earl of Egremont, who had his own peculiar knock. On one occasion this knock was imitated by Chantrey the sculptor, and Turner was only consoled for the deception by the consideration that Chantrey was a sculptor and not a painter, and was not, therefore, in a position to avail himself of any secret he might discover.

In addition to its natural beauties, Petworth contains a fine collection of paintings and sculpture by ancient and modern artists. The park is also famous for its fine breeds of deer, sheep, and oxen; it is twelve miles in circumference.













DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.



HIS splendid work is well known to every visitor of the National Gallery, being one of the two pictures left by the artist to the nation on the singular condition that they should be hung next to the two celebrated pictures by Claude, the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," and the "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca." The other is in quite a different style, viz. the famous "Sun rising in a Mist," of which an engraving will be contained in this work.

"Dido building Carthage" and the "Crossing of the Brook" were very favourite pictures of the artist. They were both commissions, and in each case failed to satisfy the taste of the person for whom they were painted. Turner kept them both till his death. For the first he lived to refuse £1,000, and for the second, £2,500; or, more accurately speaking, he refused £5,000 for this and its companion picture the "Decline of Carthage." The would-be purchasers of the Carthages were a committee of gentlemen, of whom two were the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Hardinge, and their object was to present the pictures to the National Gallery. A memorial was drawn up and presented to him by his old friend Mr. Griffiths, and the offer caused him keen delight and pride, but, with tears in his eyes, he refused, bidding Mr. Griffiths tell the memorialists that "Carthage may one day become the property of the nation."

This picture is intended to represent the dawn of a great naval power. Carthage is represented (contrary to historical fact) as on the banks of a river. The afternoon sun is blazing brightly nearly in the centre of the picture, suffusing the whole scene with its glow. On the right is a precipitous cliff, clothed with verdure and crowned with a temple. In the background is a bridge, in front of which galleys are being built; in the foreground boys are sailing mimic ships, and behind these are Dido and her attendants, with plans outstretched before her.











PORTSMOUTH.

PT is difficult to believe that this represents a scene which persons yet alive may have witnessed. Those men-of-war seem to be as antiquated as a classical galley—there is certainly less distinction between the famous *Great Harry* and them, than between them and the ironclad of to-day. But it is not only in the men-of-war that the change is marked, even the build of the captain's gig in the fore-sea, and the dress of the jolly tars within, seem strangely old-fashioned. There is certainly no description of vessel in sight that can be accused of having too little freeboard for purposes of safety. And what thorough “sea-dogs” all the men look! There is an old English heartiness about the whole scene that makes one think more of “Tom Bowling,” “Black-eyed Susan,” and “Jack Rattlin,” than the *Vanguard* and Mr. Plimsoll. It is the navy of Nelson and the sailors of Dibdin that we see here, and whatever scientific improvements extension of education may do for us, we shall never see their like again. What a fine blowing, sunshiny day it is; there is health and vigour in every touch, enough to make a sick man smile, and the pale student throw down his pen in disgust, and go out for a “constitutional,” at the risk even of being “plucked.”













LULWORTH CASTLE.

HE present castle is said to have been commenced in the year 1588, but not completed till 1641, when it passed into the hands of an ancestor of the Weld family, its present possessors. Inigo Jones is said to have been the architect, but as that distinguished man was not born till 1572, it is probable that only the later portion of the edifice was constructed after his designs. We are further told that it was rebuilt by the family of the Howards, Earls of Suffolk, out of the ruins of Bindon Abbey, and that it previously belonged to the families of De Lolleworth and Newburgh. George III. and his Queen paid a visit here in 1789, and it was the residence of Charles X., after his expulsion from France in 1830. The village seen in the middle distance is East Lulworth, Dorset, about six miles from Corfe Castle. If we may judge of the dispositions of the inhabitants from the specimen given in the drawing, they must be of a singularly patient and sanguine temperament, for he appears to be waiting quietly for a bite, notwithstanding that two cows are standing in the water within a few feet of his float.

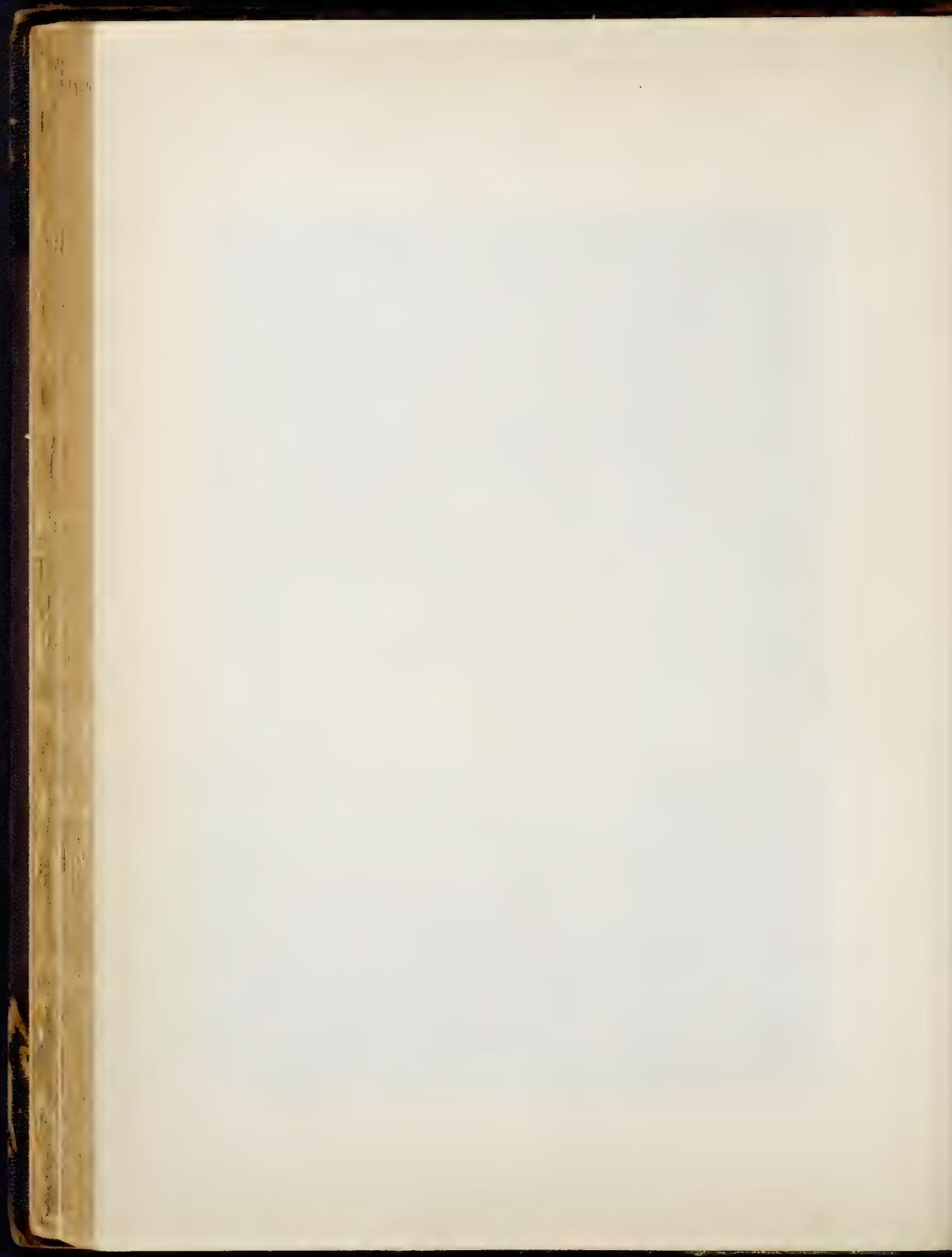












WHALEERS.



NE of the most curious facts of Turner's later artistic life was the choice of the incidents of whaling voyages as subjects for pictures. The source from which his inspiration was derived appears to have been a book on the "Natural History of the Sperm Whale," by Thomas Beale, always referred to by him as "Beale's 'Voyage.'" Of such pictures he exhibited four; two in 1845, named simply "Whalers," with references to pages in "Beale's 'Voyage;'" and two in 1846, the one of which we give an engraving, and another, called "Whalers (boiling blubber) entangled in Flaw Ice, endeavouring to extricate themselves." The original of our engraving was called "Hurrah! for the Whaler, *Erebus*! another fish!"

The ship on the right is, we suppose, the *Erebus*, and the cry which gives its name to the picture, must be coming from the group of ships on the right, which are probably meant to be towing after them the body of a whale, and are shouting out the good news to their comrades on board the icebound ship. The picture is very slight and careless in execution, but good in composition and colour.













DIDO AND ÆNEAS.



HE scene painted by Turner is from the famous fourth book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, in which Dido, having received the wave-tossed outcast from Troy with the hospitality and kindness which were so fatal to her, feels her passion growing for Æneas. This picture represents the occasion on which the happiness of the episode reaches its culmination. The Trojans and the Carthaginians are animated with reciprocal feelings of friendship, which are only the echo of the warmer passion which has sprung up between Dido and Æneas, but has not yet been confessed. All are actuated by the sense of present joy and the prospect of a glorious and exciting chase. Nature seems to smile upon the company; the exhilaration of hope is symbolized in the rising towers of the beautiful new city; the sky is fine, and the season is propitious to enjoyment. Turner seems to have felt, and endeavoured with success to represent, this culmination of happiness, to which death and ruin were so soon to be the sequel. "Fallacies of Hope" is the motto of his works and life, and it is not often that he gives us the hope without proving its fallacy in the same picture. Part of the scene is thus given in Mr. Morris's beautiful translation of the *Aeneid*:—

"Meanwhile Aurora, risen up, had left the ocean stream,
And gateward throng the chosen youth in first of morning's beam;
And wide-meshed nets, and cordage toils, and broad-steeled spears abound,
Massylian riders go their way with many a scouting hound.
The lords of Carthage by the door bide till the tarrying queen
Shall leave her chamber; there, with gold and purple well beseen,
The mettled courser stands, and champs the bit that bids him bide.
At last she cometh forth to them with many a man beside:
A cloak of Sidon wrapped her round with pictured border wrought,
Her quiver was of fashioned gold, and gold her tresses caught."







20 Dec 1861





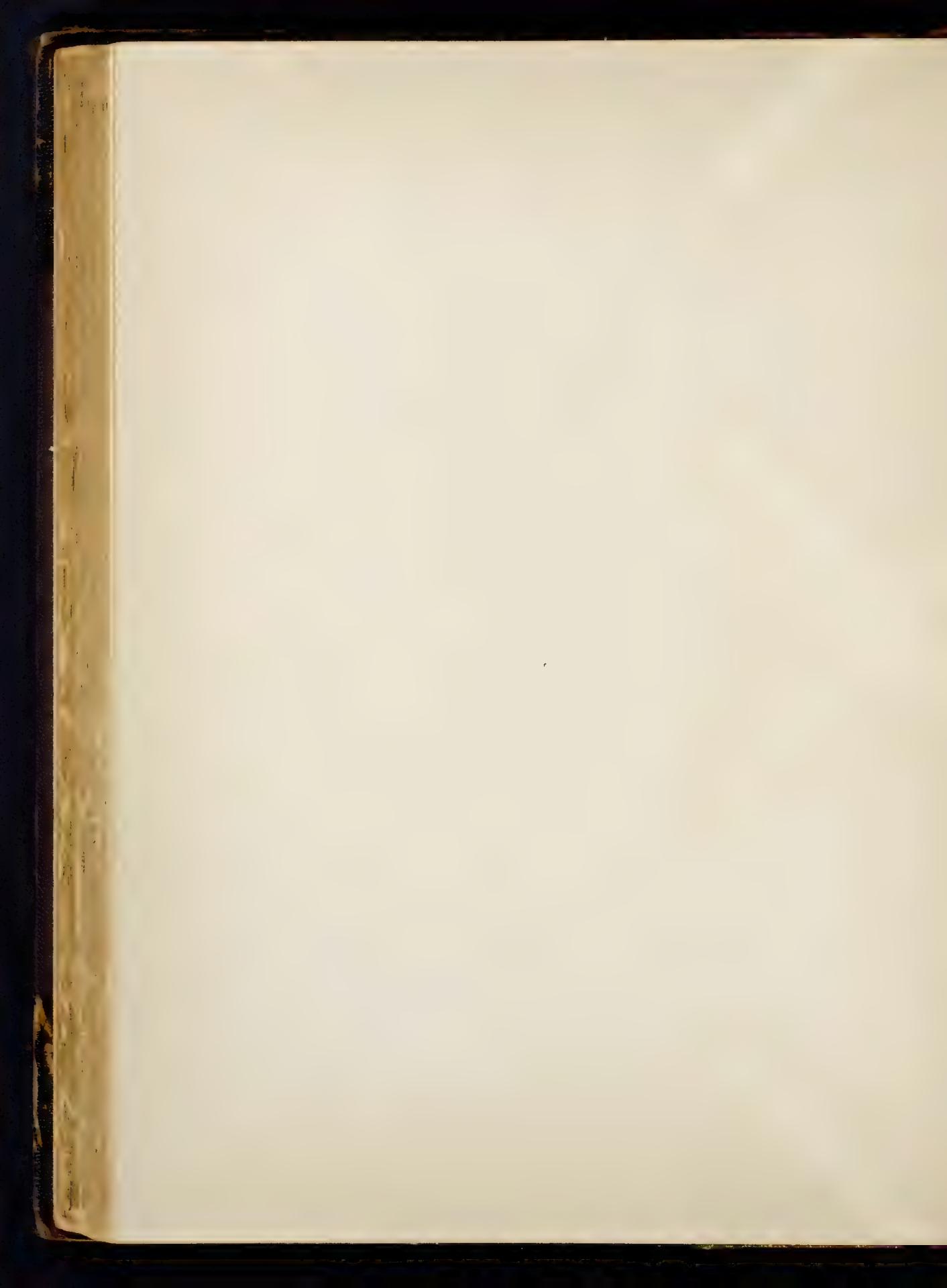
THE VALE OF HEATHFIELD.



URNER has done full justice to the splendid situation of Heathfield House. Raised on a slope commanding a magnificent view of one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex, and protected from the east by woods which rise like a ruff behind it, it is difficult to fancy a more charming site. From the point of view chosen by Turner, the house appears to its greatest advantage; and so also does the park, with its abundant trees rising on both sides of the drawing, and sloping into the hollow of the foreground. Over the boughs of these lower trees we look into the heart of the park and gain an adequate idea of its extent, its richness, and its seclusion. A piece of broken, heathlike land stretches across the foreground, and forms an admirable contrast to the more cultivated beauty of the park.

Heathfield is situated not far from Brightling and its Observatory, of which an engraving has already been given. In the grounds of Heathfield House a tower has been built, from which a view of the surrounding country to the extent of fifty miles is obtained. This tower was erected by Francis Newberry, Esq., to the memory of the gallant General Eliot, Lord Heathfield. Within the park rises the little river Cuckmere, which flows into the English Channel at Seaford.













THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME.



HIS picture is described in the Official Catalogue of the National Gallery as, "Rome—the Arch of Titus and the Campo Vaccino. A religious procession in the foreground." We have in other engravings in this work many specimens of the way in which Turner regarded the decay of ancient civilisations with their pomp and glory. Sometimes, as in the Ancient and Modern Italies, he would paint two pictures to enforce the contrast between past and present. In one of these he emphasizes the splendour of the Empire, its power, its luxury, and cruelty; in the other the splendour of the natural site, and the disregard of the ancient glory of the race shown by the degenerate descendants who pass unmoved amongst its ruins and are absorbed in pleasure and superstition. Sometimes he paints a picture of pure exultation, like that of the "Rise of Carthage," or "Dido and Æneas preparing for the Chase;" but he points his sad moral by painting the "Decline of Carthage" as a companion-picture to the former, and the sudden and terrible termination to the love of Dido and Æneas is too well known to need another picture to tell us thereof; "Fallacies of Hope," "Sic transit gloria mundi," "The old order giving place to new," "The serpent in the grass"—Turner's pictures, as a whole, are only these sad mottoes written large in his own painter's poetry.



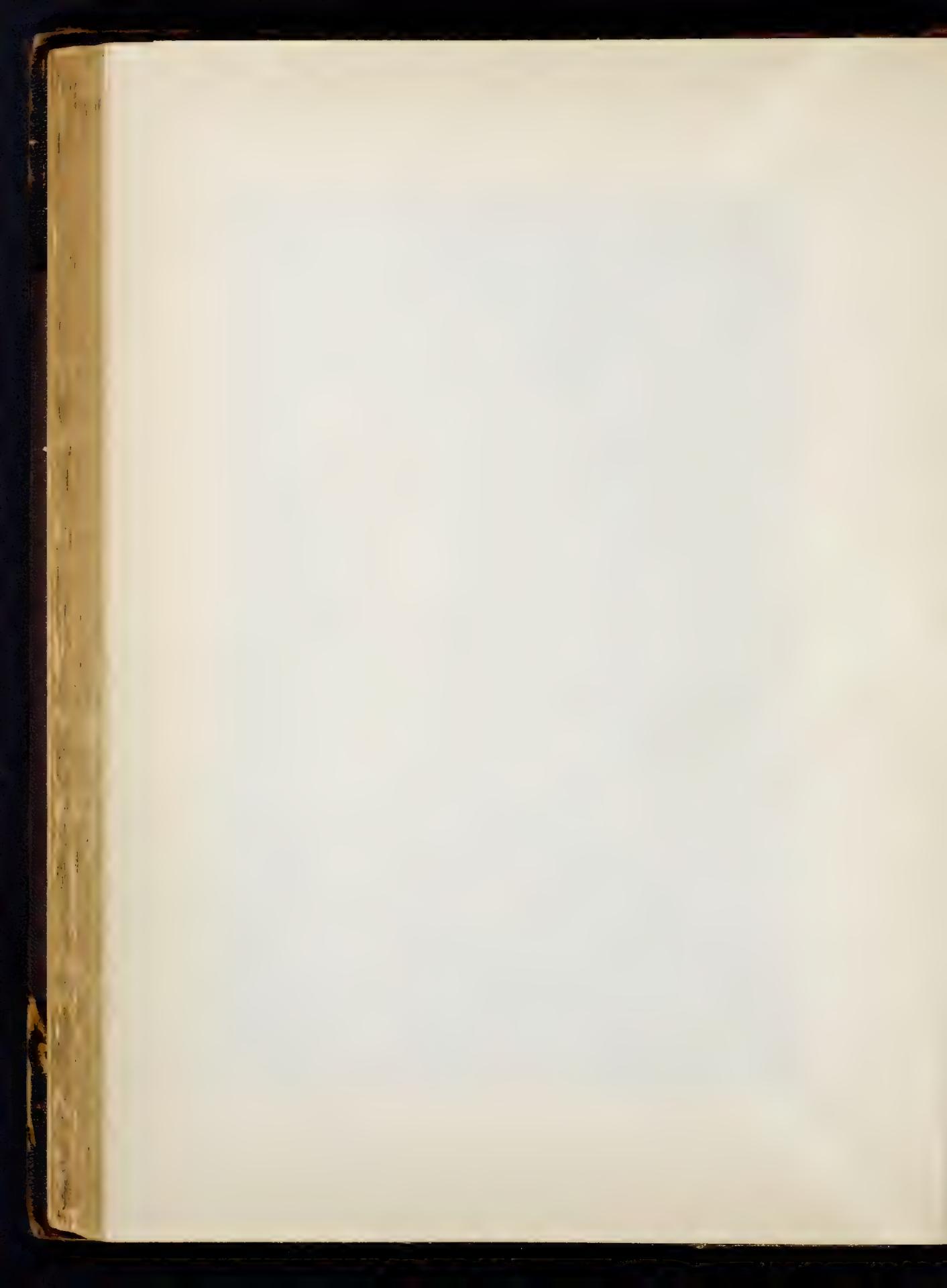




THE CEDAR CITY, UTAH







THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.



HIS is one of Turner's most beautiful, but at the same time least imaginative, views of Venice. He has given us the full view of the broad breast of the Canal, filled with gondolas and shipping. On the right is the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, with its grand flight of steps, and beyond these the Custom House; in the distance is a forest of masts; and, on the left, beyond a line of Palaces, the bell-tower of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace. In other pictures of Venice Turner has represented more of the beauty of its architecture, has invested it with a greater charm of dreamy poetry; here he seems to have meant to paint principally the Canal, the highway of commerce and gaiety—the human work-a-day Venice, full of business and pleasure, unglorified by any beauty but that of its sun and water. Most prominent of all things, placed at such an angle as to display most characteristically its peculiar shape, is the black gondola, with its sharp, curved ends and solitary oarsman; in the centre is a vessel displaying gaily-coloured flags upon its sailless mast; in the distance the busy Custom House and the glories of St. Mark's Square; but all things—buildings, shipping, flags, and sailors, even the sky itself—contribute to the glory of the all-reflecting Canal.

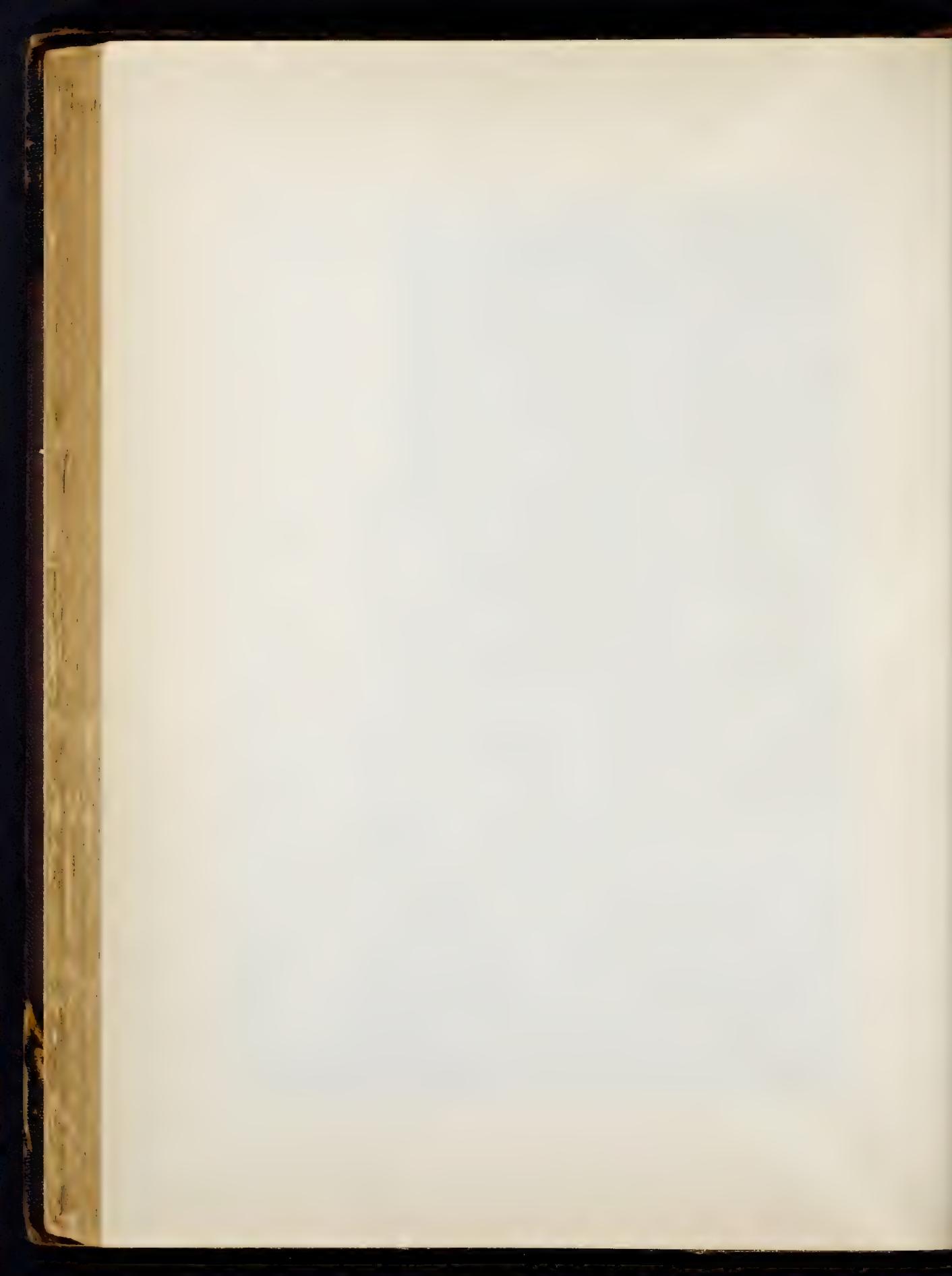












BRIGNALL CHURCH.



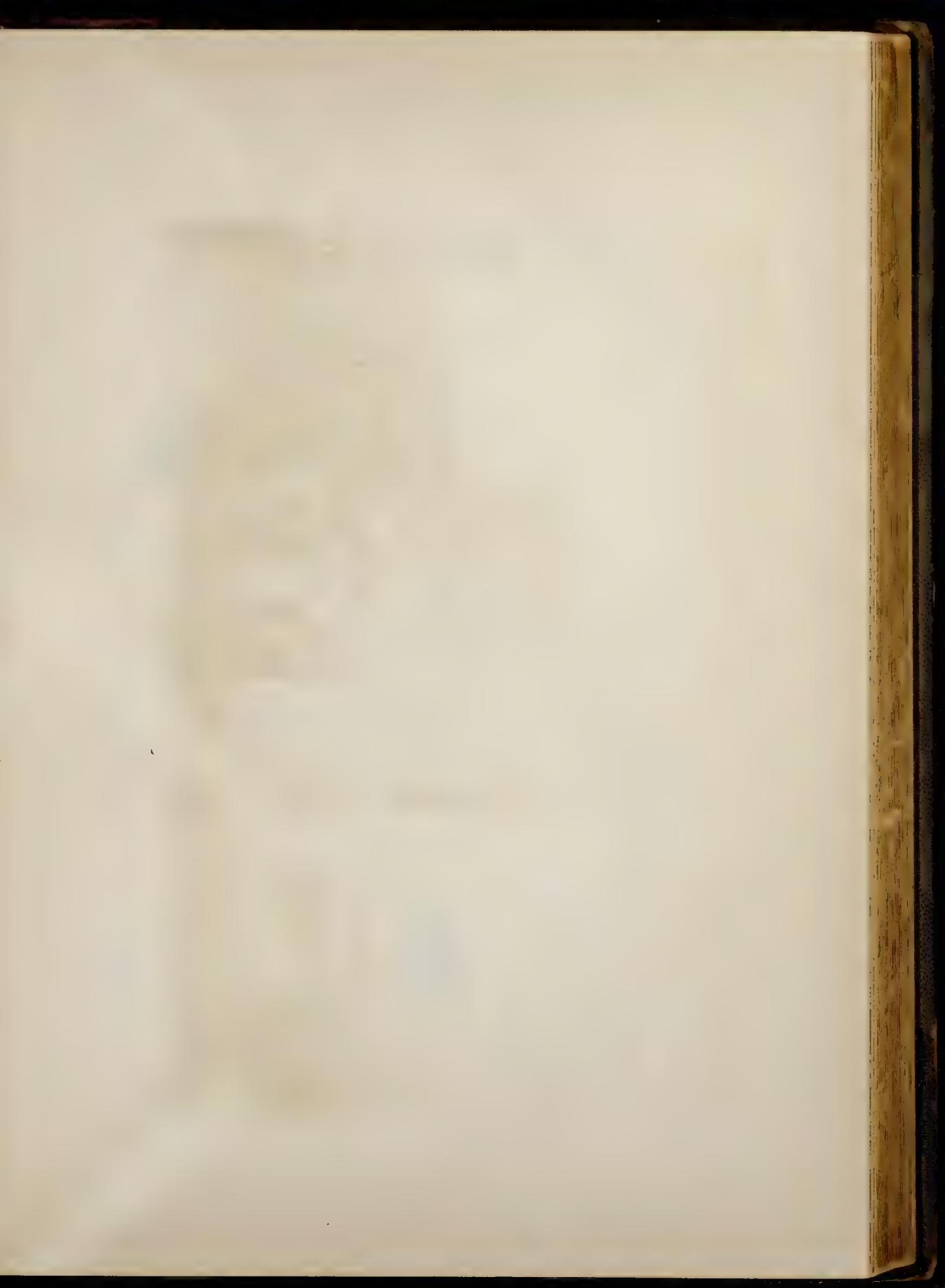
HE church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is seen on the right-hand of the river, which is the Greta, a tributary of the Tees. Both church and river are small, and owe the honour of being drawn by Turner to the magnificent scenery in which they are situated—to the effect of which it must be confessed that the stream contributes far more than the church. As an early drawing it is remarkable for the boldness with which the hills are delineated, and the cleverness with which the "foreground," so to speak, is made out of the tops of trees, the fine drawing of which is perceptible even in the engraving. On one of the nearest boughs, evidently of a great height, is perched a boy, who has climbed to the giddy elevation in the hopes of recovering a kite, which is seen depending in a tantalising manner from a twig yet higher, its tail swinging almost within reach. It seems to us very doubtful, notwithstanding its propinquity, whether the daring young fellow will succeed in recapturing his plaything without breaking his neck.

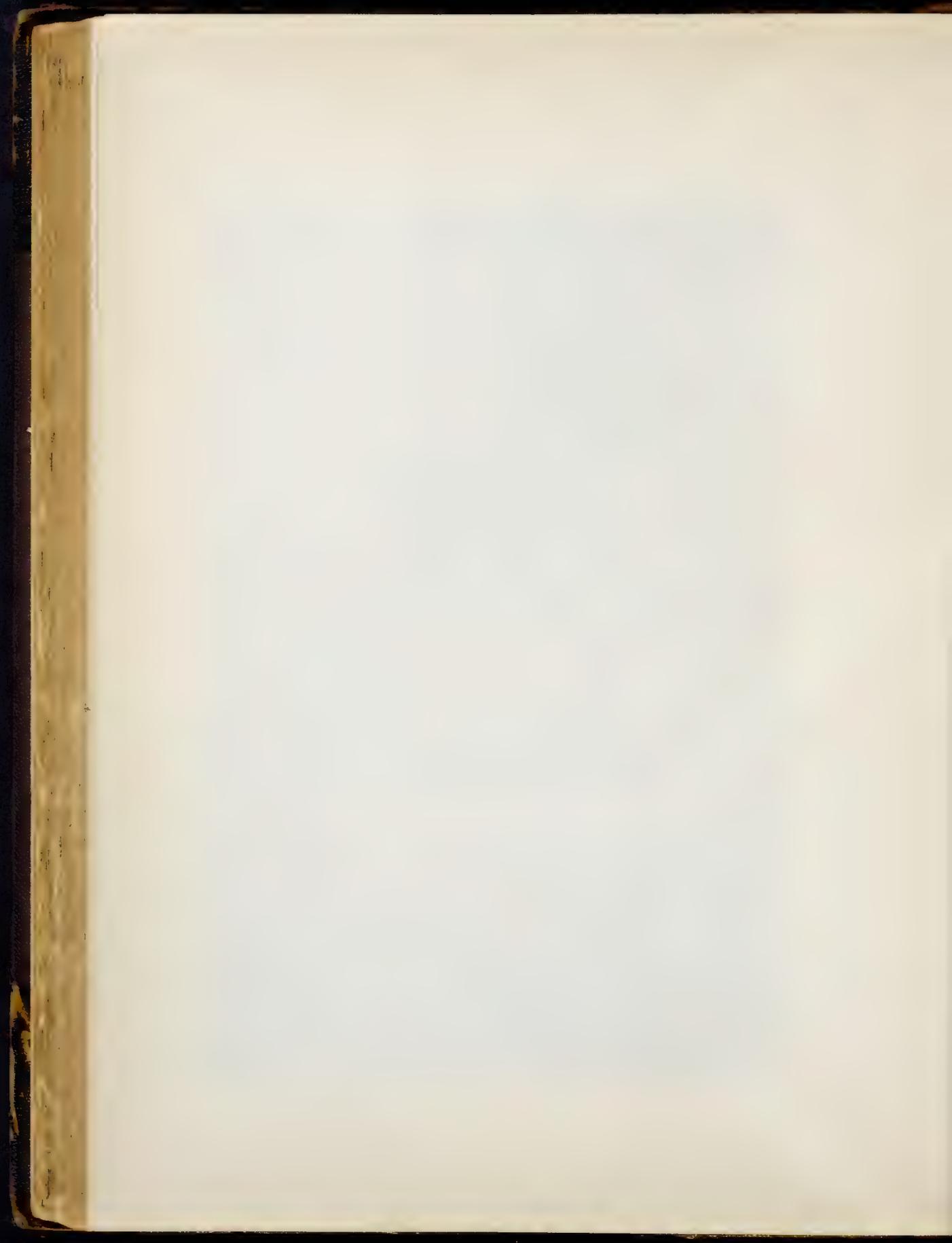












VENICE—BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

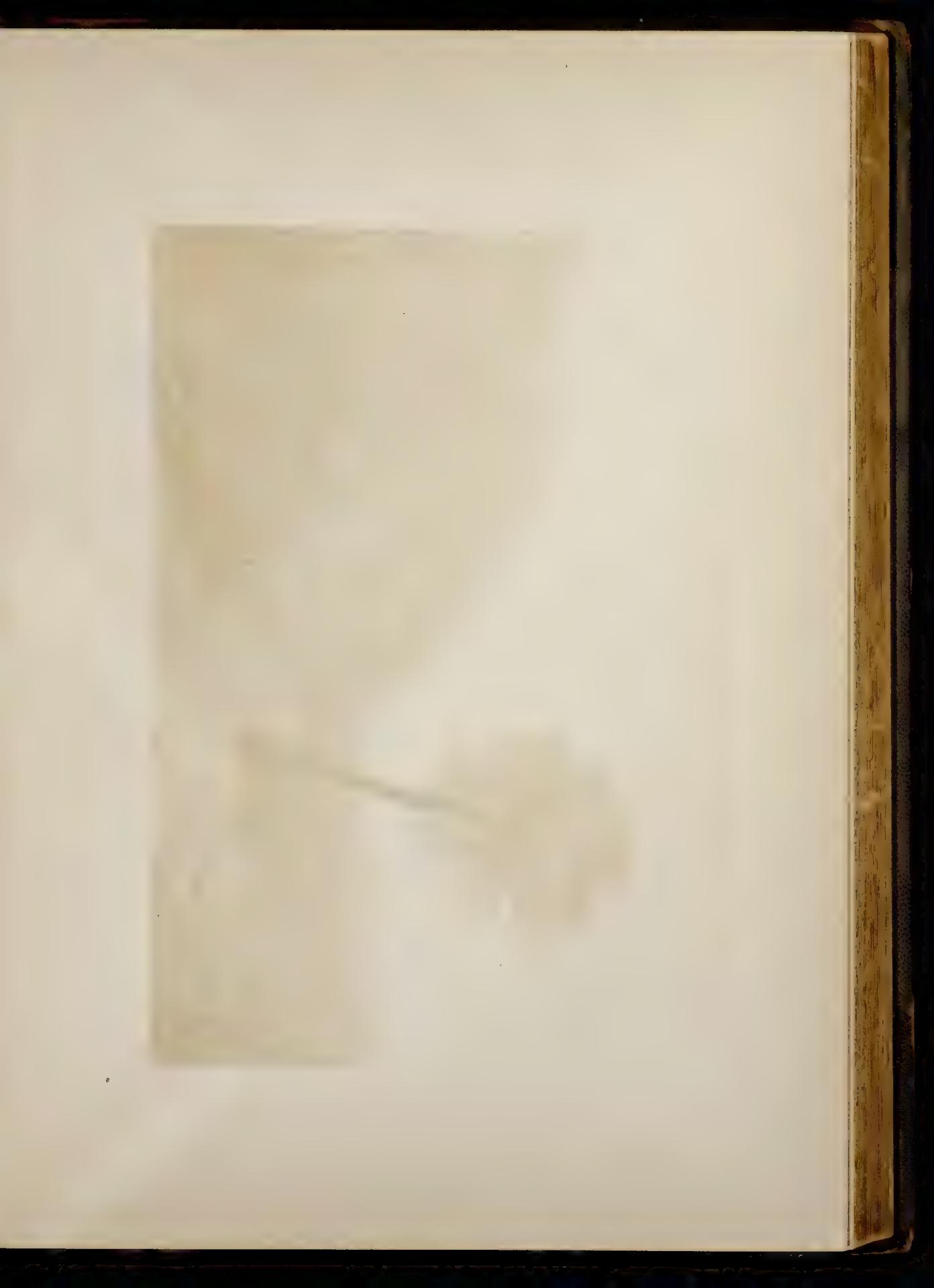
HAT is to say, a palace on one hand and a prison on the other. The palace is the Doge's palace, the prison the criminal prison. The title of the Bridge of Sighs has something in it suggestive of secret tribunals and dreadful crimes, committed not by the accused but by the judges; but such romantic sympathy would be thrown away upon this elegant little structure, which has no special historical interest, which was not built till the end of the sixteenth century, and was used only by common offenders, who were brought through it from the prison to the judgment-hall, without causing public disturbance. The canal-front of the palace is seen on the left side, and was built by Antonin Rizzo, at the end of the fifteenth century. The criminal prison on the right, which is in quite a different style of architecture, was built between 1589 and 1602 by Antonio da Ponte, and has room for four hundred prisoners. The architecture of the Bridge of Sighs is admired on account of the boldness with which the arch is thrown at a great height over the water, and the cleverness with which it reconciles two buildings in two such different styles.













THE LORETO NECKLACE.



VERY lovely picture of Italian scenery. On the height to the right is seen part of the town of Loretto with the Basilica. Down the side of the hill a cascade falls to meet the river that rushes at its foot. In the middle distance a long viaduct of many arches spans the river and the valley, and beyond stretches a wide prospect of hilly country. In the foreground the water makes its way through huge blocks of stone, and the centre is occupied by a large tree to which it would be difficult to assign a name. Ruskin says that Turner originally intended it for a stone-pine and afterwards altered it, adding the lower foliage, and so spoiled a very noble work. Under the tree are two figures—a youth adorning a girl with the necklace which gives its name to the picture. "The Loretto Necklace" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1829, and was one of those pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation. It is one of the few large pictures of Italian scenery which Turner painted without classical or historical figures, and without any sad or deep lesson peering through its leaves.













CROOK OF LUNE,

LOOKING TOWARDS HORNBY CASTLE.



VIEW of one of the most beautiful scenes in Lancashire. The river Lune (or Lon), which winds picturesquely through the high lands of this country, rises in Westmoreland, between Ravenstonedale and Lonsdale, and, after passing by Sedbergh and Kirkby-Lonsdale in that county, runs in a south-westerly direction through Lancashire, and falls into the Irish Sea below Lancaster. Hornby Castle is in the township of Hornby, in the parish of Melling, and belonged to Lord Monteagle in the time of Henry VIII.

This drawing, an early one of Turner's, shows considerable power of seizing a picturesque point of view, and placing an extensive landscape upon a small canvas. There seems, however, to us, to be a strange want of perspective in the figures. The sheep in the foreground are smaller than those upon the hill on the other side of the Lune, a phenomenon which, unless the river here divides the land of Lilliput from that of Brobdingnag, is quite unaccountable. The trees and branches in the foreground on the right show considerable originality and freedom of handling, but they appear to us to be equally out of proportion to the figures.

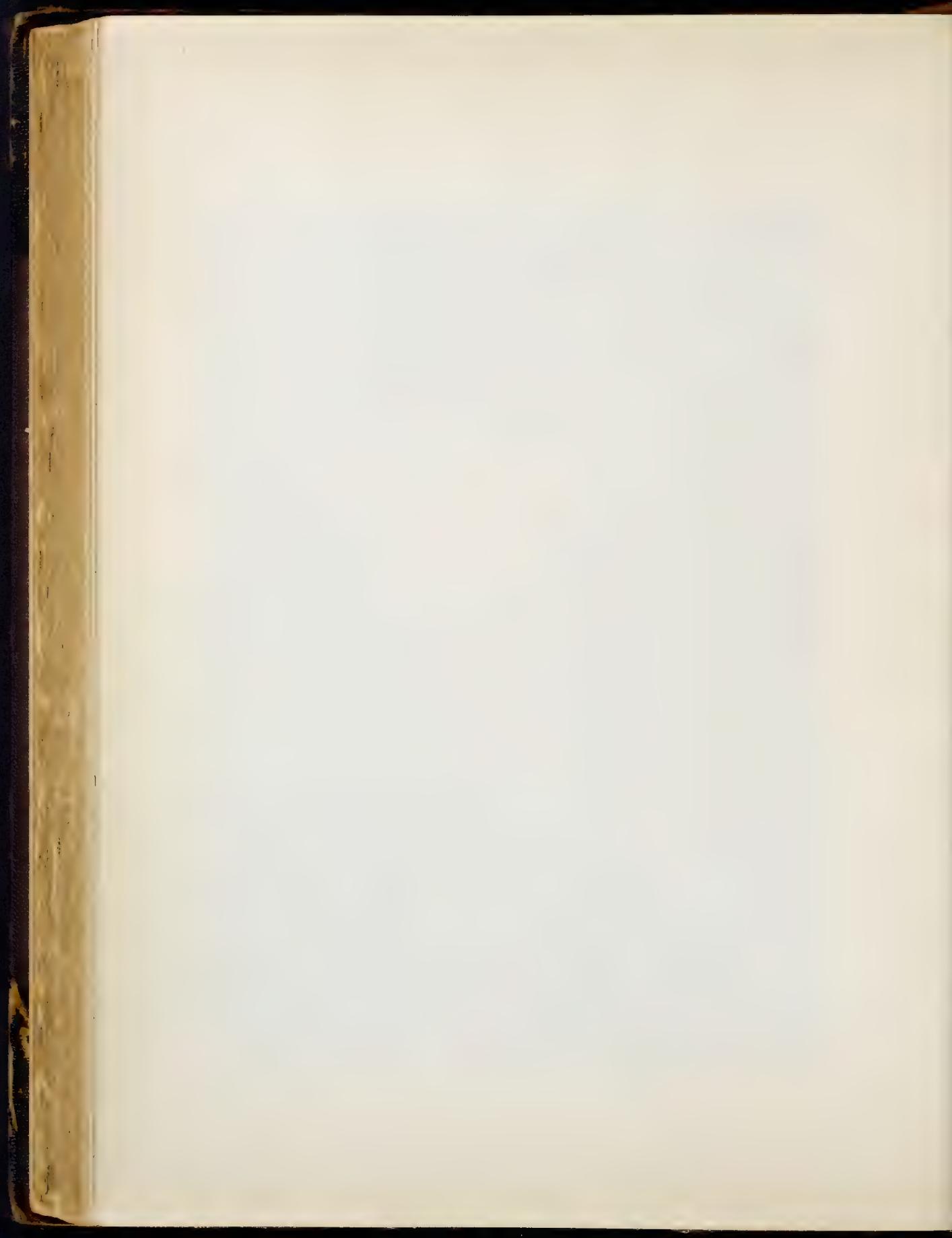










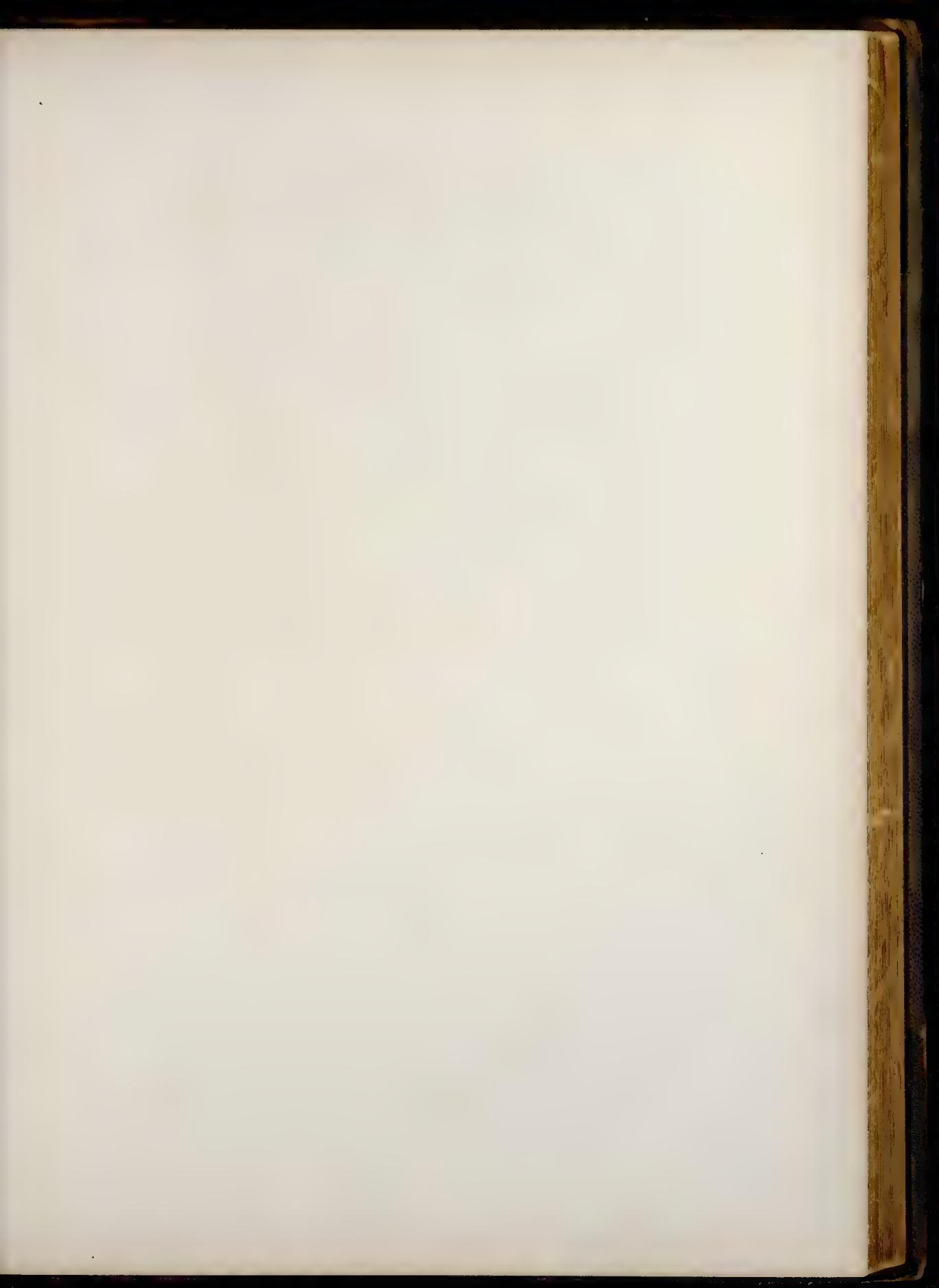


SNOWSTORM.

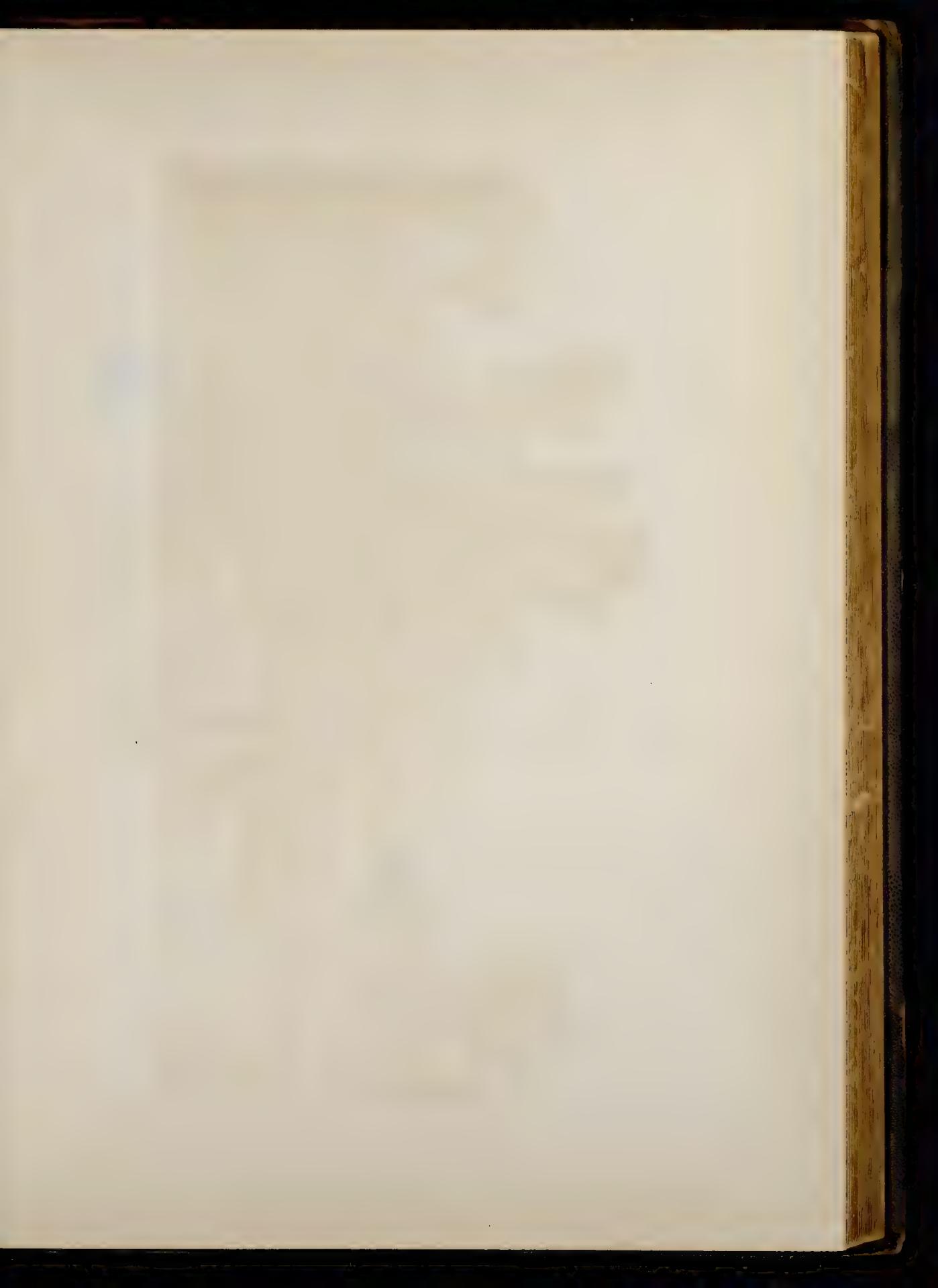


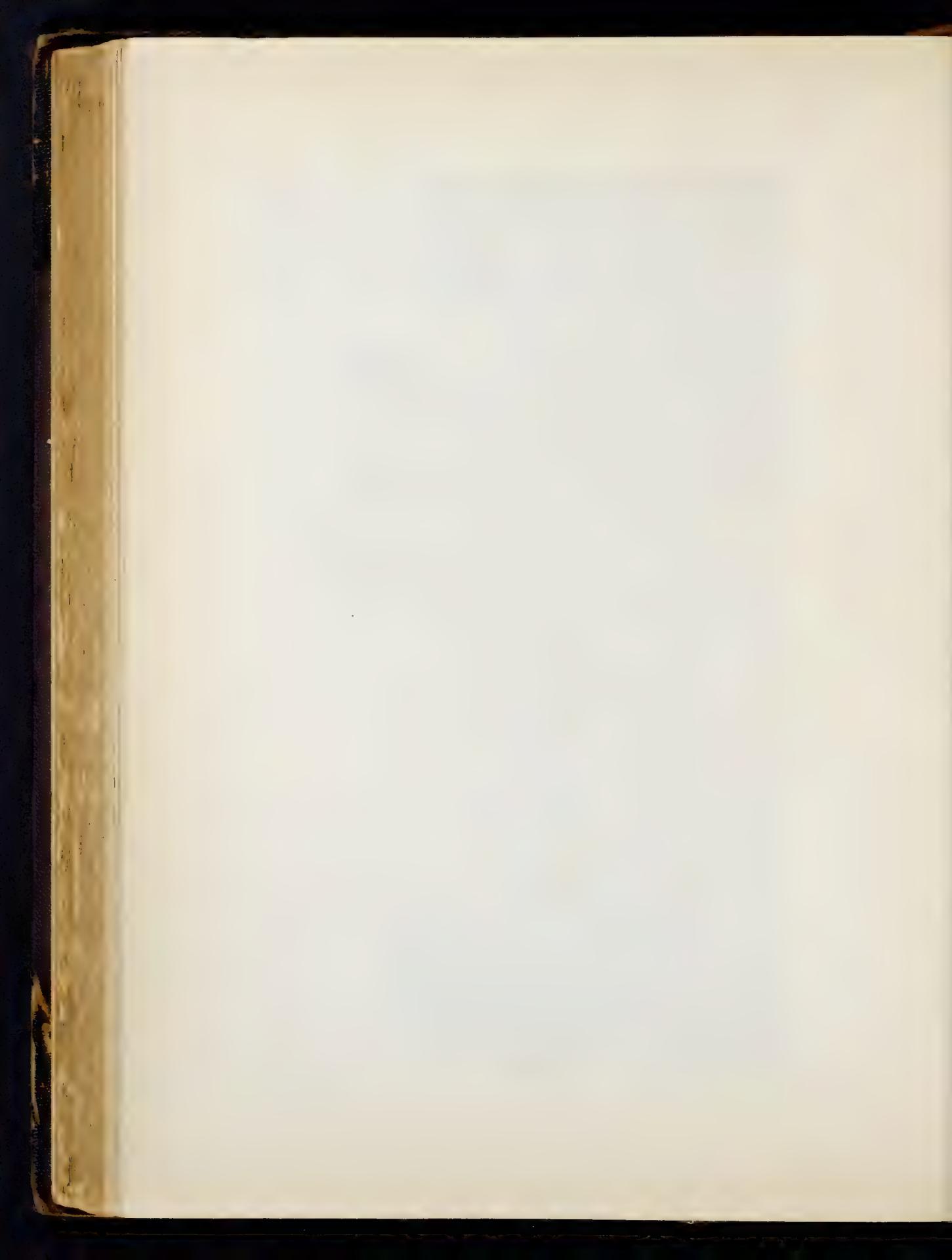
NE of the most extraordinary and daring of Turner's pictures; and, wild and confused as it appears, one as nearly approaching to actual fact as it is possible for the hand of man to paint. Turner was not one who painted without experience. Vast as his imaginary drawings were, there is not one which is not based upon actual fact; the glorious reproduction in one complex image of mental impressions of various truths under the influence of an unexampled imagination. But here the image is more realistic, and the working of his mind has not resulted in a picture of "bowery loveliness," but of one of the most terrible phenomena of nature—a snowstorm at sea. Nothing grieved Turner more than the way this picture was received by the public. A critic compared it to soapsuds and whitewash. "Soapsuds and whitewash!" Turner was heard to repeat to himself. "What would they have, I wonder! What do they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it!" Turner once witnessed a scene like this, and no entreaties could prevail upon him to go below; so he was lashed to the mast for four hours, and saw it out. "I did not expect to escape," he said, "but felt bound to record it if I did." There is something of the infinity of nature in this picture, which has no beginning and no end; the sky is joined to the sea, the smoke to the cloud—the whole watery, misty world is fused together, and the ship itself seems to be incorporated with the elements. This is the truth of the picture, more strange than fiction, and less easy to be believed by those "who have eyes and see not."











ON THE THAMES.



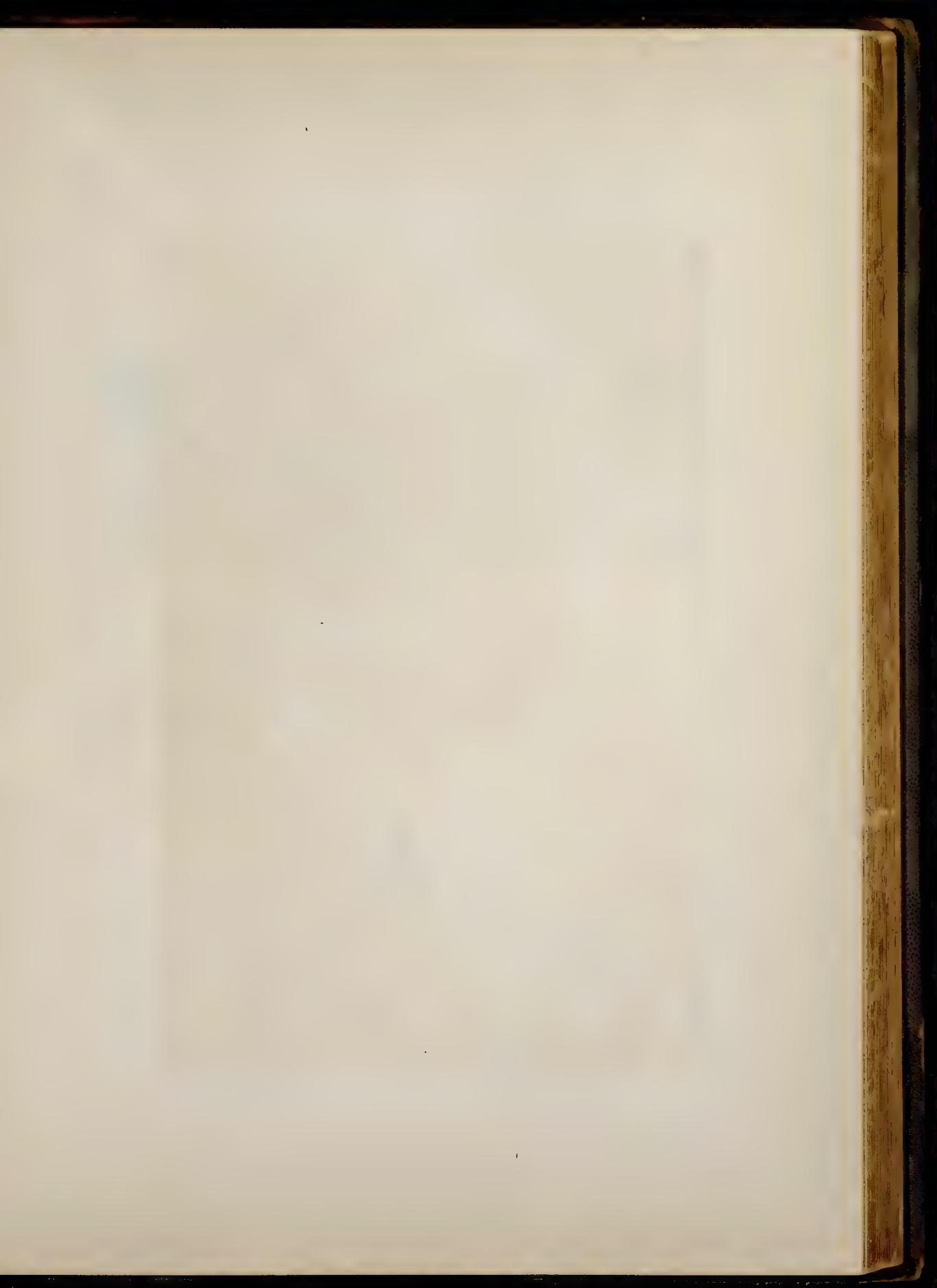
O the Americans the Thames is a "nice small stream," but to us it is a large river; and, whatever its relative size upon the map of the world, it certainly plays as important a part in social history as any.

Viewed in the aspect of a pleasure-giver, it may surely rank first of all. Numberless are the thousands to which this little unnamed nook must have given sweet rest and pleasure since even the time of our fathers—rest and pleasure with little alloy. Shipwreck seldom comes to the light skiffs that glide on its pure surface; care and anxiety pass away from overworked faces as they gaze upon its many-coloured reflections and listen to its soft music. Artists, poets, rowers, bathers, fishermen, all love the beautiful river Thames, with its pretty villages, its quaint bridges, its noisy weirs, its silent locks, its wooded banks, its green aits, its broad reaches, its placid backwaters, its stately mansions, its sloping parks. It is not easy to tell the precise spot that Turner has drawn for us here, but few who have ever been upon the Thames cannot recall many such pleasant places, where the trees have waded into the water and, spreading their boughs above it, made beautiful dells of shade with deep pools beneath—the very spot for a fine chub.











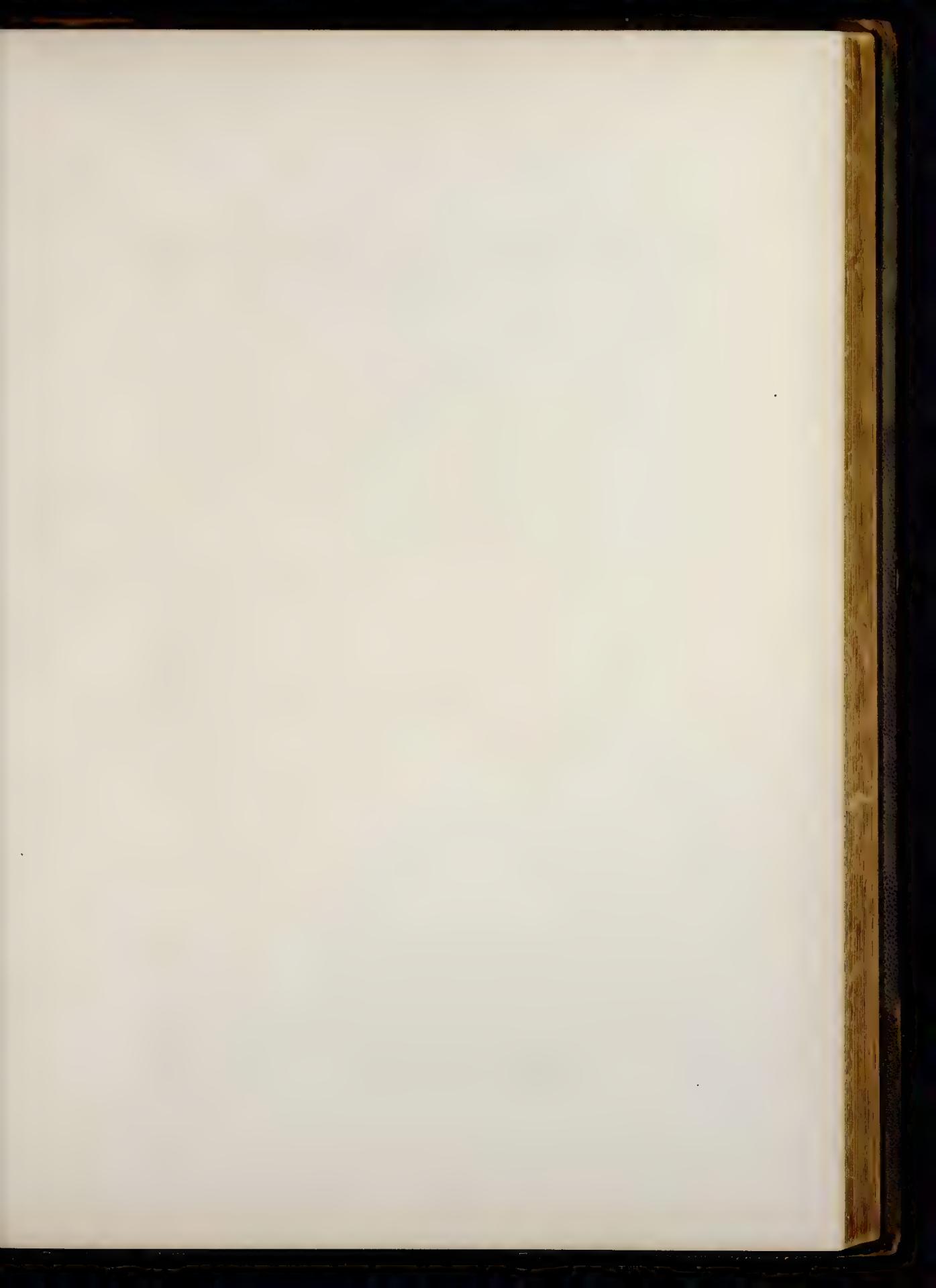
TINTAGEL CASTLE.



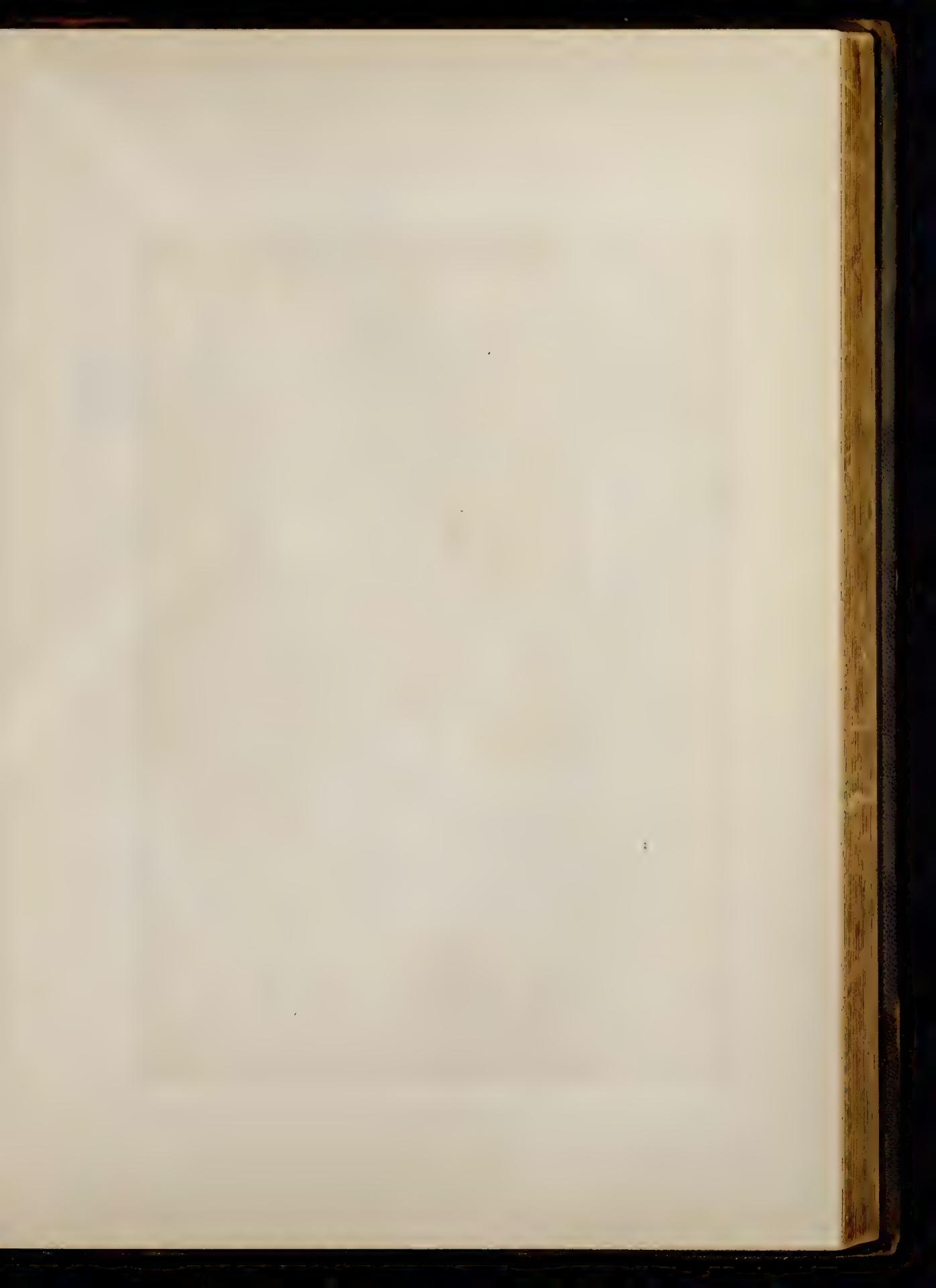
N the summit we see the remains of the Castle, said to have been first built by King Arthur, and which was subsequently the residence of several of the Norman kings, and afterwards a prison of the Duchy of Cornwall. Nothing can exceed the power with which Turner has represented the weird conformation of the rocky chasms and the grand position of the ancient fortress. Wreathed with cloud and mist, the fine old rock stretches upward through the picture, showing its precipitous and rifted sides in grand perspective; on the left a gorge opens which might well represent the entrance to the regions of Pluto. In the foreground we are brought back to real life and the present day, though the natural grandeur of the scene imposes exigencies even upon daily labour which lift it beyond the ordinary prosaic, and the simple operation of drawing up or launching a boat becomes a work of scientific dexterity, requiring the assistance of extraordinary machinery. Nearer are men employed in moving slabs of slate from the quarry, and stacking them in bristling rows on the edge of the precipice; below, the sea dashes against the rifted rock.













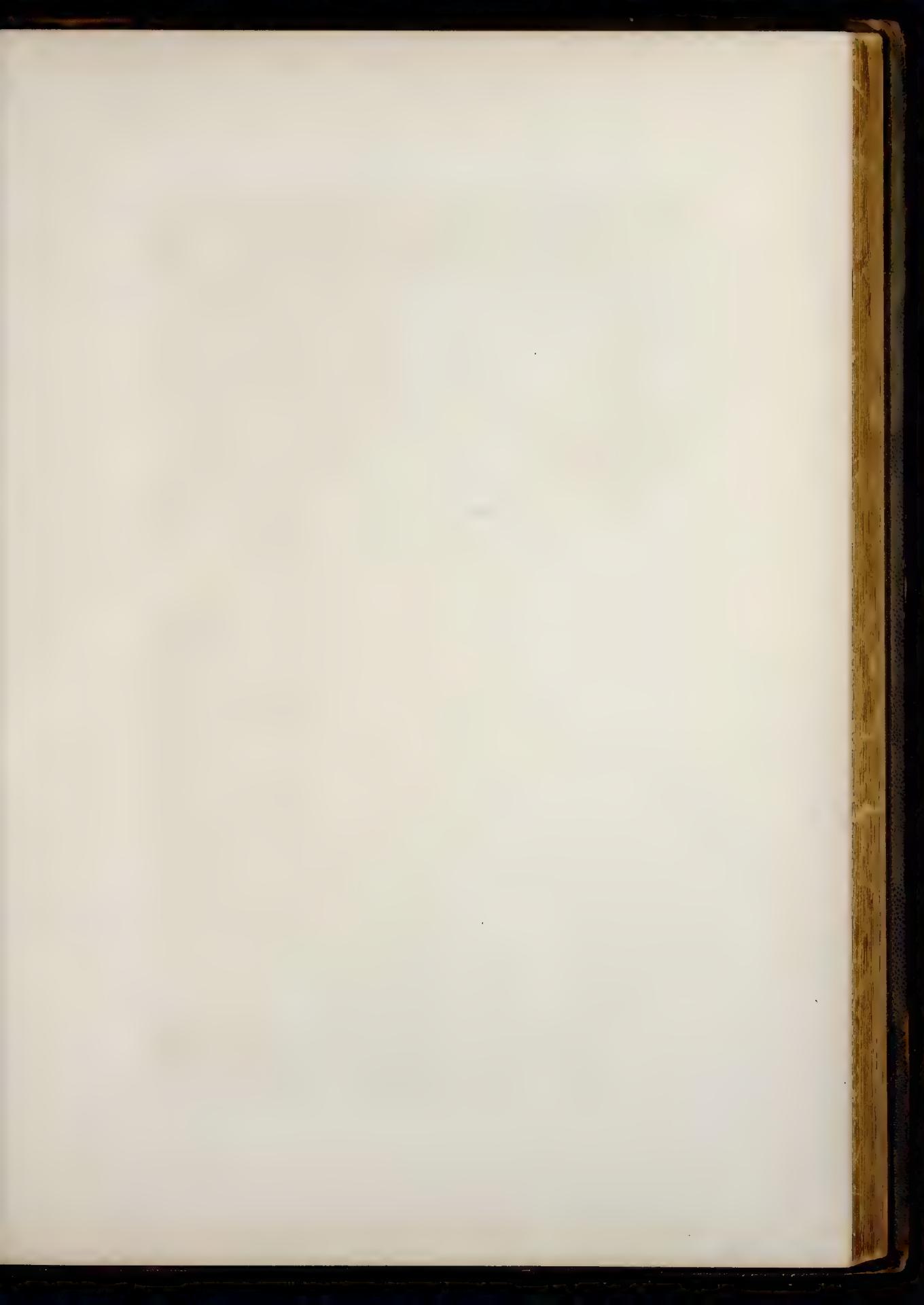
THE DEATH OF NELSON.



HIS magnificent sea-piece is one of the finest of Turner's earlier pictures, and rises to the grandeur of its great subject. The point of view taken is from the mizen-shrouds of Nelson's flagship the *Victory*, a ship which might more properly be called a flagship than any of those of the enemy on this occasion, as Nelson always hoisted several flags on going into an engagement, so that no one shot could lower his colours, and few of the enemy showed their colours till it was necessary to do so for the purpose of striking them. The moment taken is that after the fatal shot from the rifleman in the mizen-top of the *Redoutable*, the French seventy-four, on the right. To the left is the French admiral's ship, the *Bucentaur*, and beyond it the huge four-decked *Santissima Trinidad*; the ship on the other side of the *Redoutable* is, or should be, the *Téméraire*, Captain Harvey's ship. The marksman who hit Nelson is introduced into the picture. He was conspicuous by "a glazed cocked-hat and a white frock," and was soon afterwards shot by a midshipman on board the *Victory*. Nelson was struck on the left epaulette, the ball passing through his spine. He lived for three hours and a quarter in great physical pain, but with a vivid delight in the progress of the battle, his eyes lighting up with a gleam of joy whenever the shouts of the fleet proclaimed that another of the enemy had struck her colours.

The *Victory* was sadly shattered in the battle, but after a partial refitting at Gibraltar, brought over to his native land the body of the great sailor, which was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. The *Victory* is still in existence at Portsmouth, and was till lately a flagship. The spot on the deck where Nelson fell is marked with a brass plate.











THE VALE OF ASHBURNHAM.

AN extensive view of a beautifully-wooded and undulating country. In the foreground some large trees have been felled, the white trunks of which, denuded of their bark, make valuable points in the composition. To the right are some fine trees that have as yet escaped the axe. On the left is a woodman's cart being stacked with wood, and, with its team of six oxen, makes a picturesque and unusual feature in an English landscape. In the middle-distance a large space of the wood has been cleared and cultivated. It is harvest-time and the corn has been cut, part of it lying in smooth swathes, part gathered up into sheaves. In the middle of the wood beyond a white cloud of smoke is rising as if from a bonfire. In the middle of the picture stands Ashburnham Place, the seat of the Earl of that name, and beyond stretches Pevensey Bay with its long line of Martello towers; in the extreme distance is Beachey Head with its downs passing inland. Part of this view may be seen on a larger scale in Turner's drawing of Pevensey Bay, of which an engraving is contained in this work. The dark object in the plain, behind but a little to the left of Ashburnham Place, is probably meant for Pevensey Castle.













BATTLE ABBEY.

BATTLE, so called after the Battle of Hastings, was originally known by the name of Epiton, and is historically one of the most interesting places in England, for it was here probably that Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, was slain. Battle Abbey, the ruins of which form the subject of our engraving, was erected by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his victory, and the high altar is said to have been raised on the spot where Harold fell. The ruins of the Abbey are very extensive, and are included in the grounds of the residence of Sir Godfrey Webster, who allows visitors to see them. Turner's drawing gives no adequate idea of the extent or general appearance of the ruins, nor of the beauty of the view which they command. Perhaps his drawing was intended to teach how completely the importance of that grand event in our history had passed away, and so exaggerate the actual destruction of Time. The dead tree on the left appears to us to have been introduced as symbolical of the extinction of the Saxon line; and the pursuit of the hare by the greyhound is not intended, we think, to be without its significance.

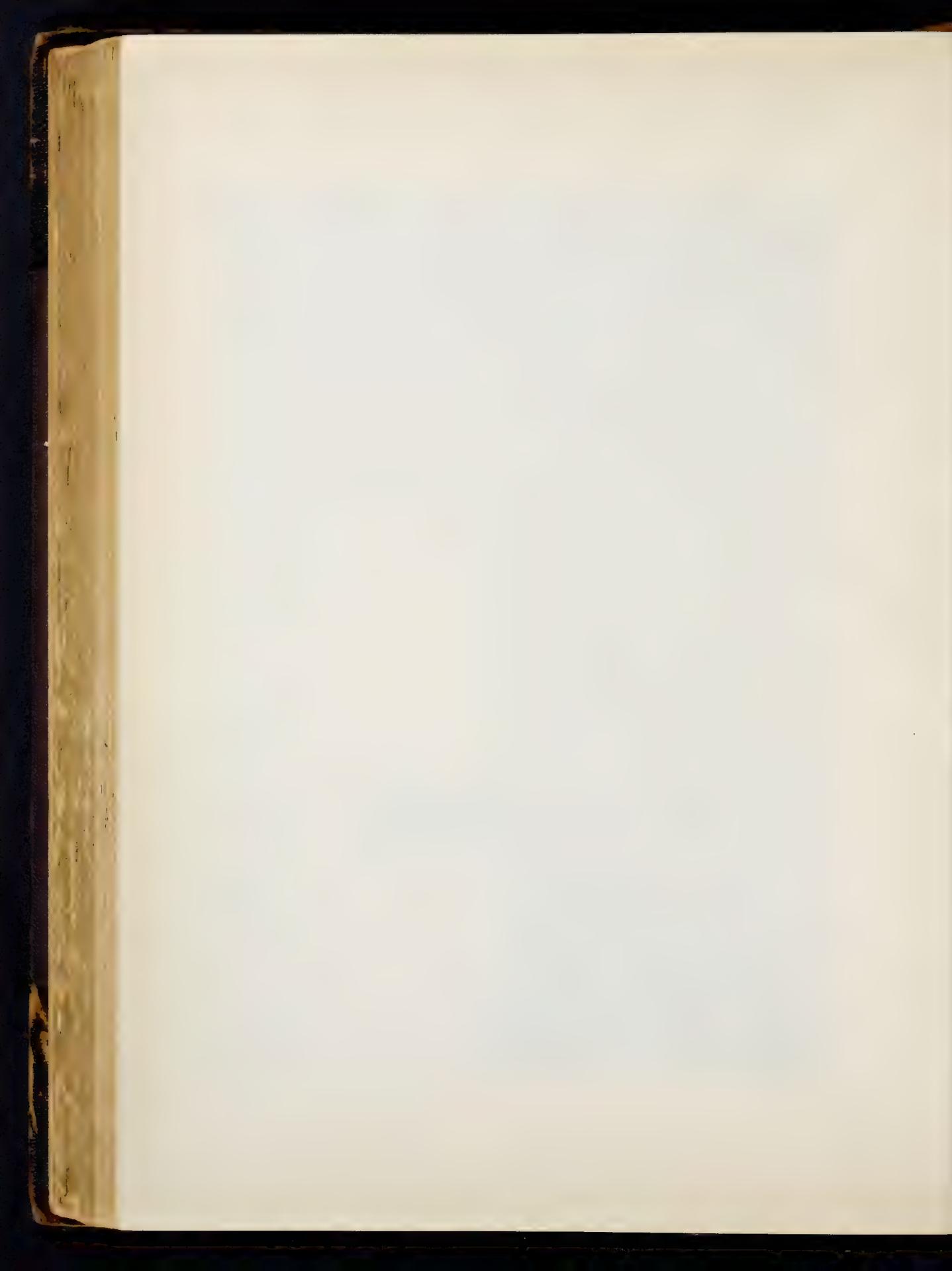












COLOGNE, ON THE MEUSE.



CLOGNE, equally celebrated for the beauty of its Cathedral and the badness of its odours, would not appear from this picture to be remarkable for either; for the beauty of the Cathedral is less remarkable than its unfinished condition, and the inhabitants that we see are engaged in vigorously purifying themselves by bathing in the river. The Cathedral has been greatly added to since this picture was taken, but it is still far from finished. The city is also remarkable for its churches, that of St. Martin being one of the finest specimens of the Romanesque style in Germany, and that of St. Maria in Capitolio for its size, antiquity, and grandeur. The Church of St. Peter contains the celebrated "Crucifixion" of that saint painted by Rubens (who was born here), and the Church of St. Ursula the still more famous or notorious bones of the eleven thousand virgins. Turner has in this picture been content to give us only a glimpse of the city as seen from the Meuse; but the curious-shaped boats are interesting and characteristic, the bathers give life and animation to the scene, and the gigantic scale of the Cathedral is well shown in comparison with the other buildings.







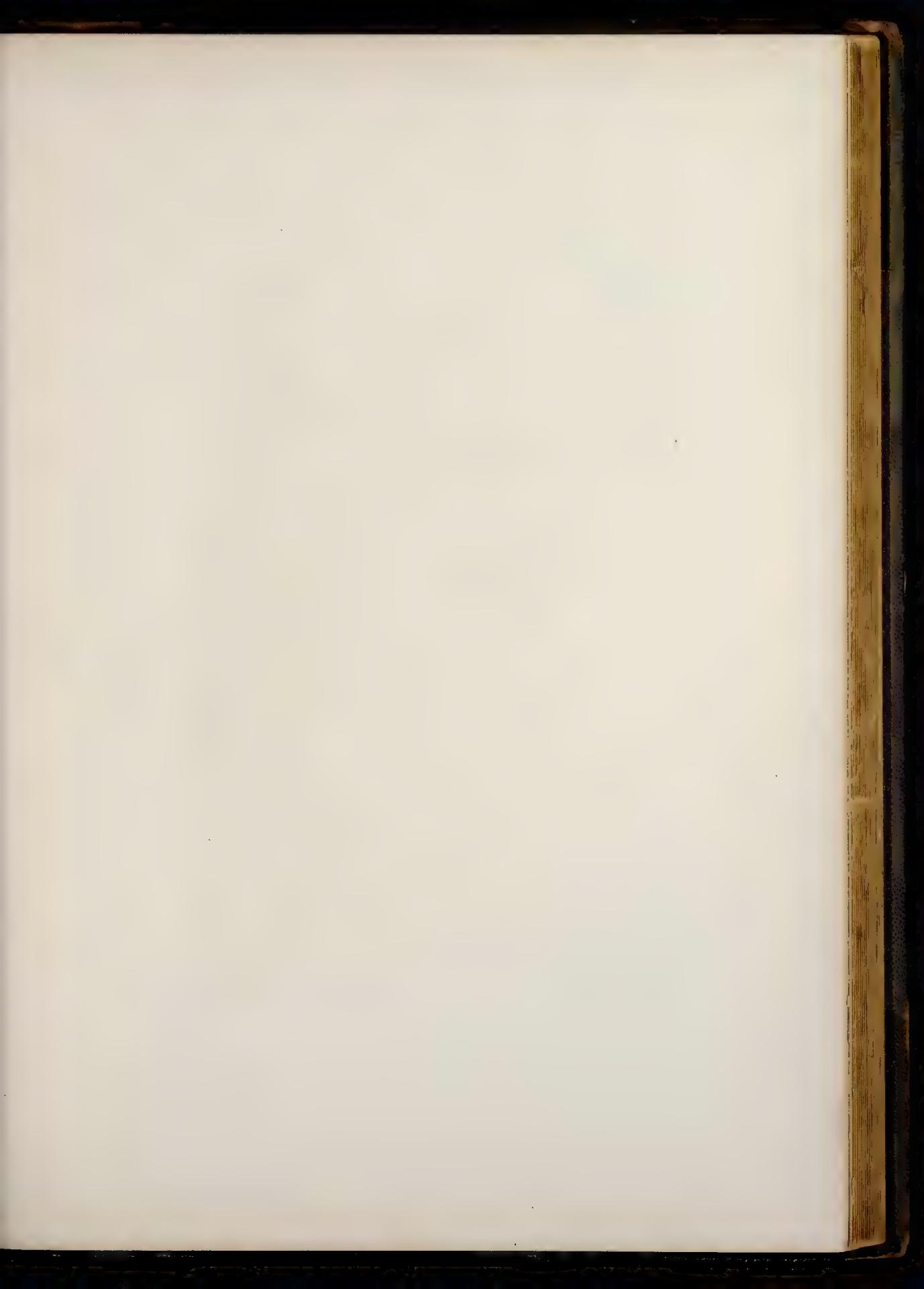


SPITHEAD.

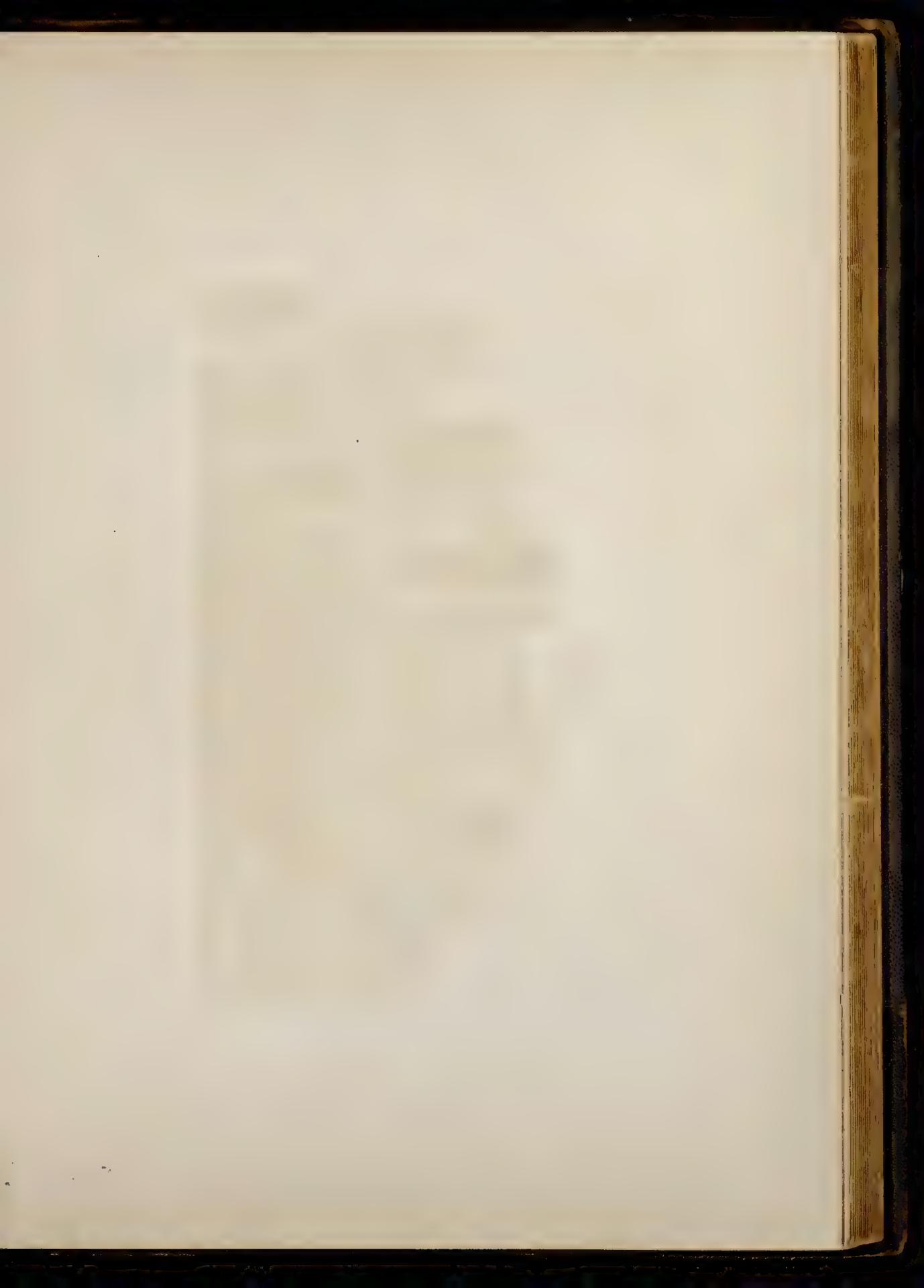


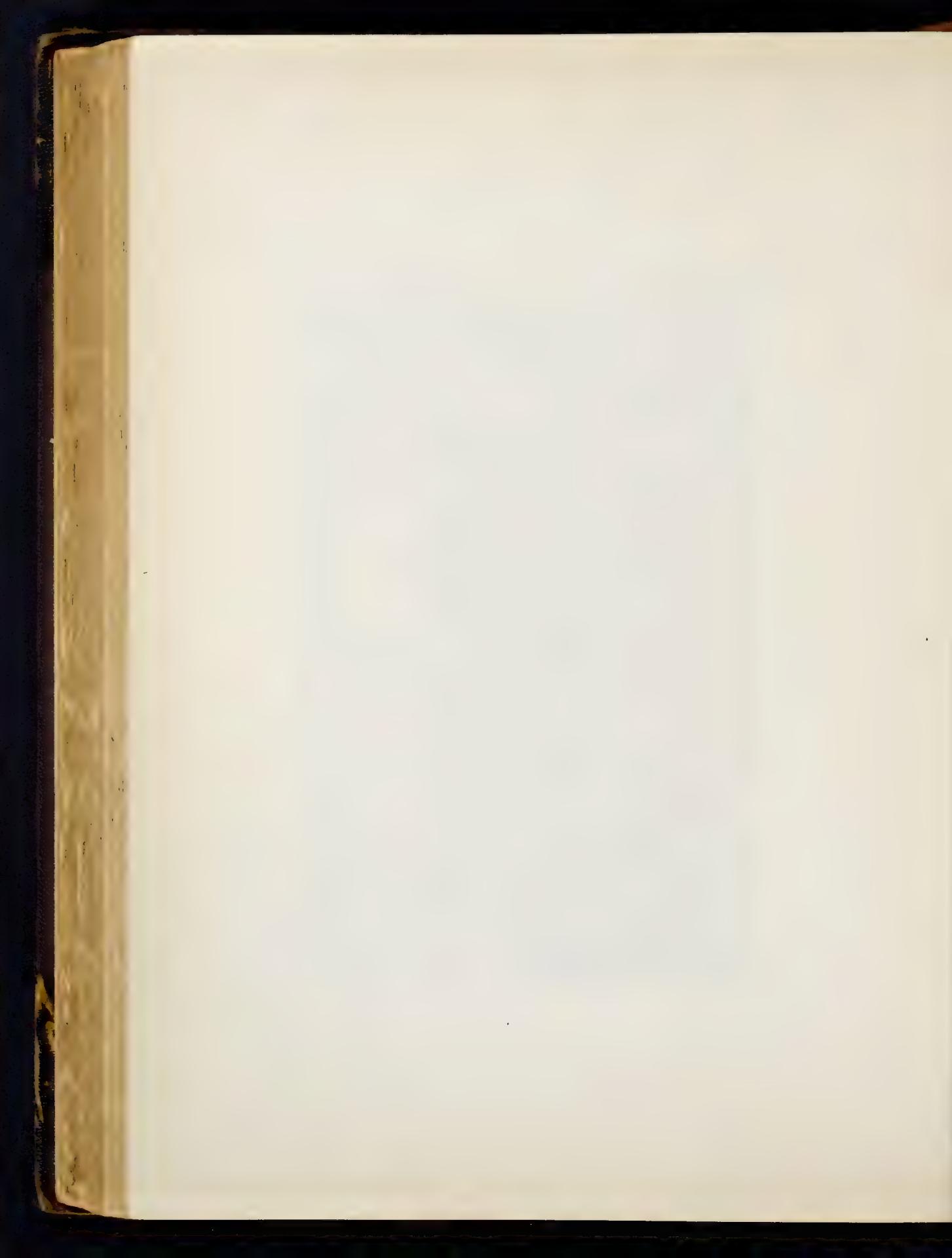
PITHEAD is the famous roadstead of Portsmouth, the most important of our naval stations. It owes its name to a sandbank called the Spit. From very early times Portsmouth has been a naval station, and it has of late years been more used for shipbuilding than formerly, so that in no respect can it be said to be inferior to any of the great dockyards. The *Devastation* and the *Inflexible* were both built here, and the dock accommodation and the fortifications have been widely extended of late years. This picture is particularly interesting, historically as well as pictorially. It is one of the finest of Turner's pictures of shipping, and is a faithful record of the British fleet in the time of its greatest glory, when its "wooden walls" were not only a protection to Britain, but a terror to the world. We will hope that when need to show their power arrives, our "iron walls," as our navy must be called now, will prove equally serviceable; but we are afraid that they will never be such objects of interest to the artist, and, if introduced into pictures, will have to be "idealized," or shrouded in smoke, to prevent their native ugliness from being too painfully visible.







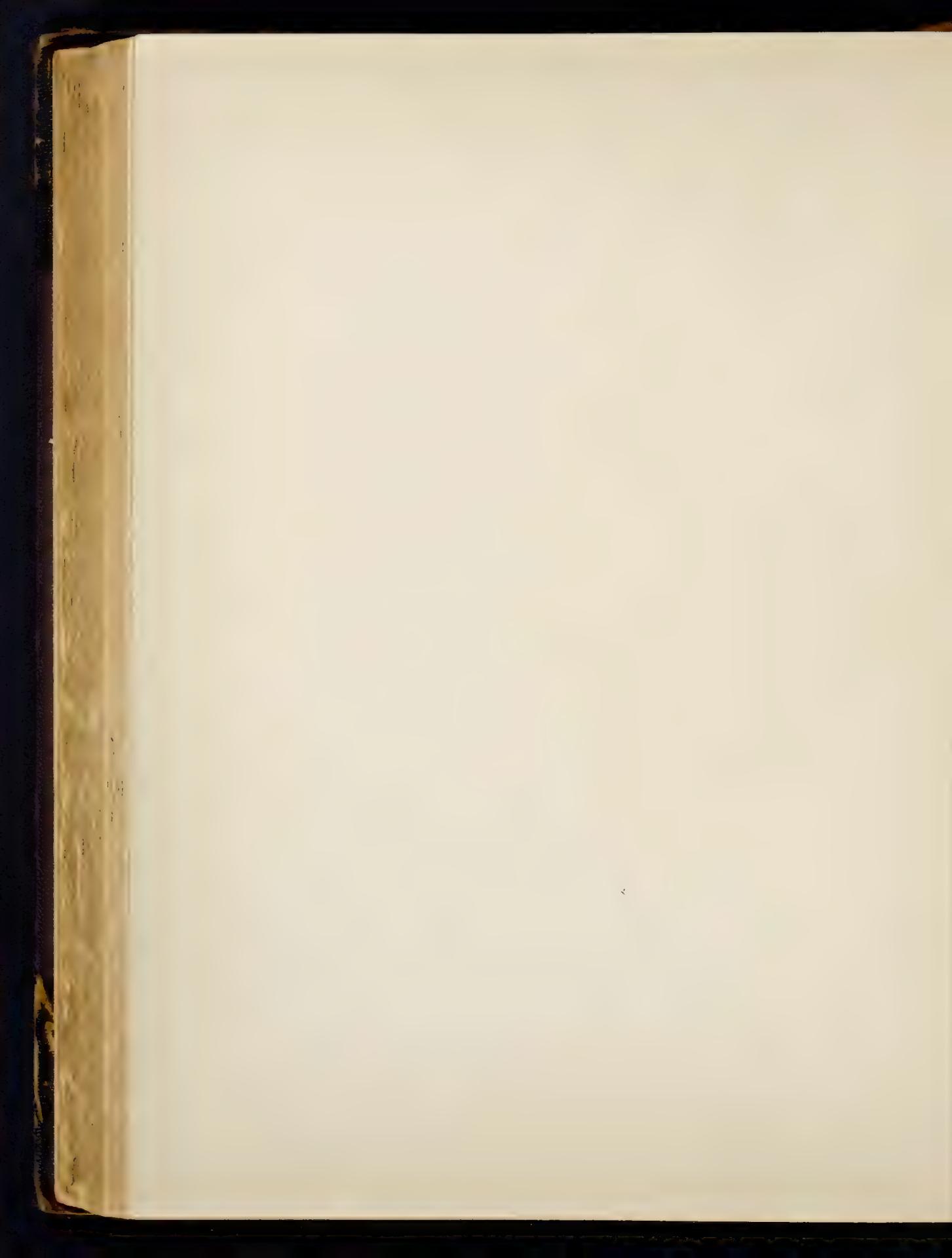




CORFE CASTLE.

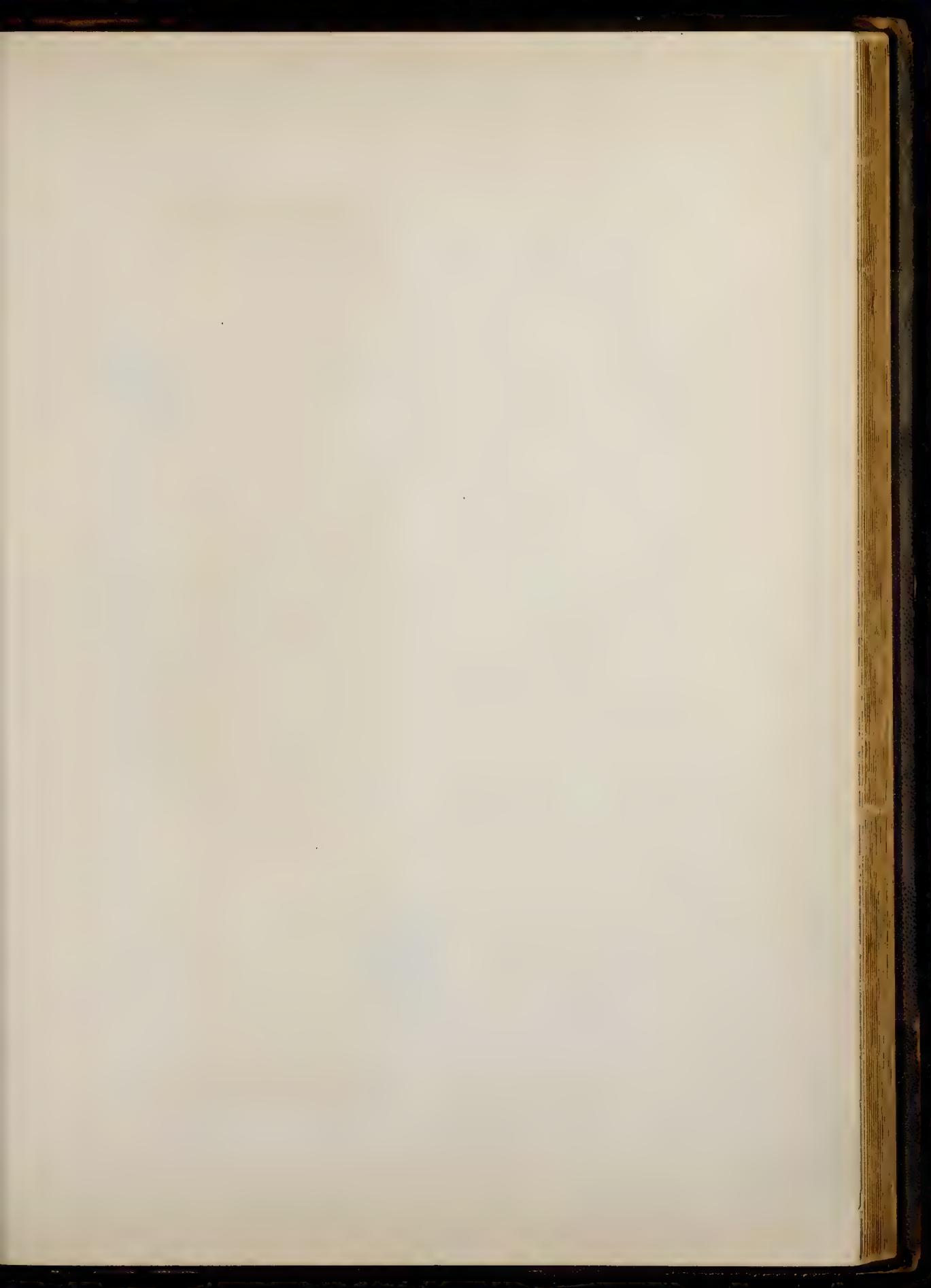
HIS is one of the most ancient, interesting, and extensive ruins of England. It is situated in the Isle of Purbeck, once so famous for the fine grey marble, specimens of which are to be seen in most churches and cathedrals which have any Early English work. Here King Edgar built a strong fortress in the tenth century, at the gate of which Edward the Martyr was stabbed. The castle appears to have been rebuilt by William the Conqueror. Here King John kept his regalia and starved to death twenty-two gentlemen of Poictou. Here both the unfortunate kings, Edward II. and Richard II. were confined previous to their assassination. It afterwards belonged to Sir Christopher Hatton, and then passed into the Bankes family, to whom it still belongs. The noblest part of its history is, perhaps, during the Civil War, when it was heroically defended by Lady Bankes and her daughters, stood two sieges, and was at length only gained by treachery. The parliament then ordered its destruction, and the tottering tower on the left still stands as a sign of the stubborn resistance it made to its own destruction. A deep excavation was made to undermine it, and the old tower settled down but would not fall. The bridge on the right, which joins the castle to the town, is called St. Edward's Bridge.











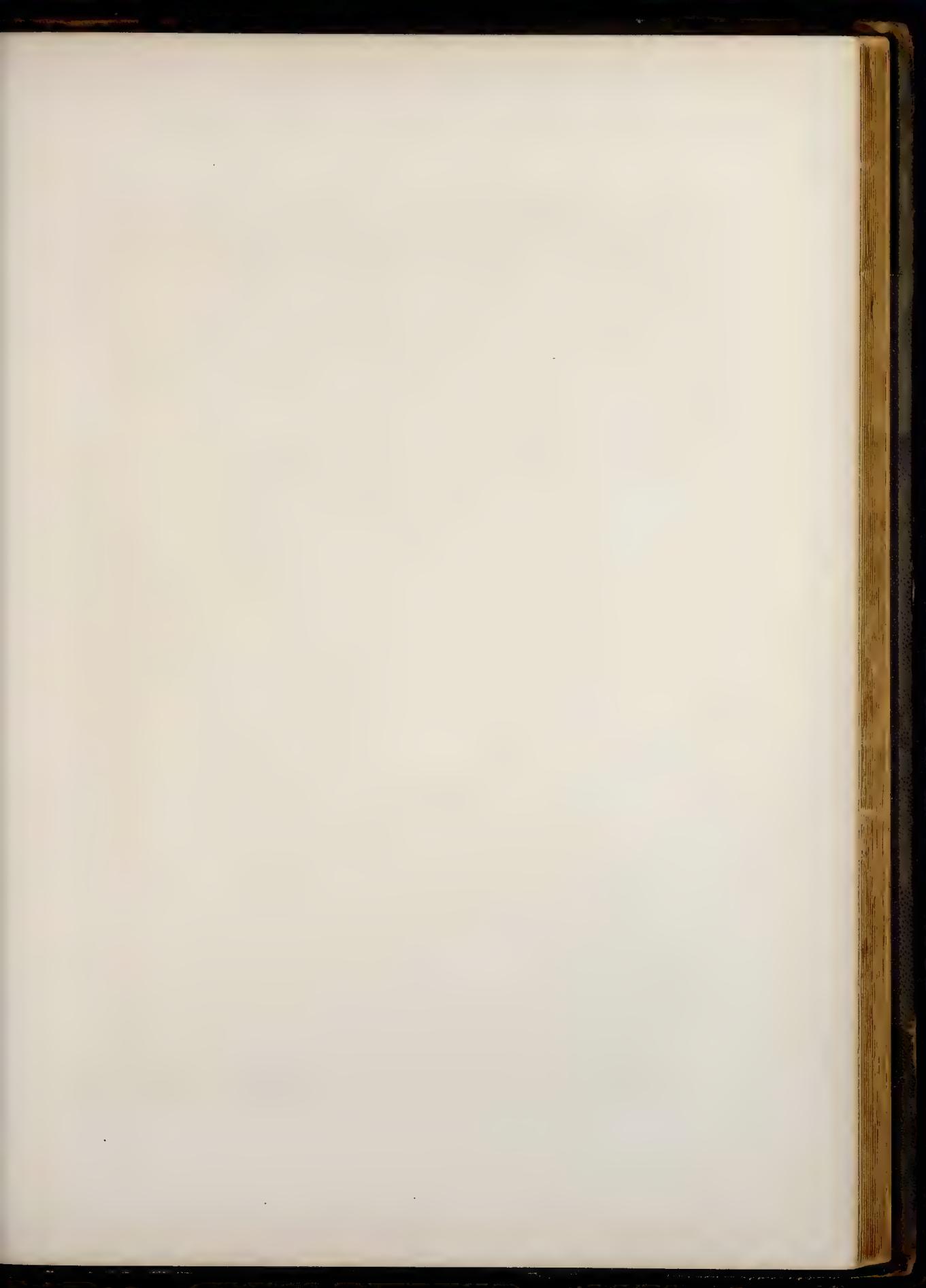


A FROSTY MORNING—SUNRISE.

HERE is nothing more striking in Turner's early artistic career than its absence of attempts after sensation or effect. With the growing sense of power in his work slowly developing into a consciousness that he had only to dare to do, he was so fond of nature in all her aspects that he thought no subject too simple, and worked with the same patience and love at a quiet little scene like this as at a subject of greater grandeur. And this artistic humility had its reward; and this scene, ordinary as it appears at first sight, is one of the greatest of his triumphs. It was painted about 1813, and is, like all his work of this period, characterised by the greatest care and minuteness in detail, while its general effect of light is broad as nature's own. Although Turner undoubtedly, in many a later canvas, showed a greater prodigality of genius, there is no picture which he ever painted more full of honest and successful work; and though the loss is compensated by a splendour of imagination and colour elsewhere unknown in landscape Art, we look in vain in his later pictures (and with regret that the search should be so vain) for any figures executed with such perfect skill, for such care in the drawing of the herbage, for such laborious realism throughout. Hereafter he turned poetical thoughts into landscape, but in pictures like this he raised the most ordinary landscape into the region of poetry.











HIGH FORCE.

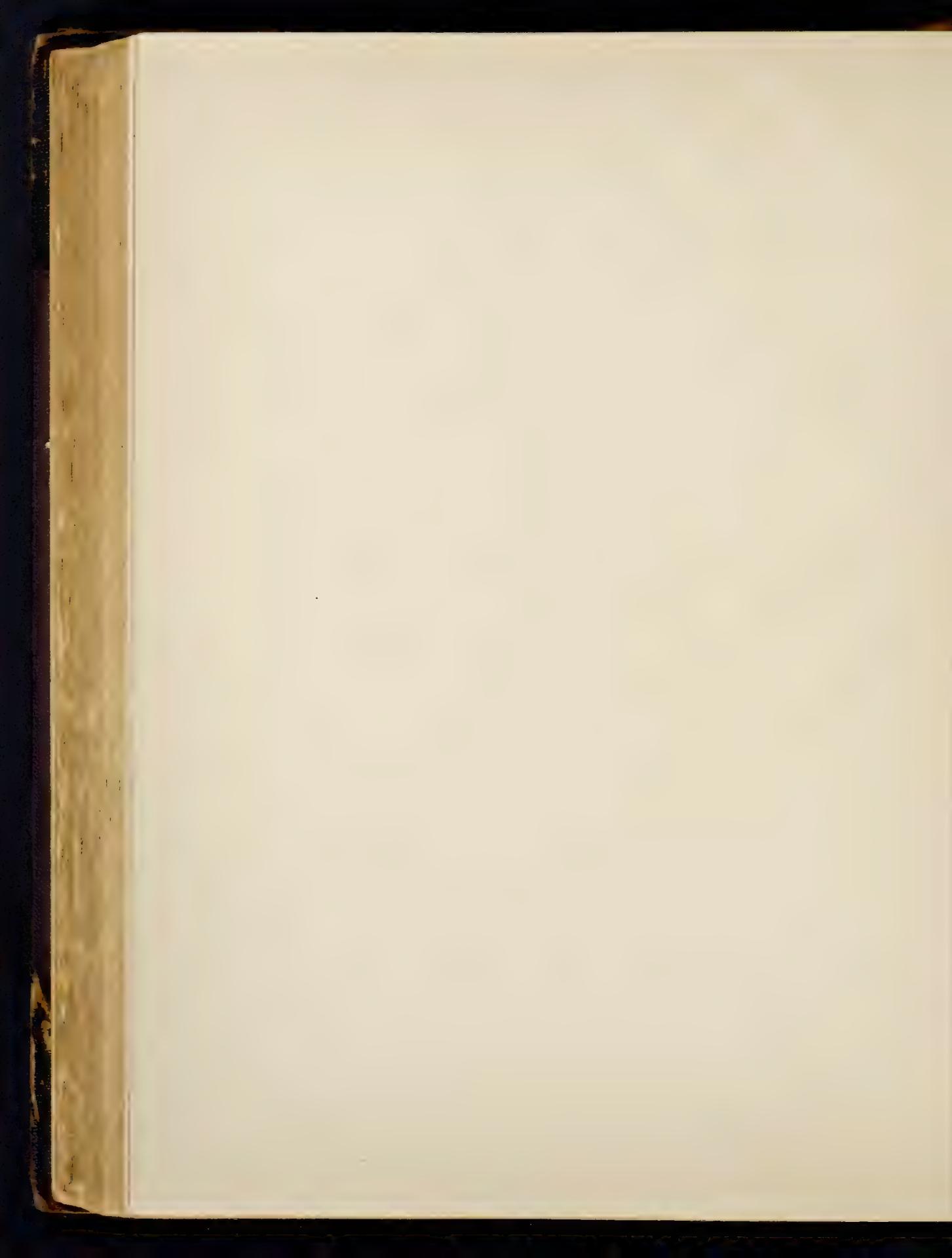


HE Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and, before it leaves the mountains which divide the North Riding of Yorkshire from Cumberland, it falls over two cataracts, one named Caldron and the other High Force. Both of these are mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," in which are the following lines:—

"Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High Force."

High Force is seventy-five feet in height, and its precipices, as seen in our engraving, are singularly bold and bare. Their formation and consistency are, as usual with Turner, very finely and accurately delineated, while the headlong fall of the torrent or torrents is shown with equal power. In the mist of spray which rises from the shattered waters Turner has placed a rainbow, which must be a constant phenomenon when the sun is shining. Below is a fisherman with long rod, and an attendant with a landing-net.

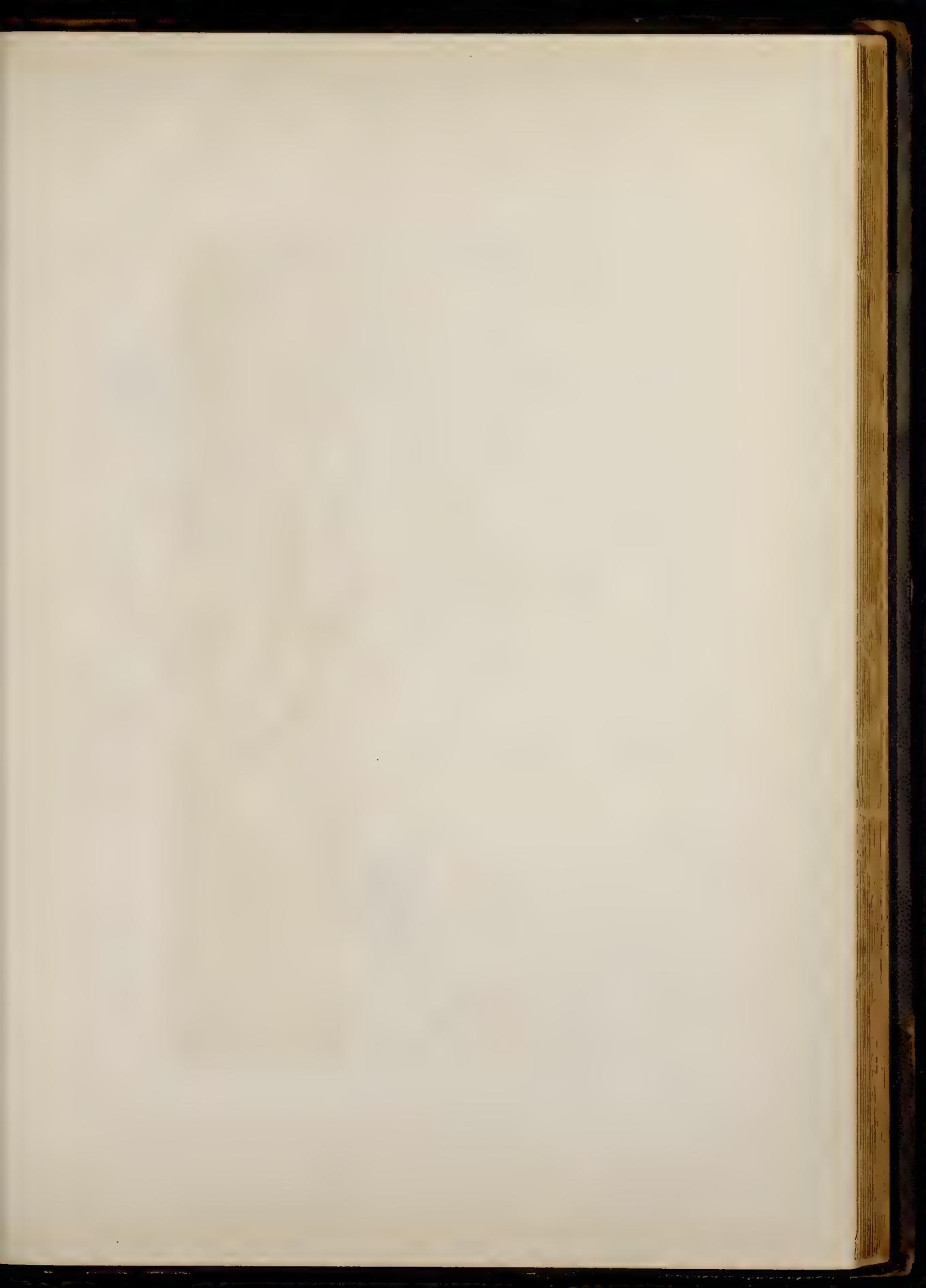






BODAT'S OFFICE CALLAHAN







BOATS OFF CALAIS.



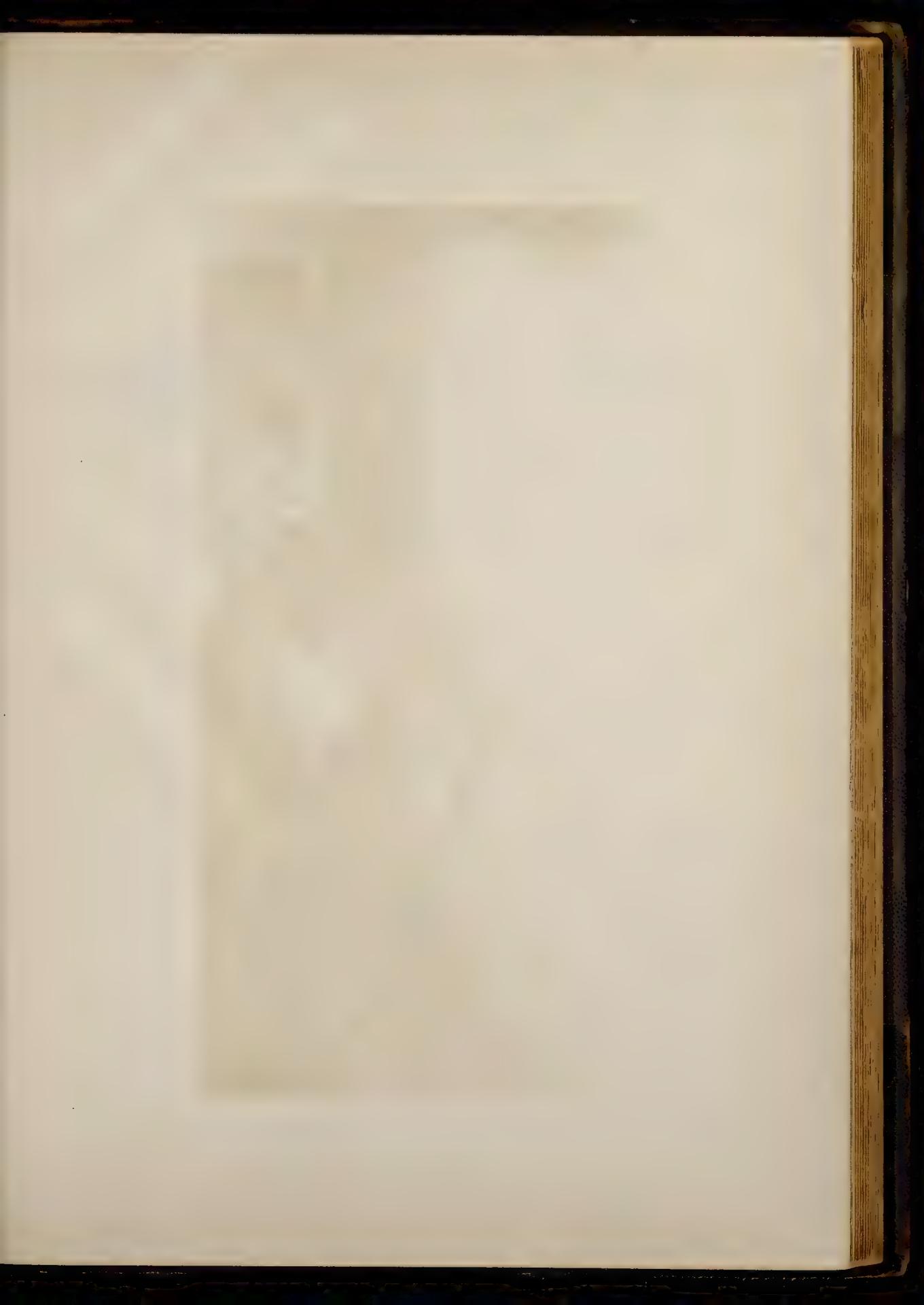
ONE of the beautifully composed and carefully executed early paintings of Turner, when, though painting all things direct from nature itself, he had not emancipated himself entirely from the influence of the Dutch painters of marine subjects. But though such compositions are common enough, they never tire when they are beautiful as this. There is an inexhaustible beauty of colour and form in sea and sky and sail and boat which will never fail to produce new and beautiful combinations as long as art exists; and if there is something of Vandervelde discernible in the arrangement of the masses of light and shade, there is a depth of original observation traceable in the execution of the painting which is, perhaps, more true to nature and contains more of her truth than any picture painted before Turner. In the painting of the sea alone Turner advanced his art more in a few years than other painters had in centuries. With him the conventional wave, with its one side all light, its other all dark, with little depth or transparency, and without an attempt at representing its infinite reflective power, disappeared, and instead we had real water—the liquid movable mirror, with its Protean elasticity and its incompressible force.

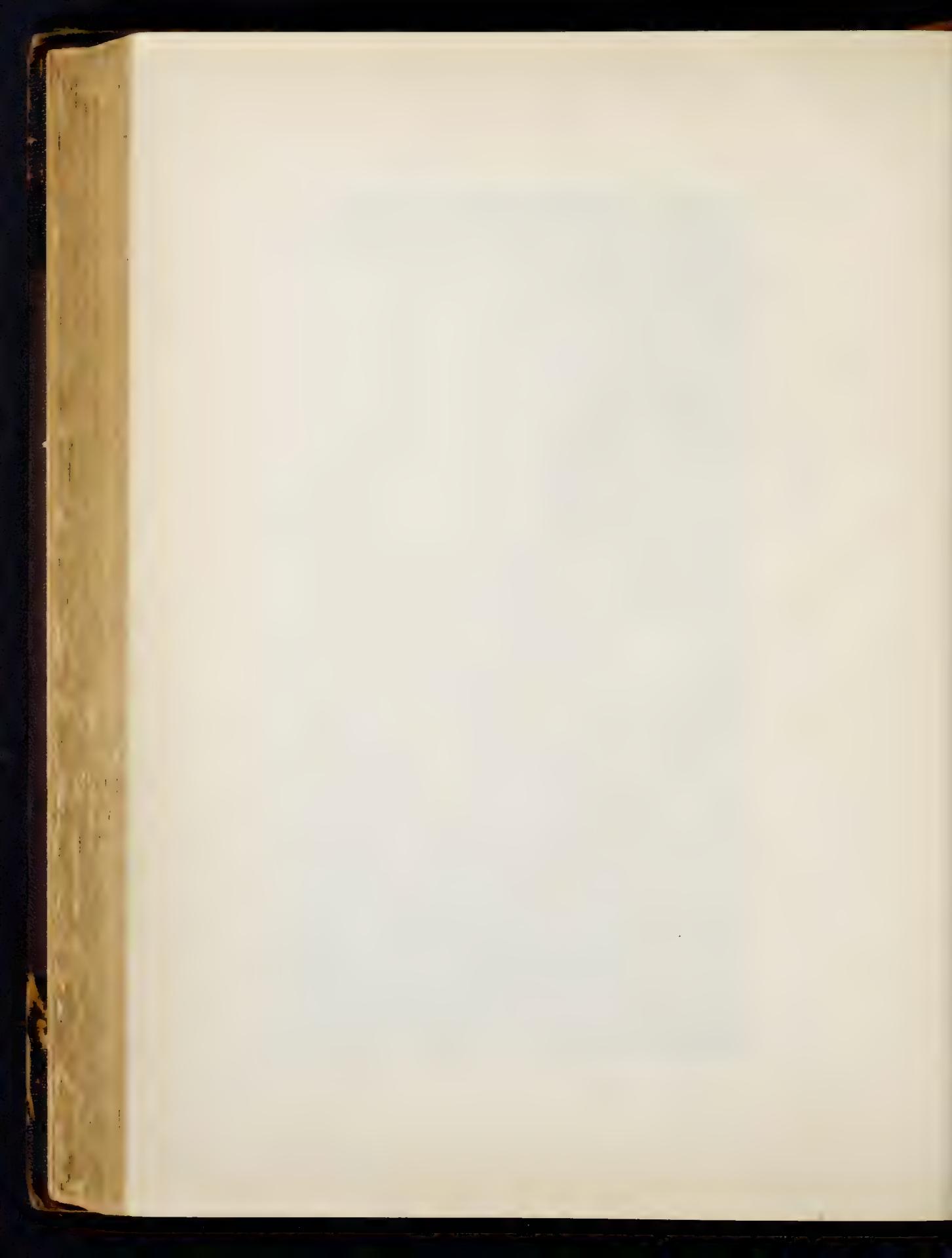












THE OPENING OF THE WALHALLA.

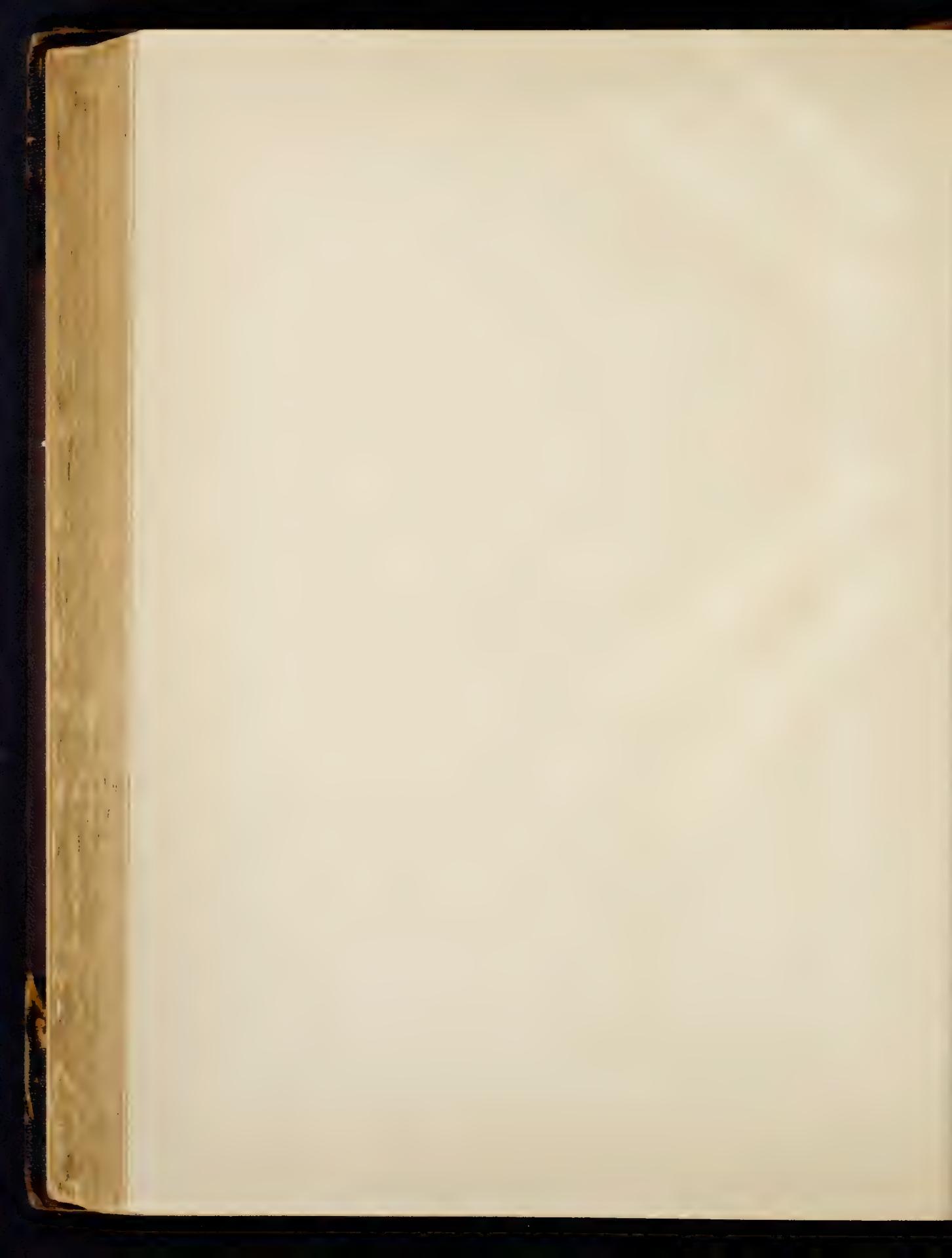


HIS picture was exhibited in 1843, or the year after the opening of the Walhalla, and is therefore one of the few pictures in which Turner commemoates public events of importance occurring in his own lifetime. Perhaps he thought that the example of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, of erecting a temple in which should be stored the statues of the great men of a nation or race, was one worthy to be imitated. He added to his title in the Academy Catalogue the exclamation, "Honour to King Ludwig the First of Bavaria," and appended the following lines of his own composing :—

"But peace returns—the morning ray
Beams on the Walhalla, reared to science and the arts
And men renowned, of German fatherland."

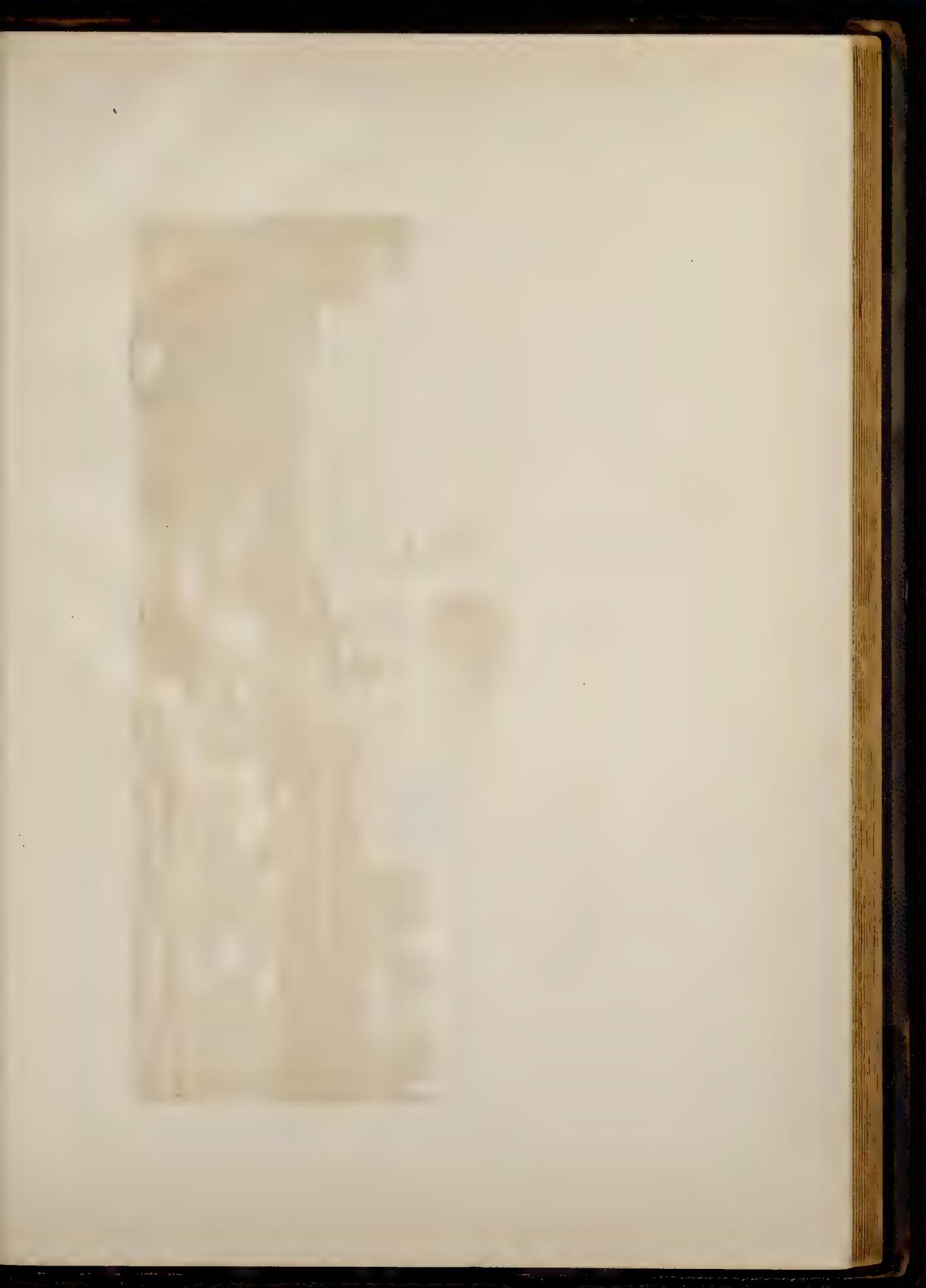
The Walhalla is situated on the left bank of the Danube, about five miles below Regensburg; it is in the Doric style of architecture, and was designed by Leo von Klause. In the foreground, on the left, are a crowd of people and some priests, who appear to be offering up a public thanksgiving for the event.

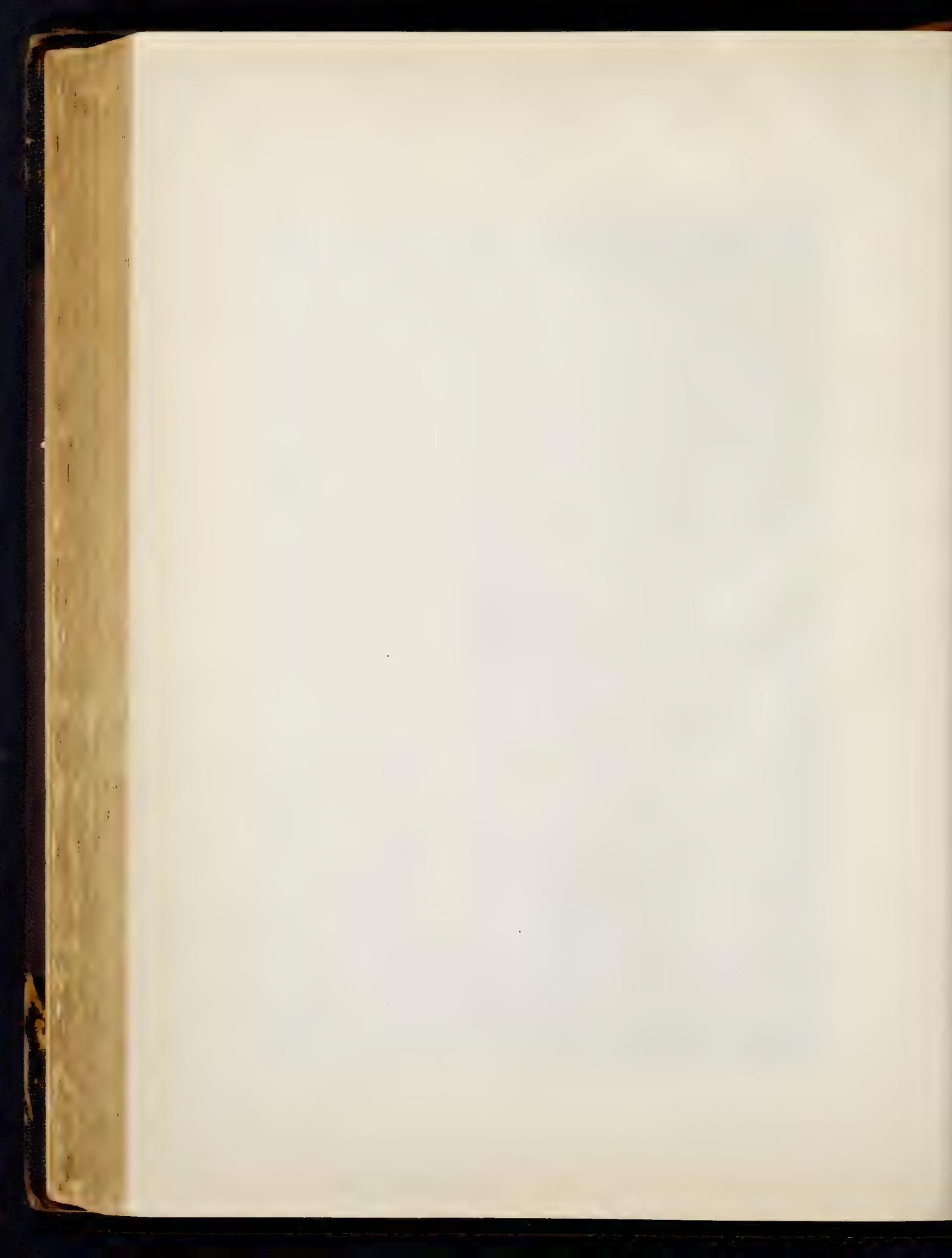








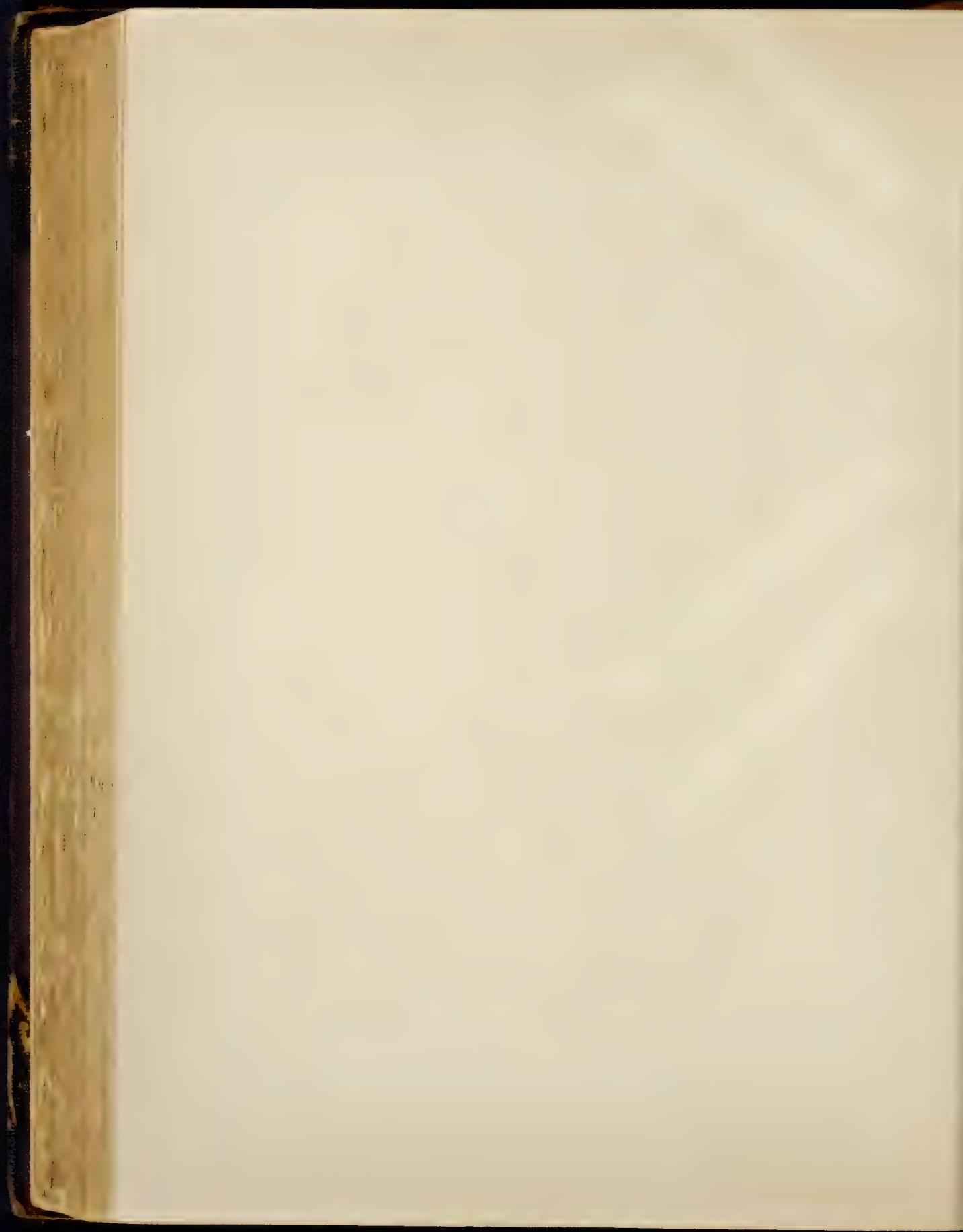




PEVENSEY BAY.

 ASTBOURNE has lately become such a very fashionable watering-place that there will be very many among our readers who will have seen this view from, or nearly from, the same point; more perhaps, still, of the visitors to Hastings will have seen it thus; so that our plate needs from us little explanation. The headland in the distance is Beachy Head, and, following the curve of the bay, may be seen the row of martello towers built to protect the coast from another invasion—for it was here, as we all know, that William the Conqueror landed. The village of Pevensey lies in the centre of the drawing, behind the graceful group of trees whose lace-like screen breaks the monotony of the plain without hiding the prospect. Turner, always careful to mark the local character of a place, has introduced part of a flock of Southdowns reposing. The meaning of the wheelbarrow and spades is less obvious, except it be to insist on the time of the day when the sun is high in the sky and the labourers are at dinner.













RAMSGATE.



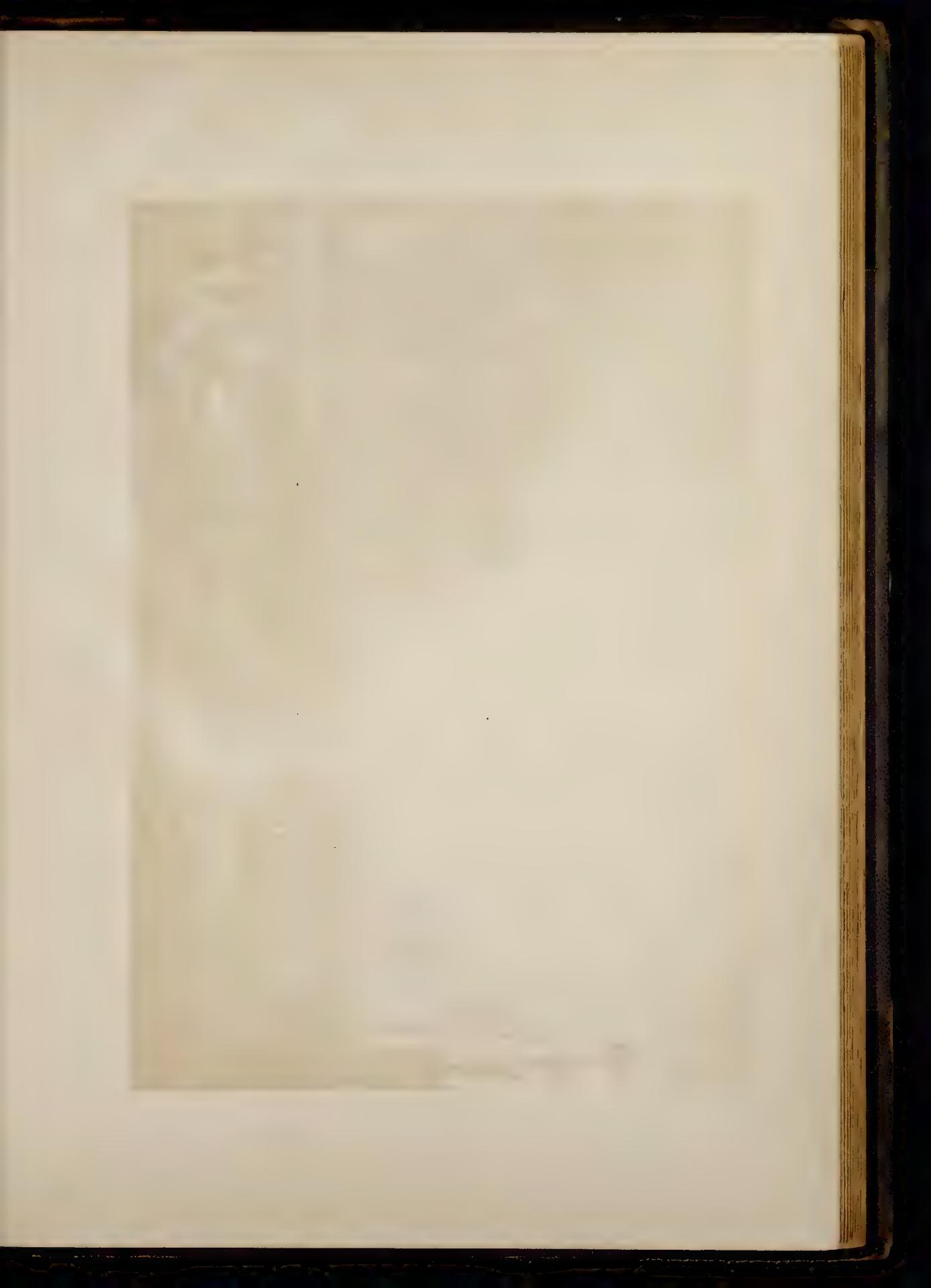
HIS ancient rival of Margate began to emerge from its original obscurity about one hundred and fifty years ago. It was, however, heavily handicapped in its race for lodgers with Margate, in days before the railway abolished space, by its distance from London—a very important disadvantage when the only cheap conveyance was a sailing vessel, and Margate had to be passed on the way; nor do we think its popularity with "bad sailors" would be likely to be increased by Turner's fine drawing. Down to 1837 Ramsgate was in the parish of St. Lawrence, but it was then constituted a distinct parish by Act of Parliament. The harbour and pier were constructed at the end of the last century by the celebrated engineers Smeaton and Rennie. It is a royal harbour, being the property of and under the management of the Crown. For several years her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, resided here with her mother, the Duchess of Kent; the house in which they lived is Townley House, now a school. Turner's drawing is well designed to show the formation of the harbour and the security it affords. The entrance is two hundred and forty feet wide. Ramsgate has the advantage of a southern aspect and beautiful views of Pegwell Bay and the Downs; in fine weather the coast of France is visible.













REGULUS LEAVING CARTHAGE.

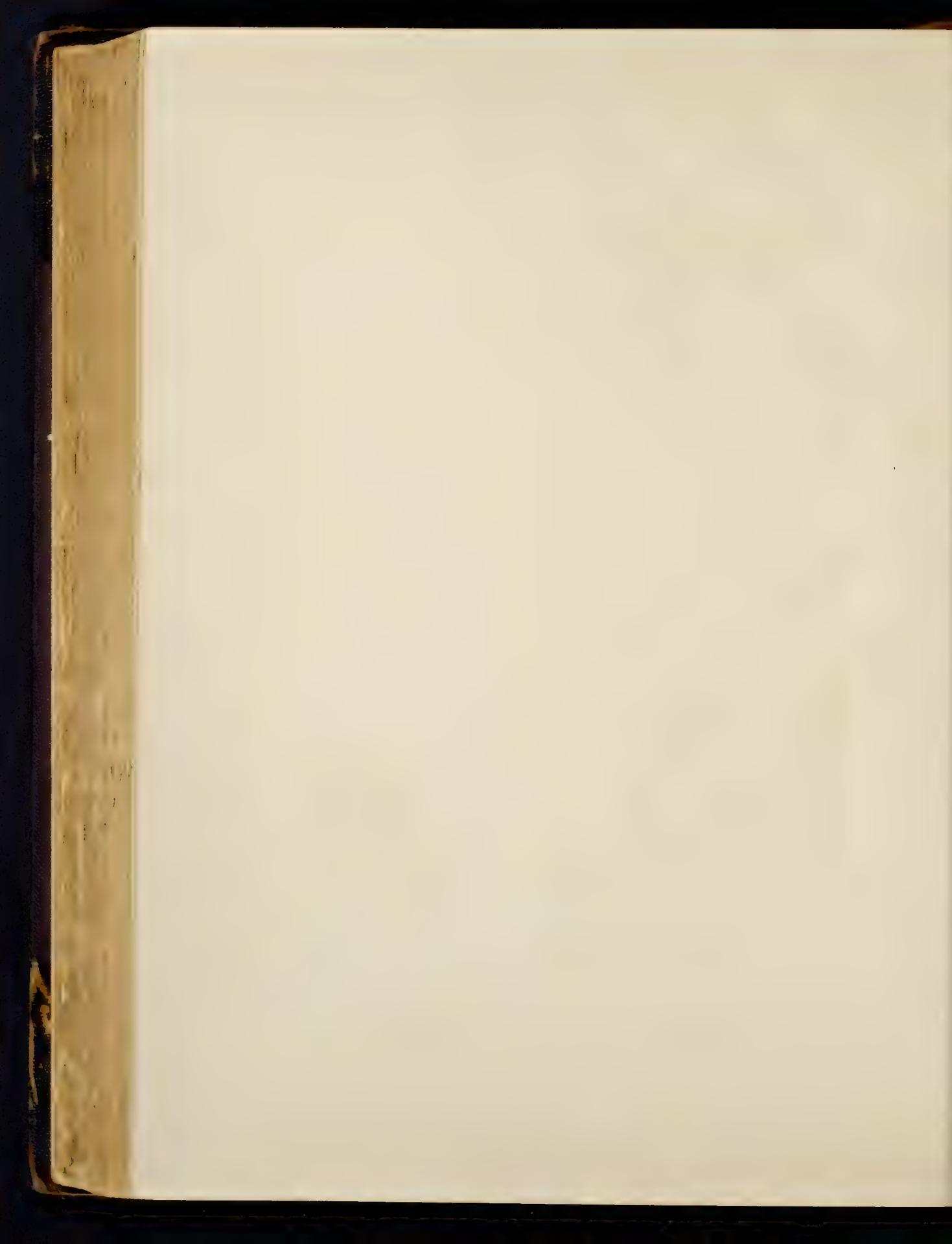


HIS is one of Turner's gorgeous classical dreams. Splendid as Carthage probably was, it is scarcely probable that it ever equalled the magnificence of this imaginary pile of buildings. As usual, Turner has chosen a scene from ancient history to give special meaning to his figures. This time it is the departure of Marcus Attilius Regulus, the Roman general.

Regulus was made Consul for the second time about 256 B.C., and with his colleague, Manlius Vulso, commanded in the first war against Carthage. He was made prisoner, and then sent to Rome by the Carthaginians, with an embassy, to make peace, and he bound himself by an oath to return if the terms were rejected. Not thinking it right to advise the abandonment of the war, he, regardless of the entreaties of his family, and even of those of the senate and the people, urged its prosecution. This was eventually decided upon, and he returned with the irritated embassy to Carthage and certain death. He therefore, as a man who refused to purchase life by sacrificing his country or breaking his oath, was fully worthy of the commemoration which Turner bestowed upon him in this picture.

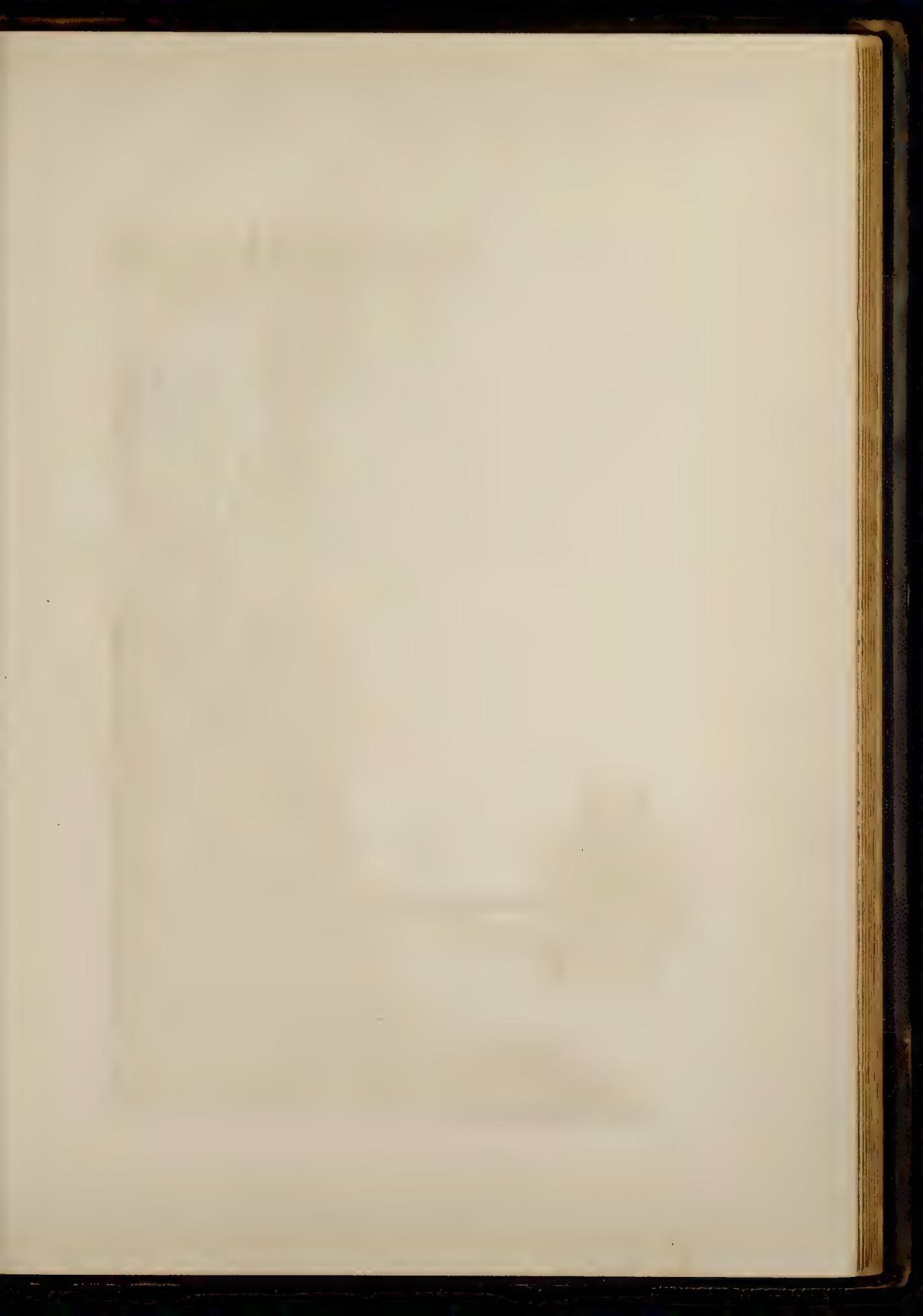
This is one of the most dazzling of Turner's pictures. The sun is declining, but full of power, and pours its brilliance upon the sea and irradiates the whole canvas, from the figures in the foreground to the distance where all things seem melted in its beams.

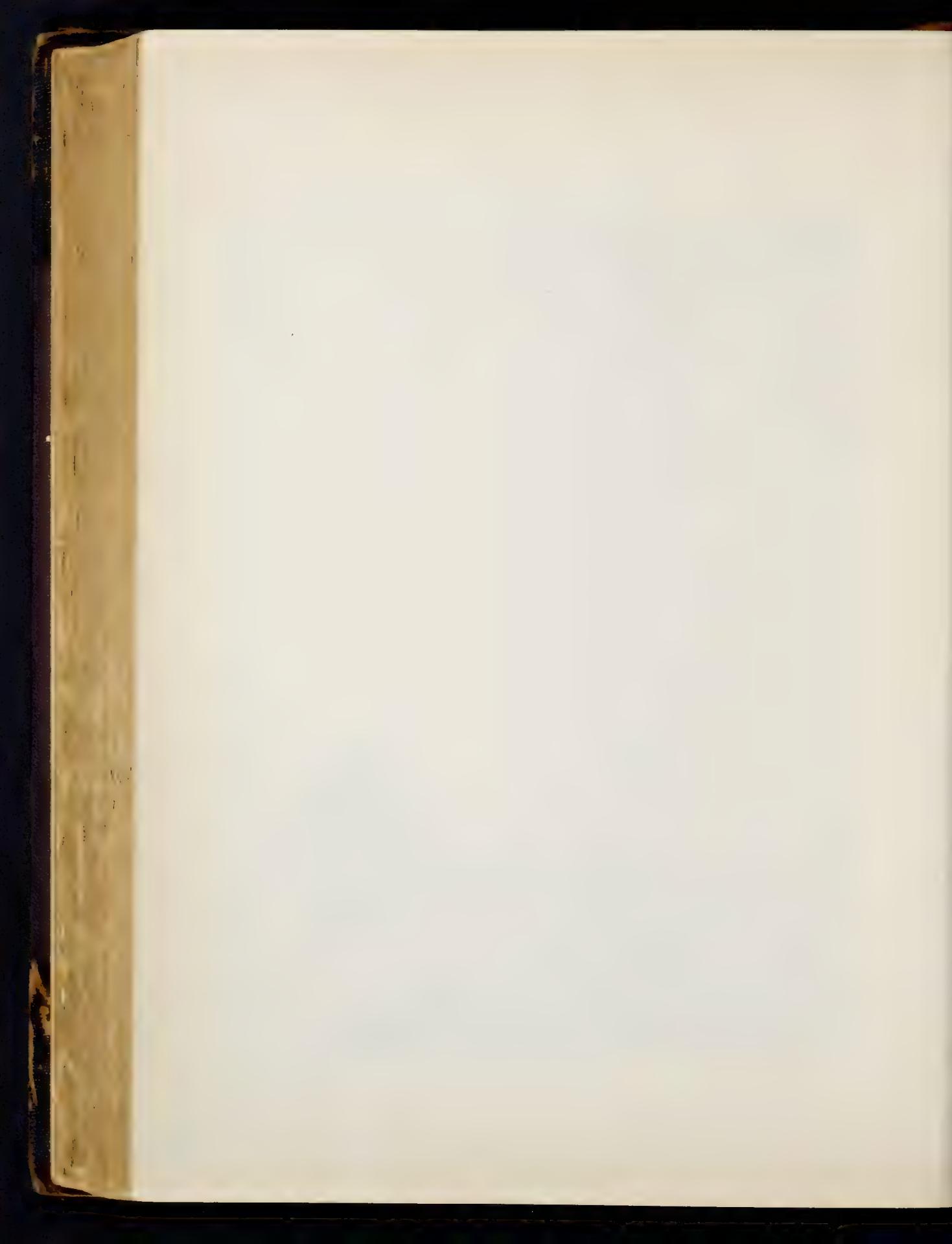










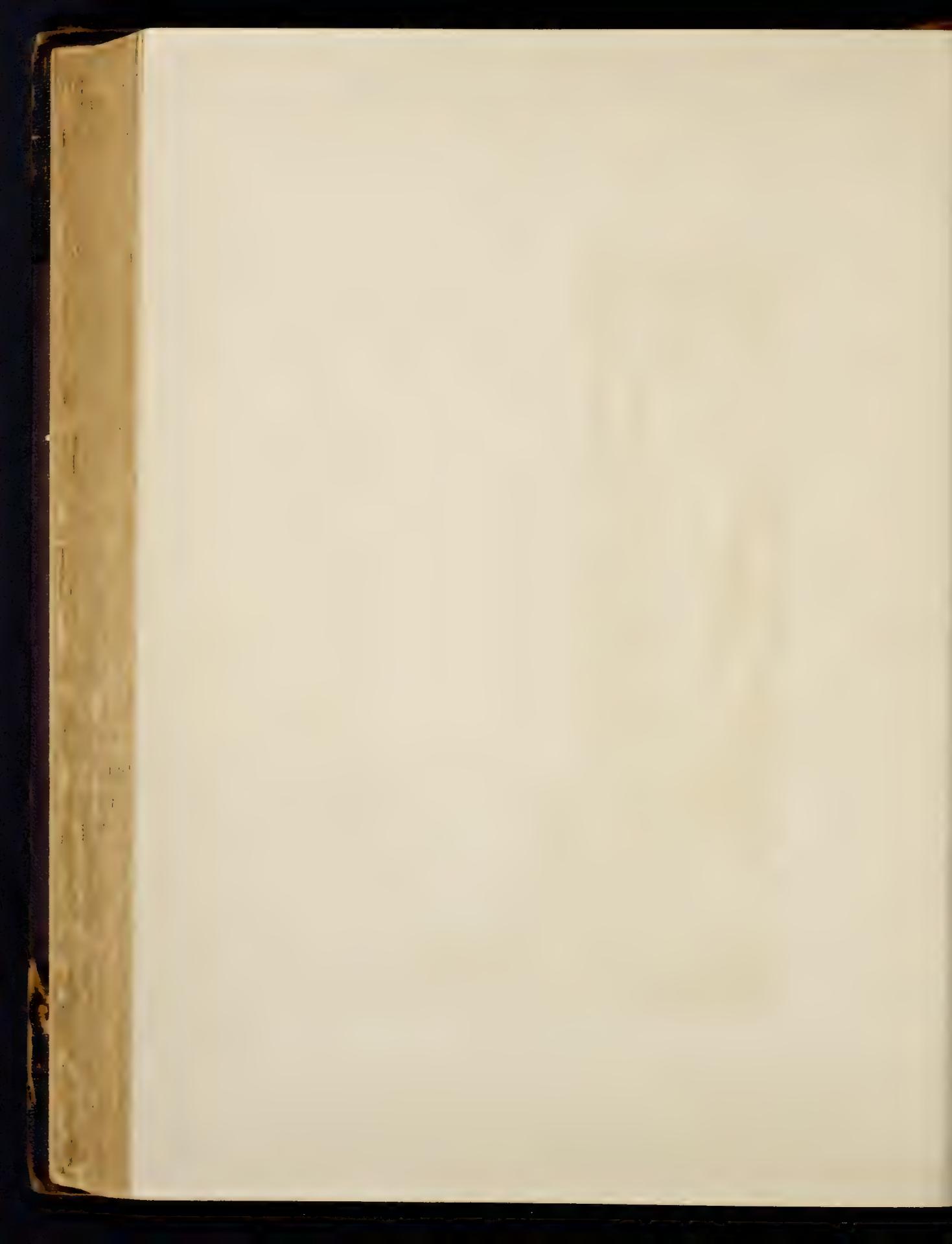


VIEW OF ORVIETO.

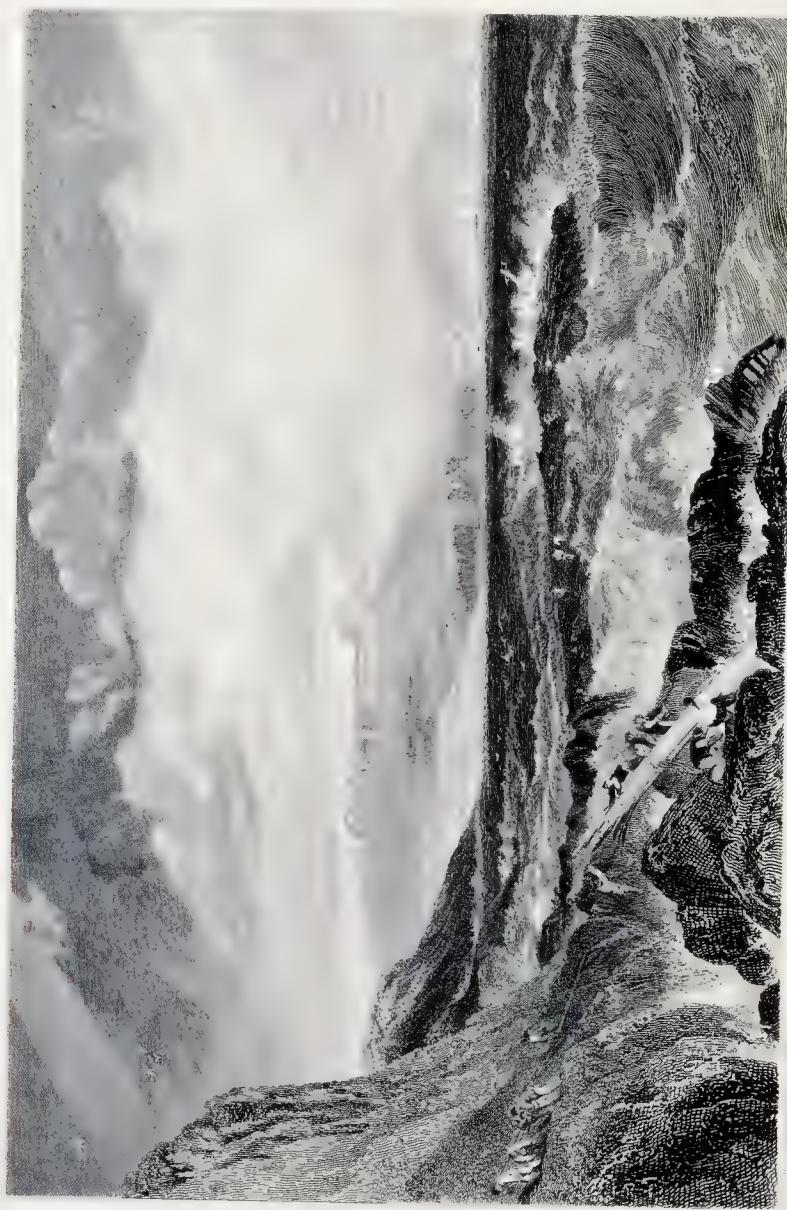


VIEW only—but what a view! Is there anywhere but in Italy that one could see such an artist's paradise of land and sky and town-capped hill? Only southern air and sun could develop that magnificent stone-pine, spreading its odoriferous fanlike boughs against a pure blue sky. It is only a view; but does not that add a charm to it? Is it not the more our own? can we not make it absolutely our own for a while, if we look at it, feeding our eyes upon the lovely expanse of hill and dale, until we enter into it, and feel the sky above us and the city attainable in a walk? To those who have never seen the picture, this feat of fancy may appear impossible; but to those we say: "Go to the National Gallery and see it, and sit down or stand before it, and look at it steadily, without thinking of what is to the right, or to the left, or above or below it, or what more you have got to see, or what time of day it is; and if after such concentration for a little while you do not feel that you are in Italy, Turner will have painted for you in vain."













PENDENNIS CASTLE, AND ENTRANCE OF FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

HIS large and finely-situated castle was built by Henry VIII. and enlarged by Queen Elizabeth, and is three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The outworks of the castle are about one mile in diameter, and they include barracks, batteries, magazines, and storehouses. Arundel of Trelice garrisoned it for Charles I. during the Parliamentary War, and, with the exception of Raglan Castle, it was the last to fall into the hands of the Roundheads; the date of its surrender was July, 1646. Turner has shown very forcibly the dangerous nature of the coast near Falmouth Harbour, with its terribly-sharp rocks jutting out into the sea. The sky is clearing now, but there has been a terrible gale, the force of which still drives up the sea with great violence on the inhospitable shore. A large vessel has been wrecked in the neighbourhood, to one of the masts of which some of the more fortunate of the crew have been able to cling till they have been washed on to the rocks. It is now but a short distance to safety, but even this little space is a gulf impassable without help. Luckily that help is at hand, and we may rest assured that the strong and willing party on shore will, with the aid of their ropes, soon rescue the shipwrecked mariners.













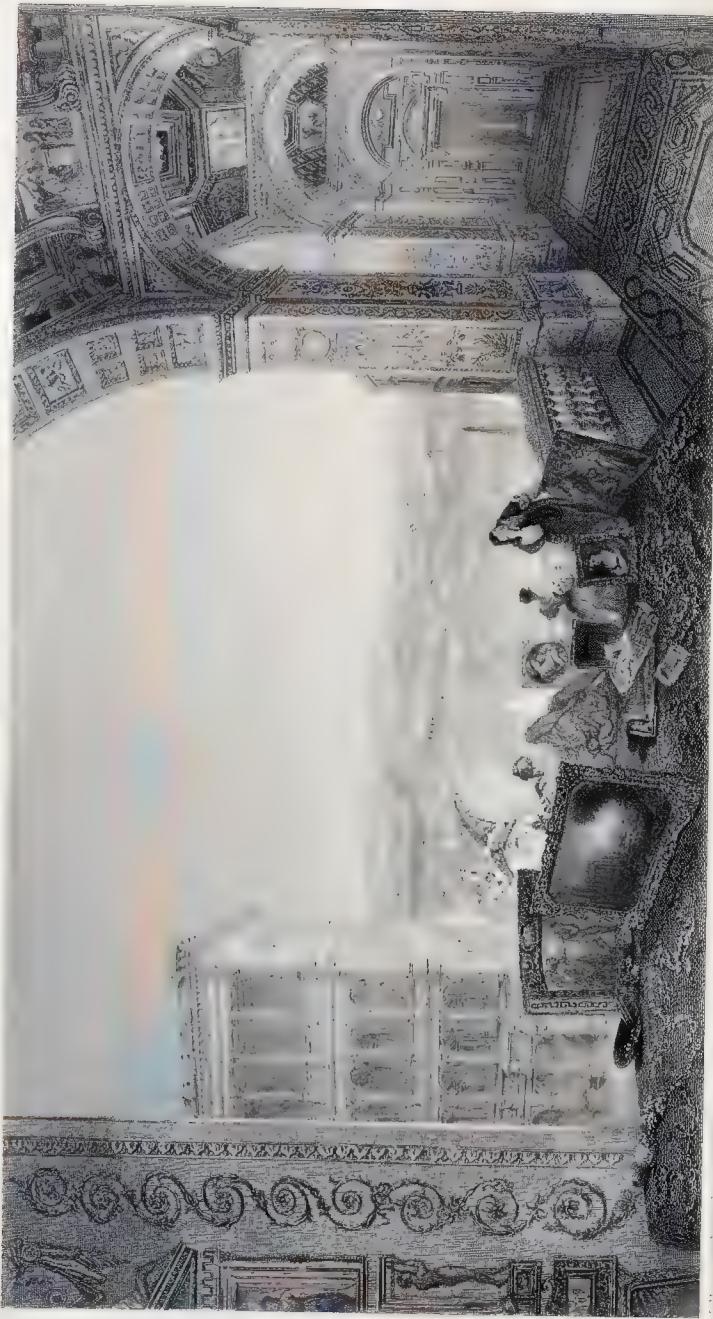
STRANDED VESSELS OFF YARMOUTH.



HIS picture is described in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1831 as "Lifeboat and Manby apparatus going off to a stranded Vessel making signals (blue lights) of distress;" and in the Catalogue of the Fine-Art Collection, at South Kensington, as "Vessel in distress, off Yarmouth.—A lifeboat is going off to a stranded vessel, which is seen on the right of the picture, making blue-light signals of distress. Two of the females whose fathers or husbands man the boat eagerly watch it from the sands, their position indicating the long recession of the waves, which are boiling and tumbling under the influence of the storm." The vessel in distress appears in our engraving on the left, and the signals are rather more like rockets than what are now termed blue lights. It shows Turner's interest in marine matters and his sympathy with shipwrecked seamen, that he should include not only the lifeboat, but the at that time little-known Manby apparatus, by which, and its successor the rocket apparatus, so many thousand lives have been saved on our shores. The apparatus of Captain Manby consisted of a mortar from which round or conical shot were fired over the wreck; to the shot was attached a line by which those on board hauled off from shore a double line passed through a pulley. This pulley was set up to the mast, and the endless or double line could then be worked by the men on shore, who hauled off a life-buoy into which a man could get, and then hauled it and the man back to the shore. The essential features of this apparatus are still preserved, but a rocket is used instead of the mortar to fire the line over the ship.











ROME FROM THE VATICAN.



HIS picture is thus described in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1820: "Rome from the Vatican—Raffaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his pictures for the decoration of the Loggia;" and the Official Catalogue of the National Gallery describes the scene thus: "Immediately in front is the Piazza of St. Peter's, beyond which are seen the castle and bridge of St. Angelo, with the greater part of modern Rome; and in the extreme distance the Apennines, the higher summits being covered with snow." This appears to us to be one of the least successful of Turner's pictures; the opening through which the view of Rome is seen is very awkwardly managed, and the large building just beyond has a singularly ungraceful effect; the way in which the centre is burdened with ill-arranged articles, and the ungraceful attitude of Raffaelle, gives one rather the idea of an auctioneer arranging lots for a sale than an artist preparing his pictures. The corridor on the right is, perhaps, the best part of the picture; but it is singularly out of keeping with the rest of it. Altogether the picture is not in any way worthy of the artist.

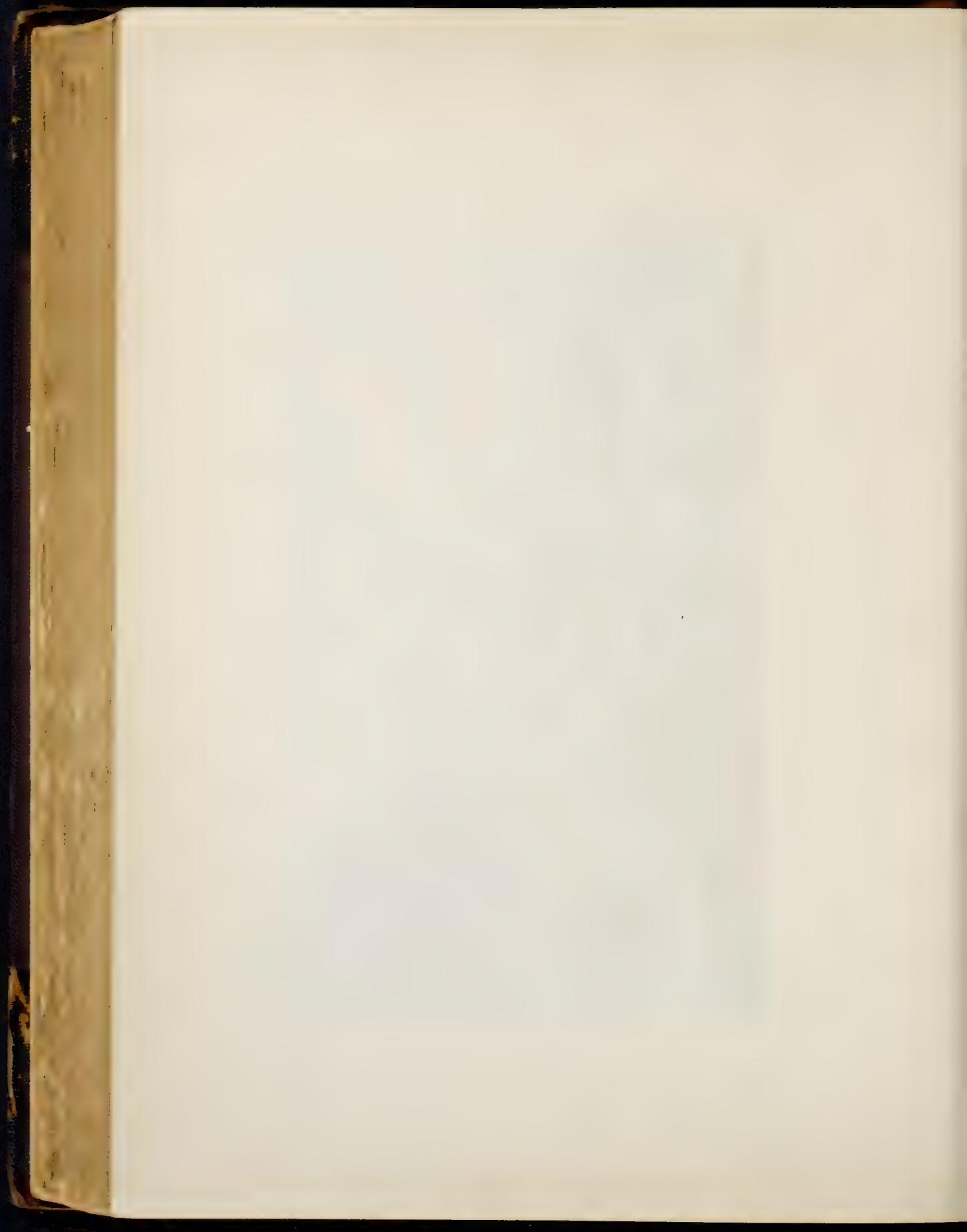












COMB MARTIN.

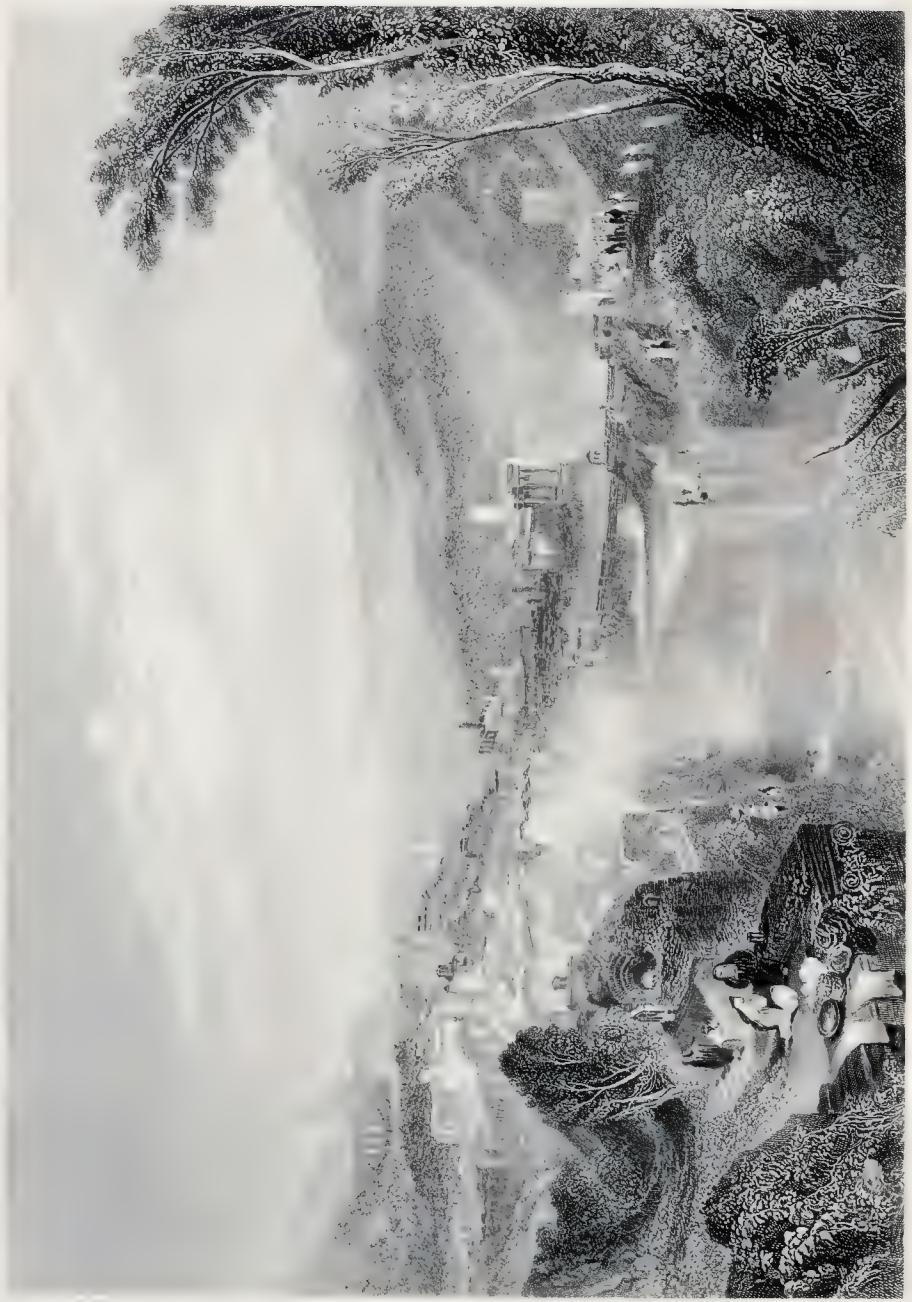


HIS is naturally one of the most picturesque bays in England, and it is surrounded by scenery both grand and beautiful, rising to the sublime in the hills of the Great and Little Hangman, with their precipitous sides, while to the west, towards Ilfracombe, the cliffs are more shelving, and broken up into delightful terraces shaded with trees. The village itself would be beautiful if it were not so squalid; as it is, it is very remarkable, being composed of a street of about a mile in length—with a stream running down it, on which is a mill with its wheel almost in the street—which divides into two parallel roads as it nears the bay, the access to which is blocked with houses and the lime-kiln which forms a feature of the present picture. Comb or Combe Martin was at one time famous for its silver mine, and it is recorded that Sir Richard Bulmer presented to Queen Elizabeth a cup made of Combe Martin silver. Several attempts have during the present century been made to revive the working of the mine, but they have all ended in losing instead of finding.













MODERN ITALY.



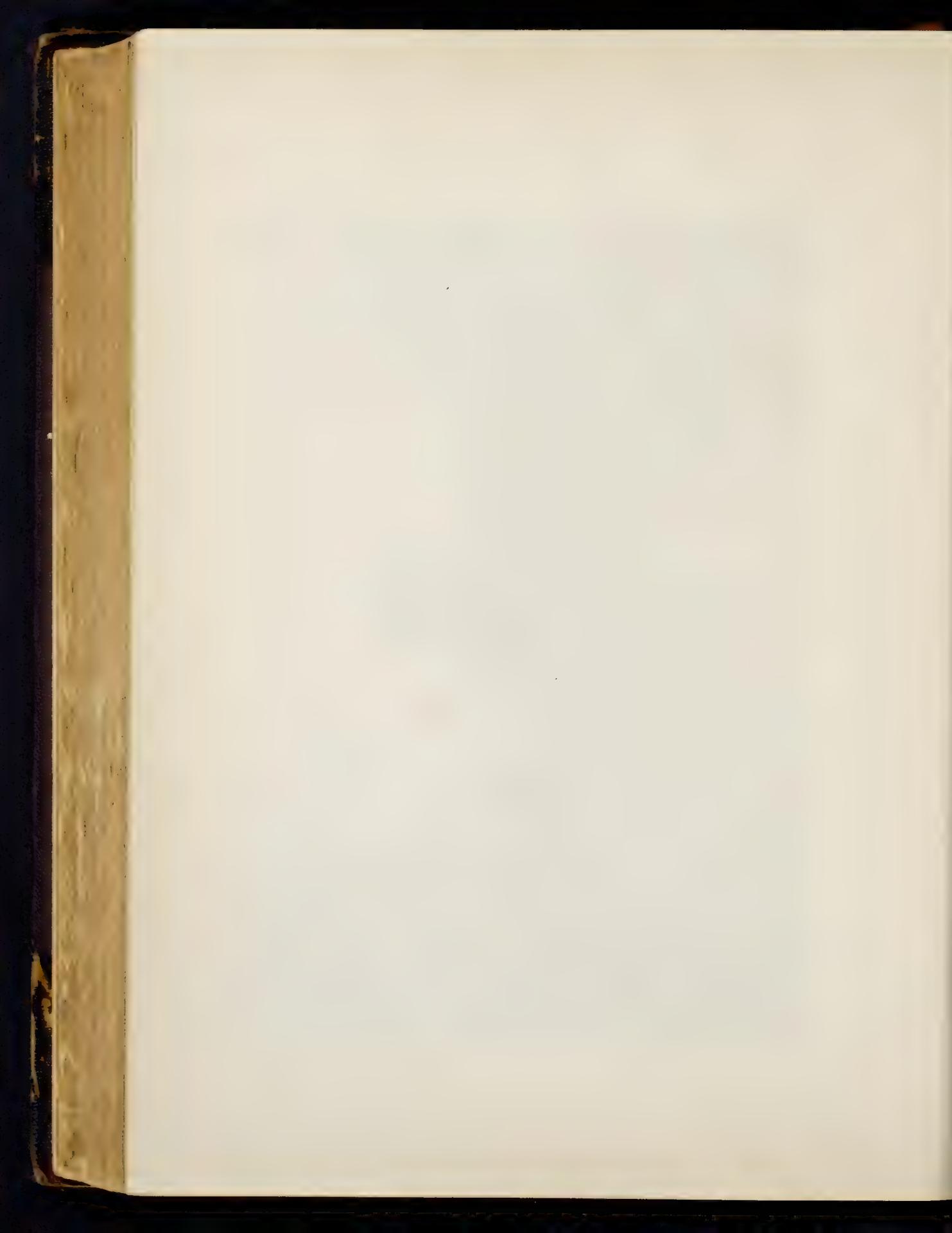
HIS is the companion-picture to "Ancient Italy," and, in our opinion, the finer of the two. It is impossible to form any notion from any engraving of its brilliance and transparency, or, still less, the lightness of the key in which it is painted. We doubt whether Turner ever excelled the exquisite distance of this picture, which is intended for the Roman Campagna. The composition is, however, almost entirely imaginary. In the foreground on the left, a monk is receiving the confession of a woman, and on the right, some pifferari—mountain shepherds who play upon bagpipes, and whose custom is to come to Rome at Christmas to pay homage to the Virgin—are seen, and a religious procession. The temple above the arch on the left is the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, and the stream is probably a recollection of the Arno. A country magnificent in natural beauty, studded with the splendid remains of an old civilisation, and populated by a degenerate race given over to superstition, seems to be the idea which Turner wished to convey in this picture of Modern Italy.











NORHAM CASTLE.

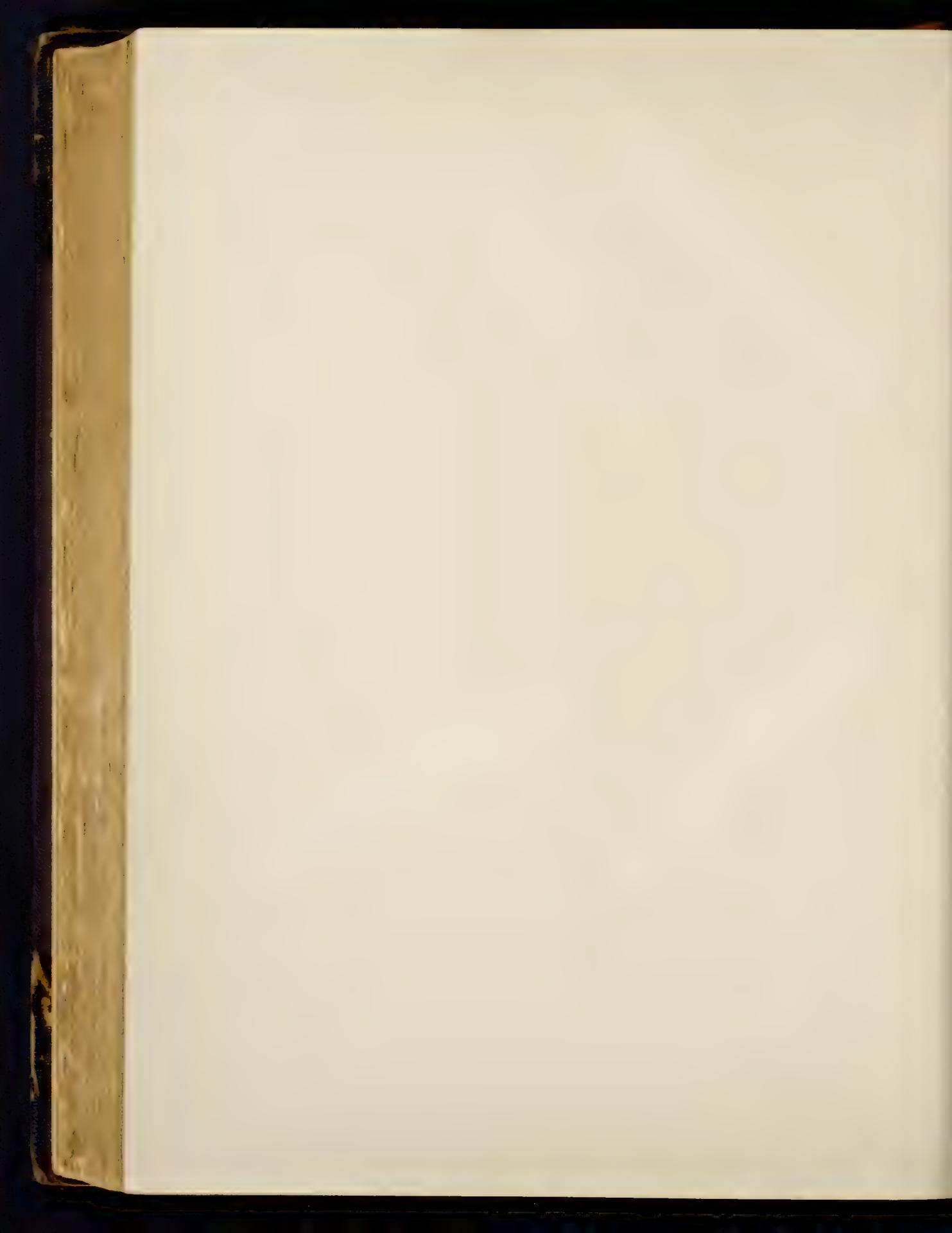


HIS drawing of the fine old Border castle, the scene of so many struggles between English and Scot, is remarkable for its solemnity and simplicity. The foreground is occupied by the river Tweed, with its boats and cattle and other signs of modern industry, and the sun is rising right behind the castle, throwing its radiating beams around it like a glory, and casting into deep shadow the side towards us and the hill on which it is built. The strength of its situation is well given, and the whole picture is a poem, telling of the days that are gone and the days that are—the past of strife, and the present of peace.

The castle is situated in the north of Northumberland (in that portion which was till lately a detached part of Durham), and was built in 1121 by Bishop Flambard, but destroyed by David I. in 1139. Bishop Pudsey rebuilt it, and added the great tower seen in the drawing. It held out in the war between King John and his barons, and was twice taken by the Scots, in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. It was finally taken by the Roundheads and destroyed by Cromwell.

The following lines, from "Marmion," have made it more famous to the present generation than all the stubborn part it played for centuries in the history of England and Scotland:—

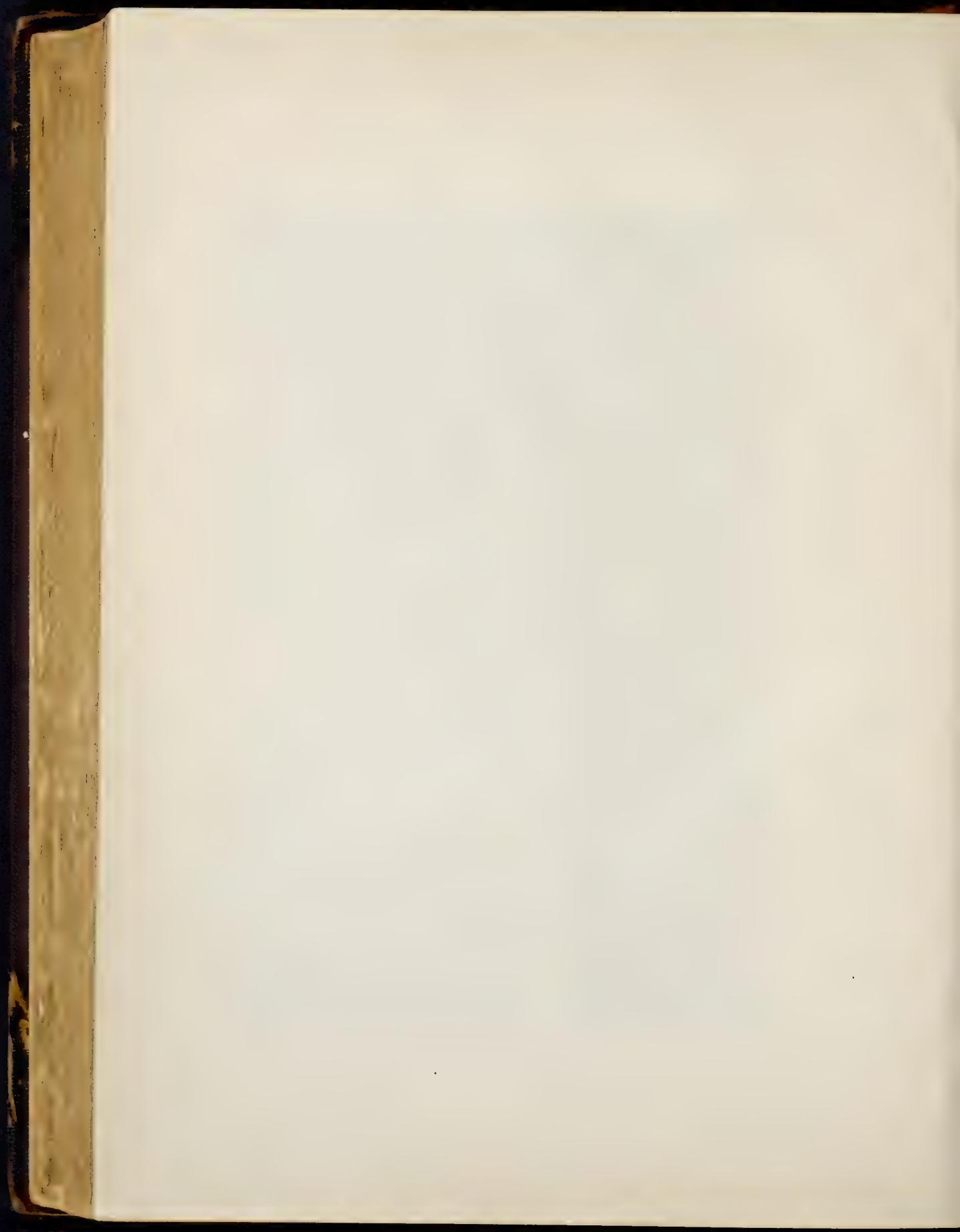
"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls, that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light."







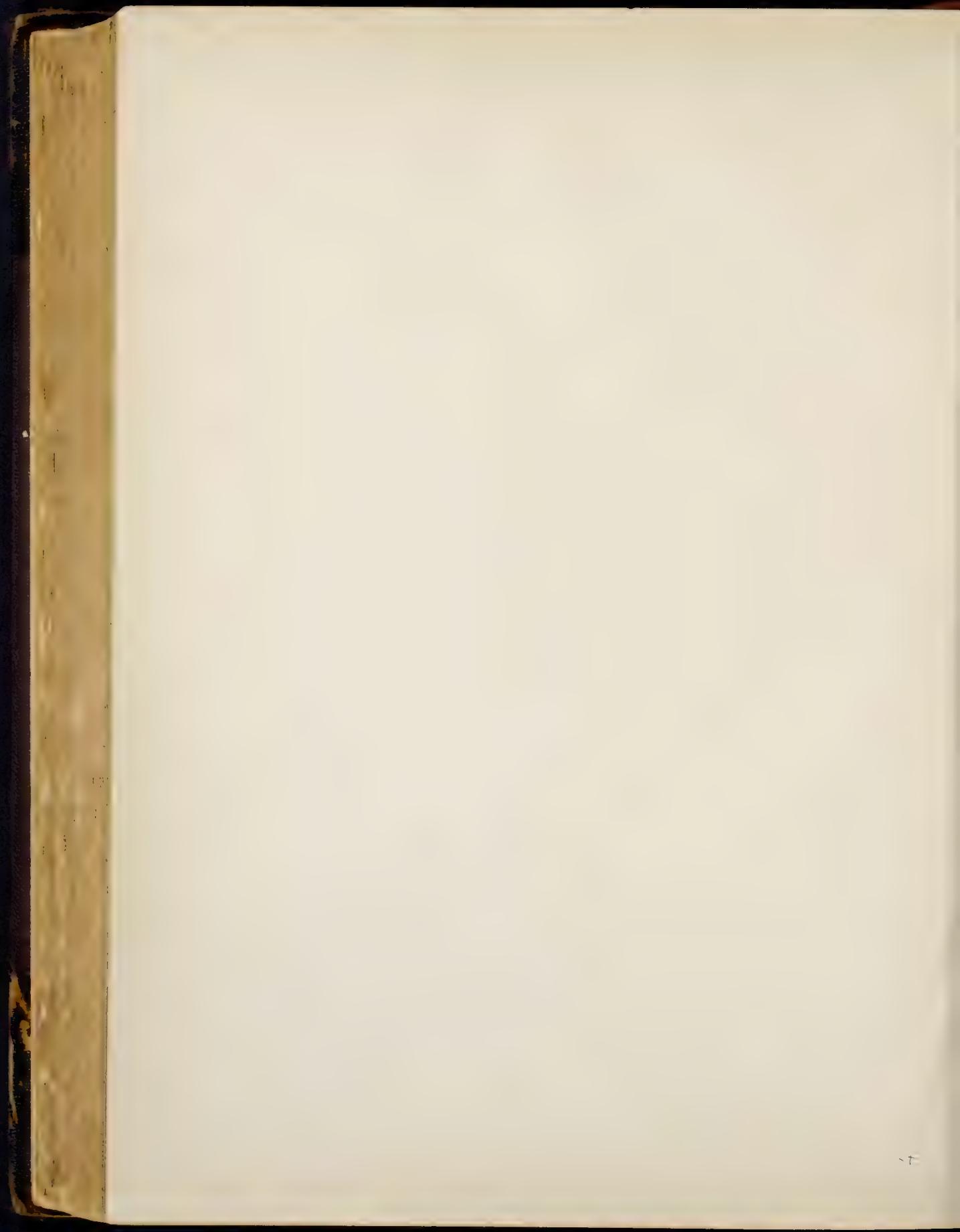




WHITSTABLE.



HITSTABLE is not a beautiful place, but this is a beautiful picture. Even without the aid of colour to charm we think that no one could look upon this view without being charmed. A low muddy flat, with uncouth ends of piles sticking up here and there, like the ribs of some extinct and monstrous kind of horse; a bit of low hill without so much as a bush upon it, a basket or two and a notice-board; in the distance, calm water with a few small boats, a village of mean buildings, and a sky. This is not a striking inventory for a work of art; but, given cloud and light and shade, what wonders will not an artist work with them! To him there is nothing common or unclean. The horse may be a sorry hack, but its whiteness may be the keynote of harmony; the figures may be mean, but, dotted about with the skill of an artist, how they will break up the monotony of the flat beach! The piles may be ugly in themselves, but what variety and interest they may be made to give to the barren scene! And however uninteresting a landscape may be, there is always an inexhaustible resource of beauty in the sky, and in this drawing Turner has availed himself of it to the utmost. To say nothing of the beauty which clouds themselves may express—and there are few forms or colours which they may not assume or wear—they are of absolute power over the land beneath, for they control the sun, the source of all beauty; it is in their power to hide or to discover, to brighten or to darken, to give infinite variety or to shroud in one common gloom. And the true artist, like Turner, is master even of the clouds.



Digitized by Google

